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Saturday Review

OF LITERATURE

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BOOKS and BUSINESS

A Reading Guide

(See page 40)

Jean-Paul Sartre, author of "Troubled Sleep." (See page 9)

Wagner Without Blue Pencil

By THOMAS MANN

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January 20, 1951

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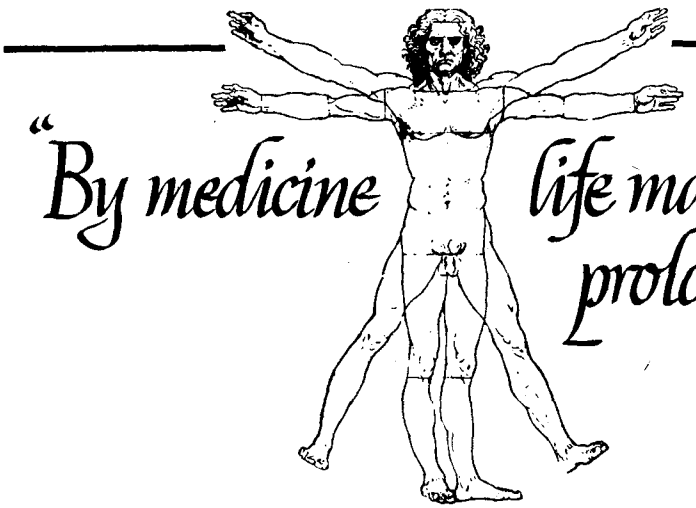

Herodotus says of the Babylonians: "They have no physicians, but when a man is ill, they lay him in the public square, and the passers-by come up to him, and if they have ever had his disease themselves or have known of any one who has suffered from it, they give him advice, recommending him to do whatever they found good in their own case, or in the case known to them." While modern medicine bears little resemblance to this practice, it has, like all other knowledge, depended on past experience.

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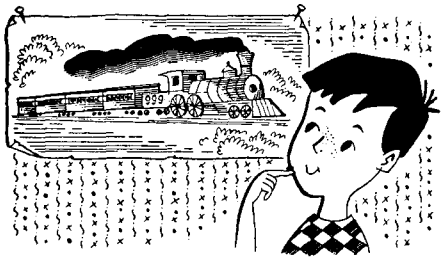
TRADE Winds

HITTING THE ROAD

EVER SINCE I owned, as a boy of ten, a print in the Currier and Ives manner of the Empire State Limited rounding



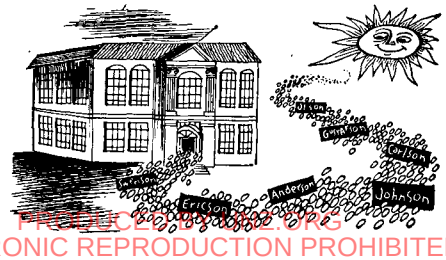
a bend of the Hudson River, a cloud of smoke billowing from its engine number 999, the daily New York Central train of that name has possessed an ineffable glamour for me. Now, of course, it is stainless steel and Diesel-drawn, and the Governor's suite, which I occupied recently on my way to Hamilton College, is the last word in transportation luxury. Not that I rated the Governor's suite on my own; I simply was fortunate enough to bump into tax-expert J. K. Lasser and Mr. and Mrs. Max Schuster, traveling in state to imbibe the healing waters at Saratoga Springs.

All of us were in too festive a mood this sunny morning to pursue the obvious topic of publishers' woes, but eventually we *did* get round to the ominous decline in popularity of Government savings bonds. Why are people in some sections of the country cashing them in almost as fast as new ones are being sold? Is the interest rate too low? Should the income from such bonds be declared non-taxable? Lasser spoke about a scheme now under consideration that might solve all difficulties: maturing bonds might be exchanged for new ten-year Government obligations with all tax payments deferred. In other words, if you had a $100 bond coming due you could exchange it for one that would pay $133.33 at maturity and pay no tax at all at the time you made the exchange. If you like this notion, a letter to the Treasury Department might help put it over.

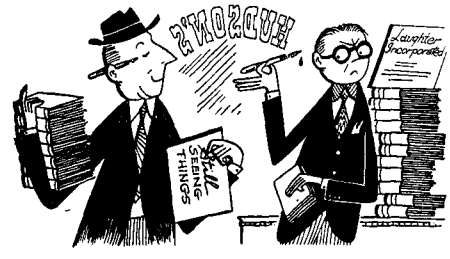
AT THE UTICA STATION Samuel Hopkins Adams and John Gambs were waiting to drive me to the Hamilton campus. We paused en route to visit Lambert Grant, the genial and popular bookseller, who could portray the role of FDR in a Hollywood movie without resorting to makeup. Sam Adams, some punkins on his Hamilton campus, describes it aptly as "a lovely, forested hilltop, high above the valley of the Oriskany, with grave and ancient dignity of weathered-stone architecture and an enduring sense of splendor." Another reasonably prominent Hamilton alumnus, the late Alexander Woollcott, added with his usual moderation that, except for the University of Upsula in Sweden the Hamilton campus undoubtedly is "the most beautiful in the world." "When Aleck dies," confided Dorothy Parker one day, "he'll go to Hamilton." Certainly he never tired of returning there in triumph while he was alive.

I had a fine dinner at the home of Edward and Grace Root, spoke in the chapel, rendered duets with Wallace Johnson (no mean hand at an old Kern or Rodgers ditty), and saw innumerable photographs of Alumnus Frank Taylor, the publisher, picture producer, and latterday Beau Brummell. Then off I pushed for Detroit, while Sam Adams departed for Podunk. There are two schools of thought, says Sam, on the origin of that town's name. Some ascribe it to the sound made by the water wheel of the old sash-and-blind factory (circa 1825): "po-dunk, po-dunk." Others believe it derives from the ancient slang term for a bull frog: podunker. Sam's erudition on the subject, in fact, was such that I deeply suspect he's making a piece out of it for *The Satevepost* or *The New Yorker* —instead of toiling, as he should be, on his new saga of the Santa Fe Trail.

IN MY ONE DAY AT DETROIT I performed the hat trick (ah there, Harvey Breit!) by speaking at luncheon to the English club, signing books in the afternoon for Mary Welch at Hudson's, and addressing the Friends of the Baldwin Library in the evening. The latter meeting was held in the fashionable suburb of Birmingham, where George Averill publishes his



oddly-named newspaper, *The Eccentric*. The real feature of the evening was the introduction—delivered with great gusto by the one and only Malcolm Bingay, bright particular star of the *Detroit Free Press*. Bing is almost completely recovered from the fantastic accident he had when a potful of steaming coffee exploded in his face. At Hudson's an acutely perceptive gentleman named Harvey Campbell asked me to sign eighty-three copies of "Laughter Incorporated" for him. "Am I asking too much?" he inquired. I assured him that all I wanted from him in exchange was an autographed picture for my desk! At Hudson's, too, a character named John Mason Brown suddenly appeared with copies



of "Still Seeing Things" and a fountain pen and tried to muscle into the act, but was repulsed handily. It turned out to be a fortunate meeting for me: I persuaded John to write the story of Daniel Boone for a forthcoming addition to Landmark Books. I also discovered that his discerning article in "Still Seeing Things" on "The Innocents" helped me enjoy my visit to that play the following evening in Chicago.

I EXPECT TO BE BACK in Chicago later in the season; this trip I had time only to dine at Max Siegel's sumptuous new home, visit Mary and Leigh Block (and see their amazing art collection), talk with Mary Jane Ward about her forthcoming novel (tentatively named "A Little Night Music"), exchange badinage with Irv Kupcinet, witness a demonstration of Red Mayer's remarkable new gasolineless-Cadillac, and learn from Paul Gibson, local pride and joy of CBS, about the unfortunate vendor of lightning rods who was doing a land-office business until he got caught in a furious storm with a complete set of samples under his arm.

THERE IS a specialty store in Minneapolis that is just as distinctive and magnificently managed as the Neiman-Marcus outfit in Dallas. It's the Young-Quinlan establishment at Nicollet and Ninth (owned by Rothschild's of Chicago), and as Manager Leo Pflaum guided me through the aisles I gave a silent but fervent prayer of thanks that my little wife

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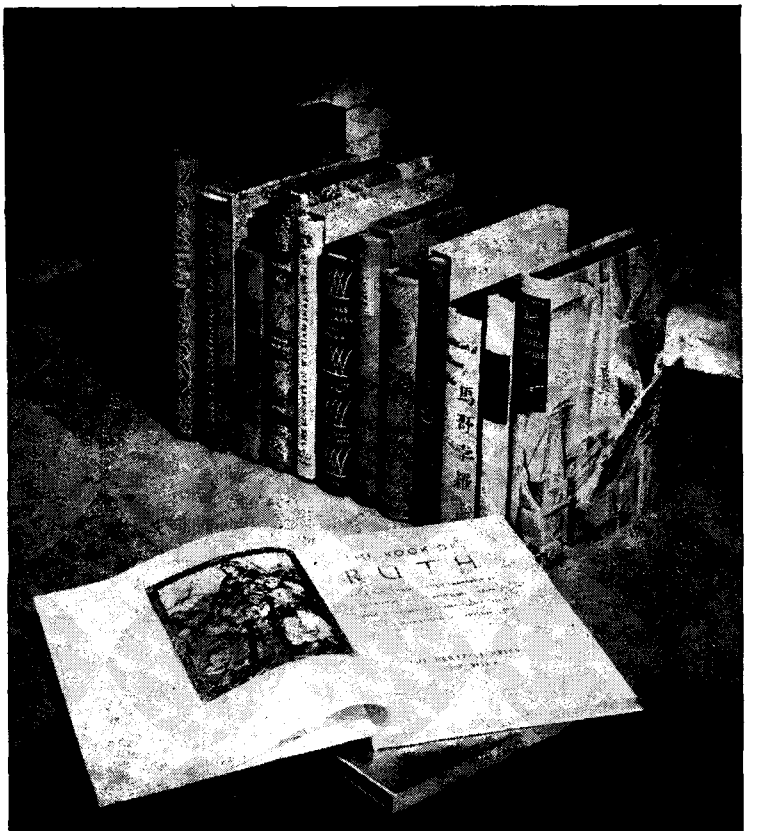

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was safely at home, taking care of the kids in New York. It was the Young-Quinlan store that first sponsored a half-hour radio program over Station WCCO featuring Cedric Adams, the famous columnist of the *Minneapolis Star and Tribune*. Now he's on the air oftener than his good friend Arthur Godfrey, and no affair in the whole state amounts to much unless he m.c.'s it. John Cowles, president of the *Star and Tribune*, thinks so highly of the Adams pulling power that he inserts one of his columns in *The New Yorker* magazine every week as a paid advertisement! I noted at the paper's superb new plant, too, that no reporter or copy boy passes Adams's office without peering intently within, but whether that is to get a look at Ced himself or the bevy of ravishing assistants with whom he surrounds himself is difficult to say. One of the bevy, Rita Armstrong, had one publisher I know walking around in circles, murmuring "Pooh to Jane Russell." Adams allowed me to barge into his midday news broadcast, and then we lunched at Charlie's busy café, where the Cedric Adams sandwich is the pièce de résistance. There will soon be a book by Adams ready for publication, and I'll bet 100,000 copies will be sold in Minnesota alone.

SOME SEVENTY MILES west of Minneapolis there's a Lutheran college named Gustavus Adolphus, and I was driven there after lunch by two fine gents named Ren Anderson and Eddie Johnson. We passed through Le Sueur, home of Niblets Sweet Corn, St. Peter, where a sign reads "Home of five governors and natural gas," and Mankato, where a Sioux uprising in 1862 resulted in the greatest mass hanging in American history. Thirty-eight leaders of the revolt were hanged in December of that year. There are approximately 1,200 students at Gustavus Adolphus, almost exclusively of Swedish-American stock (I believe that ninety-two are named Johnson) and a finer-looking, more enthusiastic lot I never have met in my life. Their football team (the "Gusties") lost only the last game of the season and won a paragraph from the great Red Smith himself. Their new library, first building in the Folke Bernadotte Memorial Quadrangle, is a thing of beauty (and that goes double for Miss Joyce Holcomb, who sat next to me at the reception following my talk). Every month or so Governor Luther Youngdahl comes down to Gustavus Adolphus, dons a Swedish native costume, and sings in the choir. This is one of the dozen and more small colleges I've visited in the course of my wanderings that makes me rather wish I'd studied there instead of at a bustling, overgrown university in a big city.

I ENDED my week's jaunt in St. Louis, traveling by way of Nebraska (traditional home of the Maules and the Babcocks) and the Missouri Pacific's nobby streamliner, the *Eagle*. Lesser Goldman and Beka Doherty escorted me to Washington University, and later to the airport. My seatmate on the plane introduced himself as Roland Berg, author of a Lippincott book called "Polio and Its Problem." "Coming out," he informed me, "I sat next to Gussie Moran." "I admit I'm a comedown," I apologized, "but I'll bet Gussie Moran never delivered seven lectures in seven days." "Yeah," agreed Mr. Berg in his infinite wisdom, "but lace-trimmed panties are better."

—BENNETT CERF.

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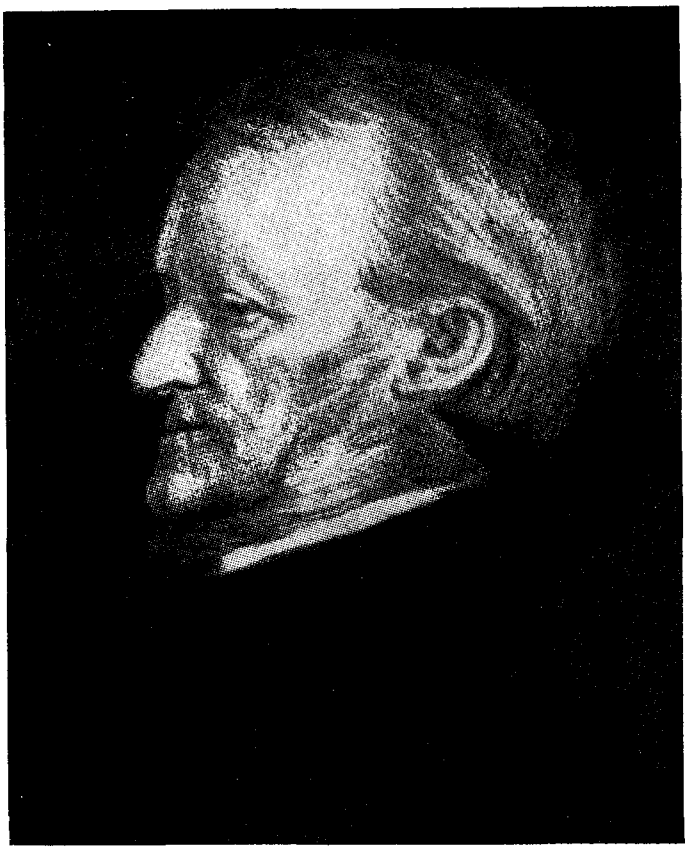
The Saturday Review of Literature

Wagner Without Blue Pencil

THOMAS MANN



Richard Wagner—"macrocosm of intellectual magic."

—Karsh.

Thomas Mann

THE just-published collection of letters* to and from the creator of "Tristan," written at various periods in his life and for the most part previously unknown, is a perfect boon for Wagnerian research and exegesis. More than that, it is sure to be seized upon eagerly by all those who have ever felt the magic of Wagner's music and through it been impelled to occupy themselves with a personality which is one of the most fascinating, humanly complicated, and creatively triumphant phenomena of all time.

Let me briefly recount how this book of more than 650 pages came into existence. An Englishwoman, Mrs. Mary Burrell, wife of the Hon. Willoughby Burrell, being passionately devoted to the works of the German master and profoundly dissatisfied with the accounts of his personal life which had appeared up till then, resolved some years after his death to write the great, the veracious, the entirely accurate Wagner biography, based on documentary material, to assemble which she was ready to spend any amount of time and money, her whole energy, and all the acumen she possessed. She began to travel on the Continent, to find and get in touch with such persons, or their descendants, as had had any connection with the departed master; to buy up and store away whatever data upon his life were scattered about the world, above all, letters; then musical and literary drafts, complete manuscripts, printed scores, pictures, concert programs, birth and marriage certificates, contracts, passports, etc. Above all it was her intention to hunt out material which had been in some way or other incorrectly presented, or had lain—or been kept—in the dark. And we must say that behind her activities was a deep mistrust of the official biography of her hero, and of "Bayreuth," "Wahnfried," and Cosima—a mistrust shared by many a one who preferred to keep his own private treasures away from the Gralsburg-on-the-Main, a mistrust of which frankly I have a livelier understanding than the editor of this book, who pays little attention to the idea that "Cosima had manipulated the documents to suit her ends."

The good Mrs. Burrell's feeling was in my opinion fundamentally correct. Although she herself was a woman—or perhaps just because she was—she had a sound instinct for the impropriety of a female administration of the literary remains of a man of genius. I cannot judge whether the differences between the published edition of Wagner's autobiography and the original version, a reserved copy of which Mrs. Burrell ferreted out at an Italian printer's, are "negligible" or not. They may be. But this altogether trustworthy book gives a detailed account of Wagner's letters to his Dresden friend Uhlig under the ministrations of Cosima's blue pencil, always employed with a sense of the honorific due of the national shrine. And this account is shocking enough. Uhlig played violin in the orchestra. His daughter had sent the originals of these letters to Bayreuth, shrewdly keeping copies of them; Cosima left no stone unturned to get these destroyed. But they were preserved and fell into the hands of our collector. So now we read what after the sedulous smothering practised at Wahnfried we never should have got to read: things like the vastly characteristic Uhlig letter, where there comes to the most point-blank expression Wagner's raving revolutionarism, lasting on after 1848, his conviction that the "Augean stable" of our civilization was not to be cleansed by political means, that it must literally go up in flames, the air be purified, and a commercially innocent life be possible to art (his art). All that may be artist raving; but to suppress such a document is *arriviste* corruption and nothing else.

And it is not even such suppressions and falsifications that one chiefly has

*LETTERS OF RICHARD WAGNER: The Burrell Collection. Selected, with notes, by John N. Burk. New York: The Macmillan Co. 675 pp. $10.50.

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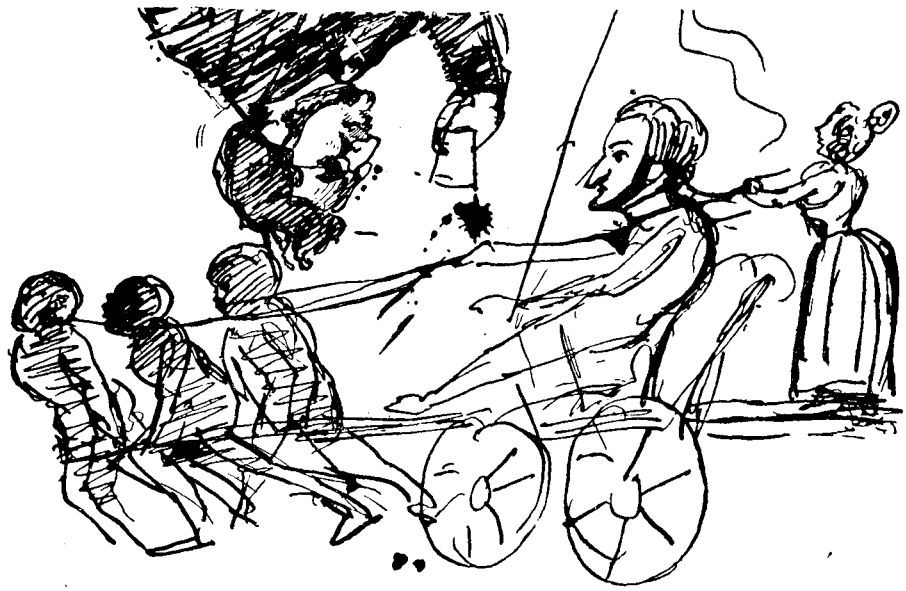
in mind in finding only too well justified Mrs. Burrell's dislike of Cosima. We need only to read the letter of the daughter of Wagner's old friend Ferdinand Heine, whom he knew in the days of his activity at the Dresden opera. In 1895, fifty years later, Heine's daughter wrote to the daughter of Mrs. Burrell: "After becoming acquainted with your dear Mother and her noble aspirations, I would never make common cause with Wagner's widow. How different have the once so noble festivals of Bayreuth become through her, so different from what Richard would ever have guessed." One only needs, I say, to read these words to realize once more the full extent of the calamitous influence which "the woman" in the form of Liszt's daughter exerted on "the man" in his most easily corruptible manifestation, the artist-human-being Wagner, and in the disposition of his remains—an influence which has not a little to do with the "morass," the word Nietzsche used to describe the *Bayreuther Blätter,* which in the end degraded the Festspielhaus to the role of Hitler's Hoftheater. We shall, I think, learn precise details of this story from the biography of Cosima that is being written in Zürich by the Wagner grandson Franz Beidler, the son of Isolde.

MRS. BURRELL, then, after she had assembled a superabundance of material, set to work to write her great biography. But she was more of a born collector than a born writer. Her book—so far as she got with it, and that was not far—seems to have been extremely unwieldy. She took it into her head to cite only in the original all the letters she had; and there were various other awkwardnesses. The task was beyond her powers. When she died in 1898 she was only at Wagner's twenty-first year and at the point of his first acquaintance, as a provincial conductor, with Minna Planer. She had had no opportunity so far to use the new material she had collected. Her heirs published the biographical fragment. But the collection itself remained for many years untouched and inaccessible. Not until 1929 was it catalogued and something in general known of its contents. In 1931 it was put on the market, and an American, Mrs. Mary Louise Curtis (today Mrs. Efrem Zimbalist), presented it to the Curtis Institute of Music. There were 840 items, mostly letters, to which Mrs. Zimbalist added twenty-five acquired by herself. These documents are now for the first time offered to the public in this book (in excellent English versions by Hans Abraham, Henry Lea, and Dr. Richard Stoehr) before they appear



—*E. B. Kietz, from the book.*

in the original, and surely to the advantage of Wagner's unruly prose. Advantageous also is the skilful and chronologically explanatory chapter order which the editor, Mr. Burk, has given to his enormous material; likewise his shrewd and knowledgeable, respectful and capitally phrased commentary and the text of connecting interpolations, all of which make the book as a whole the Wagner biography that the departed Mrs. Burrell dreamed of and could not compass.

The most important achievement of that enthusiast was that she found her way to the heart of Natalie Bilz-Planer, natural daughter of Wagner's first wife, Minna Planer, given out to be her sister. What chiefly bred a mutual confidence between them was their common antipathy to Cosima. Mrs. Burrell could thus acquire twenty years afterwards, for money and kind words, from the inheritor of the extensive collection of her mother, deceased in 1866, no less than 128 letters from Wagner to Minna. These, one may say, form the *pièce de résistance* of the present book. Here, in letters from Wagner to Minna and from Minna to him, we have the whole bitter record of this marriage, from the first word of love to the final separation. We learn a great deal from these letters; above all that Wagner's bond with this woman was much stronger, more deep-rooted and lasting than one had thought. Quite obviously he had loved her more passionately than all the rest who later stole his heart: Jessie Laussot, Mathilde Wesendonck, Cosima von Bülow—all of whom of course Minna saw as diabolic seductresses, whereas they were simply superior to her in understanding of Wagner's art. He never forgot the hard times when she stood loyally by him, particularly from 1839 to 1842 in Paris, and even after he wrote her the letter of separation he behaved towards her financially like a decent man—as she publicly stated shortly before her death. We learn also that the beautiful and successful young actress, who had already known painful experiences in her past (she had been seduced when she was fifteen), had not lightheartedly joined her life with that of a man whose wild, stormy, eccentric destiny, a destiny of rebellion against the world and its ways, stood written on his brow. She was femininely shrewd, reserved, discreet. But the magnetic power of his wooing was stronger—and that was his "fault." We see here a feminine destiny not unlike that of poor Countess Tolstoy, who would so gladly have had her darling Leo keep on writing beautiful novels instead of preaching primitive Christianity and condemning money, the army, the church, the whole of civilization. As for Minna, she would have loved to see her Richard follow the path of a successful composer of opera, the same path which he had so happily entered on with "Tannhäuser" and "Rienzi." Even "Lohengrin" might still have done. But when, through his accursed political entanglement, he had lost the good job of conductor in Dresden, when he plunged himself in completely impractical fancies alien to the demands of the world about him, fantastic monster projects clearly impossible of realization, inacceptable as they were for the opera stage, she could no longer "go along." The shipwreck of her marriage, the estrangement from her reckless husband were due to the failure of her belief in him, the last thing that Wagner could pardon, he a man of the most incredible, indestructible faith in himself and his mission, who demanded the same faith from everybody else.

Mr. Burk finds very good and elo-

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quent word to describe Wagner's "Wehwalt-der Wölfing" attitude which made poor Minna so unhappy. Thus when he writes: "Wagner's basic problem throughout most of his career, but more than ever at this time [about 1850], was to find a living in a Philistine world only half inclined to bother with him, in order to fulfil his creative destiny and so conquer that world. It was a self-assignment that would have appalled anyone else, because it meant getting money without burying himself in routine to do it, writing scores prodigious in concept and complexity, following them through endless practical detail in production by performers whom he had to train, in a theatre that he had to build, before audiences which had a totally different idea of what an opera should be. How protracted, how intense this struggle was can never be properly realized except by viewing his daily life at close range. The close view does not always present a likable person. It unfailingly presents an artist of incredible conviction and courage."

No one could have said it better, more correctly, or more perceptively. "A likable person," that Wagner was not; he was in fact an unbearable burden and challenge for his contemporaries. Wagner, the expert sponger, the luxury-loving revolutionary, boundlessly conceited, full only of himself everlastingly strutting, monologizing, instructing everyone about everything, his own publicity man, acting his own role, a theatre-mad dresser-up and poseur. We have this Wagner again before our eyes—"friseur and charlatan," as he was termed by Gottfried Keller, who, of course, had no use for the Wagnerian melange of world-renunciation and world-yearning, for the arch-romantic exploitation of the extremes of sensuality and chastity in his work. There is too much that is offensive, too much "Hitler," actually too much latent, almost manifest, Nazism for real confidence, reverence with a good conscience, love of which one need not be ashamed. And still who would not be moved, be suddenly and entirely *with* him, reading the letter he wrote to Minna from Biebrich in February 1862: "The time will come when people will look back on a life like mine; will realize with shame how thoughtlessly I was exposed to continual unrest and insecurity, and what a *miracle* it is that I have created works like my present one under such conditions." It *was* a miracle; and the world put itself shamefully in the wrong about the intolerable man; but the world has no memory at all and today when it goes into ecstasies over

(*Continued on page* 34)

Fiction. *Because it is more widely read than any other literary form, fiction has engaged the attention of innumerable writers of a speculative turn of mind anxious to bring their philosophies to the largest possible audience. Three of the books reviewed this week exemplify this: Jean-Paul Sartre's "Troubled Sleep," a masterly study of Frenchmen crushed by the defeat of 1940; Philip Wylie's "The Disappearance," a provocative analysis of the havoc wrought on one sex by the sudden disappearance of the opposite sex; and Angus Wilson's collection of ironic short stories about the war between the classes, "Such Darling Dodos." In his new novel, "River of the Sun," James Ramsey Ullman has been content with the role of teller of tales, eschewing the opportunity to write on an additional level, which Conrad used in a story with a similar plot, "Heart of Darkness."*

Frenchmen Against Fate

TROUBLED SLEEP. By Jean-Paul Sartre. Translated by Gerard Hopkins. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 421 pp. $3.50.

By Henri Peyre

TOO MUCH has been said and written about existentialism in connection with Sartre and too little about Sartre as a writer and an artist. It is not as a philosopher that he towers above the literary production of Europe at the middle of the century but as a prodigious man of letters, a second Voltaire probably greater than the first, who has proved his mastery of the critical, ethical, and psychological essay, of the drama (where Voltaire had failed), of the short story, and of a type of fiction which has faults, but not the fault of being disembodied philosophy.

Sartre, who is a dangerously superb virtuoso wielding his technique with a disconcerting self-assurance, is most vulnerable as a novelist. We remain on our guard in presence of a creator who has preordained the fate of his characters and refuses to be carried away by them or to fall in love with them. We do not easily forgive a poet for having led too happy a life or a novelist for not having committed several of those mistakes which are supposed to betray a naive soul—"a human touch." We are even more suspicious when we fear that the novelist has concealed some aces up his sleeve and intended to suggest some philosophical message, phenomenological or existentialist, that we fail to decipher but wish to appear to have shrewdly pierced.

There lurks a view of the world behind the broken-up action of "Troubled Sleep" and a view of man behind the comings and goings of helpless characters crushed by the defeat of France in 1940. But such a philosophy is never obtrusive; the novel is in no way deducted from it. It is merely parallel to it. Its significance is its own. The novelist is not a mirror reflecting the vicissitudes of life. He weaves a pattern out of them, and he leads us to a growing voluntary suspension of disbelief. We see with his eyes, we live in his private universe, fretting at times at an excessive coarseness, wishing life to be otherwise, yet bound by the spell of his style and by the compelling light of his clear vision. To a novelist and dramatist the advantages of existentialism over other philosophies is that it invites him to envisage man in the concrete, at a certain lived moment and situated in very precise conditions. At no time does Sartre interrupt his narrative to explain events abstractly or the behavior of his characters, as Tolstoy or Balzac were fond of doing. He lets them work out their fate and gradually discover that freedom has to be willed and to be filled with a content which cannot be borrowed from the outside.

In "The Age of Reason," the first volume of the tetralogy "Roads to Freedom," the characters were aimlessly wandering through the lower depths of ignoble and cynical exis-

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tences, enjoying a semblance of gratuitous freedom which events were soon to shatter. The second volume, "The Reprieve," utilized with bewildering mastery the simultaneous technique of Dos Passos and whirled the helpless characters around while war or peace was being decided at Munich. The same characters are the actors of the pathetic drama of "Troubled Sleep." The time is the middle of June 1940 and the scene New York, where Spanish refugees comment on the European events, then Paris, where Daniel, the homosexual, meets young Philippe and rescues him from suicide, then the roads of France cluttered up with refugees, the battlefields, and a camp of prisoners.

"Troubled Sleep" is far superior to the earlier volumes and can be enjoyed independently from them. Sartre's characterization stresses the unpredictable future of his heroes, and dwarfs the elements of determinism — dear to naturalist fiction — through environment or through the past. Boris, the contemptible lover of Lola, becomes a fighting young man who wants to join the Free French and probably will die a hero's death in the fourth volume. Mathieu, alone in a field with five or six other soldiers, organizes senseless but heroic resistance against the Germans and discovers the significance of life which had eluded him thus far.

The most moving part of the book is the last chapter. Brunet, the Communist, skilfully organizes a cell among his fellow-prisoners. A young worker, unable to stand the ordeal of the early days of captivity, tries to escape and is killed by the Germans. The novel then reaches tragic stature, which it had lacked in its earlier portions. Its technical mastery, its use of discontinuity and of the interior monologue, even its coarse language (much of it has had to be omitted in the translation), and Sartre's obsession with the uglier aspects of love and his monk-like hatred for the body and the paganism of the flesh—all that becomes secondary as there unfolds the best novel yet written on the Promethean events of June 1940.

No other book gives such insight into the anguished feelings of the French as they passed from apathy to consciousness of their dignity as men revolting against fate, accepting their solidarity with other men—wretched, but lucid and free fighters. The translation, which had to expurgate the text here and there, is commendable, but the rendering of the title, "La Mort dans l'Ame," is at best a distortion. The presentation of the book is worthy of all praise.

THE AUTHOR: The power and capacity of a teacher are no more to be underestimated than those of a woman. Rather a few of the involvements of our world have stemmed from the "mild little men" whom the self-dubbed practical men consider safely tucked away in academic groves. But it is never safe to believe the ivory tower confining; out of it has leapt an atom bomb, for intance. And out of it, too, has come Jean-Paul Sartre, whose debated existentialism now appears only one facet of an essential pedagogical fervor which has taken the stride from a little lycée in Le Havre and the Lycée Cordorcet in Paris to the whole world (in effect) through the sounding board of his books. Existentialism has been charged with being the philosophy of despair; men usually distrust an idea that puts them on their own and eliminates fate as a convenient whipping boy. Many would have been pleased to see Sartre go the way of other cultists—dadaists, surrealists, and so on. But they reckoned without the born teacher's toughness. At forty-five Sartre has put behind him the phase of Left Bank café life where conversations and ideas for his first books and plays had their night-blooming. His production in the last few years has been prodigious, and there is no fooling about this intense, small Parisian with thinning, sandy hair, water-blue eyes (plus virtually permanently attached shell-rims) out of which the glance is extremely keen. His fluent talk, with pipe-gesturing, is never overworded, a demonstration of his belief in direct action as the keystone of existentialist "total involvement." The present novel about France's fatal June of 1940 is more involvement: on Sartre's thirty-fifth birthday, June 21, 1940, he was taken prisoner by the Germans and spent nine months in a prison camp, until he managed to slip into a civilian group headed for Paris. There he was at once active in the Resistance. And active he has continued: three novels published since 1946 (and the fourth of the planned tetralogy now in work), several plays, numerous other writings, and a working day beginning at 8:30 A.M. are tangible symbols that M. Sartre works at his philosophy.—K. S.

Four P. M.—No Sex

THE DISAPPEARANCE. By Philip Wylie. New York: Rinehart & Co. 405 pp. $3.50.

By Harrison Smith

PHILIP WYLIE has been scolding and entertaining the public ever since his "Generation of Vipers" began to sell all over America eight years and six novels ago. Whether you look at Mr. Wylie as a novelist, a prophet, or a propagandist of his own ideas on science, love, education, psychoanalysis, women, and almost everything else that he thinks is wrong with America, he has succeeded through various startling books in bringing his theories before a wider and more popular audience than any present-day philosopher or educator can command. His "Opus 21" of last year was in many ways an outrageous and yet a highly amusing performance, in which the writer cast too obvious a shadow over his sexually maladjusted characters. His latest, "The Disappearance," is the most successful of his attempts to drag his readers by the thousands into his theatre to watch a pyrotechnical show and then to give them the now familiar Wylie treatment.

He has proved long ago that he can turn to fantasy of the science-fiction variety with the greatest of ease, a middle-aged man on his own flying trapeze, now swinging up into the sky, now suddenly plummeting to earth. "The Disappearance" is quite certainly the most brilliant of his improvisations. In the hands of almost any other writer his plot would be monstrous, clumsy, and even ludicrous. The reader is asked to believe that at four o'clock in the afternoon of the second Tuesday in February all the women, girls, and babies in the world disappear from the sight of all the males, and that at the same split second of time no male human beings of any shape or form can be discovered by any female on earth. For full measure he throws in unborn babies and the entire family of apes, obviously because they might in the course of time turn into the accursed tribe of human beings.

This conception would be hard to swallow even by the most hardened of fantasy fans if Mr. Wylie was not so ingeniously or diabolically persuasive. His persuasiveness is obviously the result of his ability to create characters, as could the late H. G. Wells, in whom the reader can almost believe. In the first chapter you meet a highly vocal philosopher and his wife, in love with each other in spite

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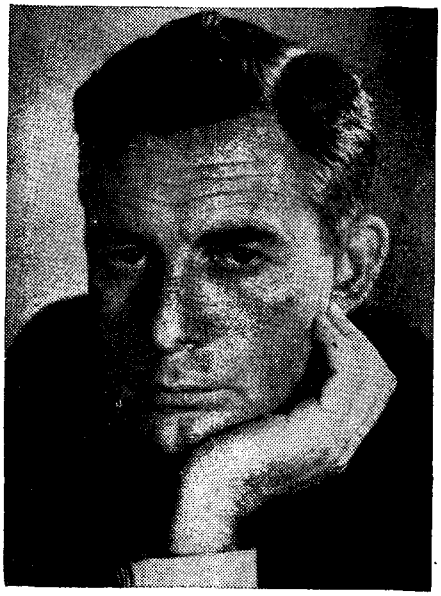
of the years that have given them a grown-up son and daughter and grandchildren. When Dr. Gaunt's Paula vanishes from their garden in Miami, the colored maid from the vacuum sweeper his daughter from her car, and the baby from its pen you can honestly suffer from his dilemma. Then in the next chapter Paula Gaunt discovers what it means to lose between one breath and the next a loving and highly intelligent husband.

This awesome device enables Mr. Wylie to dramatize with obvious gusto what would happen to human beings and to civilization in these two separate worlds—one in which there were no females and the other totally bereft of males. The reader is thus presented with two parallel novels, both of them an outrageous attack on his common sense. It is difficult to decide in which one Mr. Wylie finds the most pleasure (though the odds are on Dr. Gaunt's tragedy) since the author's voice can clearly be heard in all of his philosopher's lengthy comments on the idiocy with which the human race has conducted its practical, metaphysical, and amorous affairs through the ages. Mobs of men slaughter each other, an atomic war with Russia breaks out, homosexuality is rampant, and there are fires and explosions wherever women have disappeared from the kitchen stove. Nevertheless, some kind of order and flow of gas, electricity, and goods is maintained because men are the lords of the machine.

Paula Gaunt and all other women have an even rougher time. They have the ability to organize eventually, to establish shaky and somewhat silly governing bodies, but they cannot dig coal, replace oil and gasoline, run complicated machines, or find enough food. And of course like their tortured husbands they cannot find a satisfactory substitute for normal sex.



Philip Wylie—"diabolically persuasive."

Long before the book is over the reader wonders how in the name of reason Mr. Wylie is going to end this four-year debauch in two sexless worlds. Dr. Gaunt's theories about the nature of this disturbance on our planet are many and long though rarely tiresome—except for the extended thesis he prepares for his colleagues on a Presidential committee containing all the best minds in the country in which scholars, scientists, philosophers, and men of good will fight with each other to a complete stalemate. His essay on the philosophy of sex, which gets the world nowhere since it cannot restore a single female to her mate, is worth reading because it presents the basic ideas about which Mr. Wylie has been shouting for so long. There is a great deal of common sense and truth in it, and surely no other novelist would dare to ask his reader to plunge into a twenty-four page argument of this nature. Mankind has sinned, he says. "The sin was to convert sexuality itself into shame and, in the dire doing, to shame women especially. . . . Our common sexuality, as the flower is the sexual organ and the ecstasy of a plant, was turned to shame—in order that we should appear loftier than other beasts, better even than nature, superior to law, even to God, as men, so far, have invented Him." The last sentence of his thesis is certainly appealing and commendably brief. "We have lost everything. With love, with truth, this might not have been."

As for the war of the sexes it can be said that Mr. Wylie is commendably fair to women. Toward the end of four years of agony the women, from sentimentalizing over their lost love, turn fiercely anti-male; even Paula contemplates her past life with resentment. By some scientific magic or other women are to find the key to loveless fertility and so produce a reasonable world out of self-love and female common sense. Fortunately, Mr. Wylie resolves their difficulties and unites his males and females again, freed at last from the superstitions, taboos, and insane ideas that have forced God to take a hand in ameliorating human suffering and perversity.

But just how this is accomplished the reader should be left to discover. At any rate "The Disappearance" is a book that will stimulate, shock, and perhaps illuminate some of the darker corners of human behavior and thought—unless the reader is already convinced that Mr. Wylie has never known what he has been talking about for the last ten years.

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—*Maurice Ambler.*

Angus Wilson—"Welty wedded to Farrell."

Two-Way Irony

SUCH DARLING DODOS. By Angus Wilson. New York: William Morrow & Co. 187 pp. $2.50.

By Ray B. West, Jr.

THIS second collection of short stories by Angus Wilson is pitched in the same key as his first, "The Wrong Set." Its subject is also the same: the war between the classes. Perhaps the greatest similarity of method and subject matter occurs in the title story of each volume. Each is seen primarily from a viewpoint with which the author obviously has little sympathy, so that the irony bites in two directions. In "The Wrong Set" we saw the action through the eyes of Vi, a pseudo-Fascist, near-prostitute, night-club pianist whose nephew comes to London to study and falls in with a family of Communist sympathizers. Although Vi is herself unfairly removed from her position in the night club, her final act is to telegraph her sister that the boy has fallen in with "the wrong set." Mr. Wilson's sympathies are clearly on the side of the boy, and the implications are clear that it is Vi who is "in the wrong set." The title story of the new book tells of the decline in influence of a liberal university professor and his wife as seen through the eyes of an effeminate, super-esthetic cousin, who, unexpectedly finding himself in a kind of rapport with the formerly liberal students, patronizingly dubs the professor and his wife, "dodos, really, but . . . such darling dodos." Again Mr. Wilson clearly sympathizes with the professor's liberal views.

Yet Mr. Wilson's liberalism is not

always so clearly exposed. His tone is bitingly ironic, so that many of the characters with whom he is in obvious sympathy become finally almost caricatures. His social theme is more often than not inversely delivered by exposing the snobbery, pretentiousness, and malice of the lower and middle classes. This is the society Mr. Wilson seems to know best. Middle-class country houses, university faculties, residence hotels, government bureaus, and museums provide his settings; petty ambitions and struggles for illusory freedom and identity, his motives. It is only occasionally that Mr. Wilson allows his misanthropic mask to slip, and we get a glimpse of earnest concern behind the cold, hard surface.

I cannot honestly report that I like "Such Darling Dodos" better than "The Wrong Set," as do some British reviewers quoted on the book-jacket. Yet one or two of the stories are superior to anything in the first book, notably "Learning's Little Tribute," "What Do Hippos Eat," and the title story. One tale, "Mummy to the Rescue," is shocking in its pathetic psychological horror, but both the horror and the shock depend too much upon the author's device in withholding information. Technically these stories are expert in a way unusual in British short stories of recent years. It is as though the earnest intention of a Eudora Welty had been wedded to the toughness of a James T. Farrell, thus grounding the toughness and invigorating the themes. Mr. Wilson's irony, which comes close to genuine satire, also comes close to genuine comedy.

Ray B. West is an editor of The Western Review *and a member of the faculty at the State University of Iowa.*

—From the jacket of "Such Darling Dodos."

Jungle Search

RIVER OF THE SUN. By James Ramsey Ullman. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 444 pp. $3.50.

By Louis J. Halle, Jr.

JAMES RAMSEY ULLMAN, author of the widely read "White Tower," is a teller of tales. In his new novel he works the magic that keeps a reader turning the pages to see what happens next and leaves him, in the end, blinking at his familiar world of reality. I am sorry to learn that before writing it Mr. Ullman returned to Brazil "to refresh his memories of the green seas of the jungle which provide the backdrop for this novel." It is not anything like a documentary novel, and in any case the author lacks jungle lore. The backdrop is Amazonia as seen from Broadway, and so much the better for it. And if the text really "develops a philosophy of living," as the blurb says, it escaped me unregretted.

I think it all to the good that as a tale of pure adventure "River of the Sun" adheres to a fine old formula. In its plot it is a lineal descendant of Conrad's "Heart of Darkness" and like it is told in the first person. Conrad's Marlowe, sent out by "The Company," ascended the Congo in search of a European genius who had abandoned civilization and gone over to the natives. Ullman's Mark Allison, sent out by "The Company," ascends the Amazon in search of a Dutch genius who has abandoned civilization and gone over to the natives. Mark's fascination with Dr. Barna, however, is overbalanced by his growing infatuation with Barna's lovely American wife, a young woman who is placed amidships from the very beginning of the expedition. In the end Mark turns his back on the man for the sake of the girl he is about to make his own. Or as the publisher puts it: "Mark found that his long search through the jungles of the world and of the mind had freed him to go on into life."

The reader should be warned that the book begins badly, considering how good it gets to be. The first chapter is a prodigy of linguistic pretentiousness. It opens by describing Amazonia as "the ocean of earth's midriff," and continues directly: "Its face drinks the fierce sun- and rain-beat of the equatorial sky; its floor is the red clay and brown loam of the equatorial earth. Between sky and earth it weaves a continental web of living tissue. It surges across the miles in a green tide of life." (Daddy, what is it that, located upon a midriff, in an ocean which drinks sun-beat with its face, has a red-and-brown floor, weaves webs, and surges across the miles?) The system of streams that crosses this face on the midriff is "the intestine and bloodstream of a continent."

No, don't start there. If you want a gripping tale of tropical adventure begin at chapter two and see if you can stop before the end.

Fiction Notes

SWORD WITHOUT SCABBARD. By Robin Estridge. Morrow. $3. Robin Estridge has attacked an earnest problem quite earnestly yet without giving it the essential dimension of depth which a matter of conscience—in fact, a matter of soul—must have. In this instance a Captain Peter Lewis is sent out by His Majesty's Government to an obscure principality called Kasmaan, to find there a certain Major Falkland and to bring him back. We are to assume, from several parallel indications, that Falkland is a sort of Lawrence among his own Kasmaanians, who has won their friendship and their trust. But now he has identified himself too closely with their interests; he believes in his own promises instead of in the more devious purposes at Downing Street. So he must be brought home. Failing that—for he will not come back—he must be discredited.

And therein lies the moral problem of Peter Lewis, who weighs his inherent devotion to the Empire against the insistent voice of personal integrity, which bids him cry out the truth about Falkland. Ranged against him is all the machinery of government office and national press — and with him, of course, the love of Clare Lindsey and the astringent truth-telling of a maverick newspaperman named Hewitson.

It makes a nice problem. It is very completely stated, set out upon the board with all the pieces in place facing one another, and with just about as much rancor and humanity and real penetration beneath the shiny surface of things as a chess-game on a board can provide. I miss the humanity, the real sweat and tears and ugliness. Without them the problem is incomplete and remains a charade too easily solved, and no hard feelings when the game is over.

—Nathan L. Rothman.

CITY OF THE FLAGS. By Clark McMeekin. Appleton-Century-Crofts. $3. Clark McMeekin is the Ellery Queen of historical fiction. The nom de plume belongs to a feminine writing team, Dorothy Park Clark and

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Isabel McLennan McMeekin, for the past decade turning out novels about their native Kentucky. Their latest book centers around Louisville in 1861, when the stars and stripes and the stars and bars flew simultaneously over what was rapidly becoming a war-boom town. Shortly after the fall of Fort Sumter the Central State Committee declared, "The present duty of Kentucky is to maintain her present independent position — taking sides not with the Government and not with the Seceding States, but with the Union against them both." Louisville remained belligerently neutral, her families divided, her citizens holding secret pro- and anti-slavery meetings, her society matrons politely sewing on the two flags.

Into this hotbed of split loyalties steps Murray Andrews, a wealthy young widow on a visit to her stepfather, Dr. Eben Tomson, whose strong Union sympathies and devotion to his mulatto housekeeper Sabra, a freed slave, have turned the town against him. Because of her mother's racy past and her own championship of "Dr. Tom," Murray is promptly blackballed by Louisville society. Leaders of the cabal are the powerful Purchase family, headed by Senator Ben, a member of the Know-Nothing Party, his autocratic wife, Malvina, and their spinster daughter, Lou. But the Purchase boys, Chard and Blue, ardently pursue the pretty widow.

The McMeekin duo has written a sprightly narrative, over-generously supplied with character and incident. Like the stays of a Louisville lady the subplots begin to protrude embarrassingly and are yanked back into place by a contrived, melodramatic climax.

—Ray Pierre.

THE FAITH OF MRS. KELLEEN. By *Katherine Mary Flannigan. Coward-McCann.* $3. This book is a tribute to a mother's faith and love. Both were so strong that death and time, working in cruel alliance, could not in the end prevail against them. Although the widowed Honora was not yet fifty her hair was white from sorrow and her back was bent from work. Her eighteen-year-old son Rory was all of a family that was left to her. The rent on the Mayo farm had been raised on her again and again, but for Rory's sake she managed to keep a little ahead. He was a handsome, good boy, old beyond his years, and he helped her care for the famous jumpers that her husband had bred for market.

Rory failed to return one night from the Ballina Fair, where he had taken two horses to sell. He had been arrested for the murder of a drunken horse trader. The agonized mother knew that her son was innocent, but

—From "The Faith of Mrs. Kelleen."

she was helpless in the face of circumstantial evidence that swayed the minds of the community. Even lovely Mary Ellen, Rory's fiancée from childhood, was doubtful at first of his innocence. Freed from the influence of her parents she soon joined Honora in a long, lonely battle to save the doomed boy. The mother gained only one victory — life imprisonment instead of hanging for her son.

In the course of Honora's fight to free Rory she lost her health, her possessions, and finally her sight. A vicious land-agent drove her from her home and had her thrown into one of the workhouses set up as lifetime graveyards for the masses of evicted Irish. But even the horrors of what we now call concentration camp treatment failed to keep the blind, sick old woman from working for the only thing that kept her alive. After death her spirit worked over the years, leading at last to unearthing of the evidence that freed her son.

With "The Faith of Mrs. Kelleen" the literary year is off to an impressive start. The unforgettable "Mrs. Mike" can take another deep bow. In recording the gallant story of her great-aunt Honora Kelleen, Katherine Mary Flannigan—Mrs. Mike to you—has traced the high lineage of the character that made such a hit with American readers. Quite aside from the family connection Mrs. Flannigan's new book is memorable as the history of a tragic land in a tragic period. Salvation lay in the nobility and courage of souls like Mrs. Kelleen's.

—Ann F. Wolfe.

FIRST THE BLADE. By Drayton Mayrant. Appleton-Century-Crofts. $3. From the thirty-eight words about Pontius Pilate's wife which appear in St. Matthew Miss Mayrant has developed this tale of the granddaughter of the Emperor Augustus. Claudia Procula marries Pontius Pilate, but her real love is reserved for Draco. Between her first glimpse of him and the last page of the book Procula (or Procla) gets involved in murder, Roman cruelty and debauchery, and a forced marriage to Pontius.

The story is well-contrived, except that the contrivance sticks out. The pattern is familiar yet well enough managed to maintain interest. It is clear that Miss Mayrant has studied hard for her Roman backgrounds. Her reconstruction is careful and workmanlike, earnest and well thought out. She has included scenes such as the dance of Salome in which there is a continuing popular interest, and she has arranged it so that you must read to the end if you want to know whether Procla gets her man. Everything is here which should be in a successful historical romance. Perhaps that is the trouble. One can sense the careful planning, the hard work which made the book. The impact is therefore something less than it should be, since the imagined world is never transmuted to reality.

Miss Mayrant's interpretation of Pontius is unexpected but plausible, her attempt to show Procla embracing Christianity much less so.

—Bradford Smith.

LOVELY REBEL. By Muriel Marshall. Rinehart. $3. Muriel Marshall has produced a better than average "romantic novel." It deserves a less banal title and less garish dust-jacket. For this story of a spirited Irish girl torn between loyalty to her people during the Fenian revolt of 1866 and her longing for comfort and security has pace and vigor. It is written in a clipped, colorful prose which sweeps

(*Continued on page* 36)

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Americana. *When the late Constance Lindsay Skinner projected Rinehart's Rivers of America Series two decades ago she gave impetus to a great movement in historical writing and publishing, the end of which is not in sight. Among its recent manifestations are the three books reviewed below. Ralph Nading Hill, who wrote of the Winooski for Miss Skinner's series, treats Vermont folk and lore again in "Contrary Country." Newest volume in Dutton's series dealing with cities and their society is John William Rogers's "The Lusty Texans of Dallas." Dutton's other Americana venture, the American College and University Series, offers "Harvard: Four Centuries and Freedoms," by Charles A. Wagner, of all things a Columbia man. The latest Rivers of America volume, "The Fraser," by Bruce Hutchison, and "Pittsylvania Country," by George Swetnam, in Duell, Sloan & Pearce's American Folkways Series, will be discussed in an early issue. . . . Aficionados of the vintage horseless carriage will revel in Floyd Clymer's "Treasury of Early American Automobiles, 1877-1925."*

To Bat for the Harvard Accent

HARVARD: Four Centuries and Freedoms. By Charles A. Wagner. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 326 pp. $5.

By Cleveland Amory

HARVARD, like Boston, is a popular literary subject; in fact there is a sort of rivalry between the two. Recently, for example, out of Harvard by Morris A. Bealle and Hamilton Fish, there issued a 542-page "History of Harvard Football." Boston promptly replied, via H. Earle Johnson, with a 431-page "Symphony Hall, Boston." (Not just the history of the orchestra mind you. That has been done dozens of times. This is the history of the hall.) Furthermore, both are good books. The football story, now issued by the Harvard Club of New York, is a well organized and faithful chronicle of the Crimson on the gridiron from 1874 to 1948 (an excellent stopping place in view of Harvard's last two seasons) while the symphony affair, published by Little, Brown, is all any Boston grande dame could ask.

In view of such refinements it is a bold author indeed who attempts to tackle the whole of such a subject as Harvard. In the fourth volume of Dutton's commendable American College and University Series (Columbia, Michigan, and Wellesley have already appeared) Charles A. Wagner has done this; his "Harvard: Four Centuries and Freedoms" is thorough, fact-crammed, and boasts good personality pictures of such Harvard greats as Professor Sophocles, Albert Bushnell Hart, George Lyman Kittredge, Charles Townsend Copeland, Alfred North Whitehead, and many others. If the author undertakes the difficult defense of such controversial figures as Charles William Eliot, under whose elective system Harvard education descended to a remarkable low, and Abbott Lawrence Lowell, the forbidding *deus ex machina* of the Sacco-Vanzetti case, he at least packs such a wealth of historical detail into his arguments as to make his position convincing.

On the other side of the ledger Mr. Wagner suffers, along with his book, from a near-fatal case of what to all non-Harvard men is that most irritating of Harvard diseases—the belief that Harvard is perfection itself. Mr. Wagner is not a Harvard man but a graduate of Columbia; nonetheless, as one of those privileged newspapermen to be granted a year of study at Cambridge on the Nieman Fellowships, he apparently contracted during that year the illness to which even the great Emerson, long shunned by the University, fell victim. To Emerson Harvard was "so wonderful, passing the love of women."

So, too, is Harvard to Mr. Wagner. To him such expressions as "You can always tell a Harvard man but you can't tell him much" have no basis in fact. He has no patience for the thesis that from 1636 to approximately 1936 and the beginnings of the Conant regime Harvard has been socially and financially dominated by Boston. "Harvard indifference" Mr. Wagner defines as "a healthy intellectual token" and declares that it is in reality "a skepticism mistaken perhaps for momentary indifference." In a burst of eloquence he even goes out of his way to bat for the Harvard accent. "This dictum was not to be robbed of a classroom-garnered riches which embellished it as well, and made it the mellow and enduring creation it has been ever since."

Non-Harvard men will quarrel with this sort of thing, and rightly so. Among other things it makes it impossible for Mr. Wagner to make any comparison between Harvard and other colleges; at times, indeed, the mere thought of any other college appears to irritate him. "It was Harvard, not Yale," he writes sternly, "which first elected a Negro football captain." Finally Mr. Wagner has not done his side any service by an organization that moves back and forth with baffling rapidity and by a style which can best be described by nominating several of his sentences as odds-on candidates for magazines featuring Block-that-Metaphor departments:

> Emerson had suffered the use of the pick and shovel of philosophy instead of the divining rod of religion itself, to arrive at the nugget of truth buried in the Harvard Yard.

> Here is the cow-yard of a dream's long endurance, the triumph of a vision that is Harvard . . .

> There have been riches in the Harvard centuries of restless inquiry which make the studied stammerings of their history but paltry shifts of shadow against the whole sun of their blessed benevolence.

Cleveland Amory, a Harvard man himself, is author of "The Proper Bostonians" and "Home Town."

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City of Salesmen but No Smog

THE LUSTY TEXANS OF DALLAS. By John William Rogers. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 384 pp. $4.50.

By STANLEY WALKER

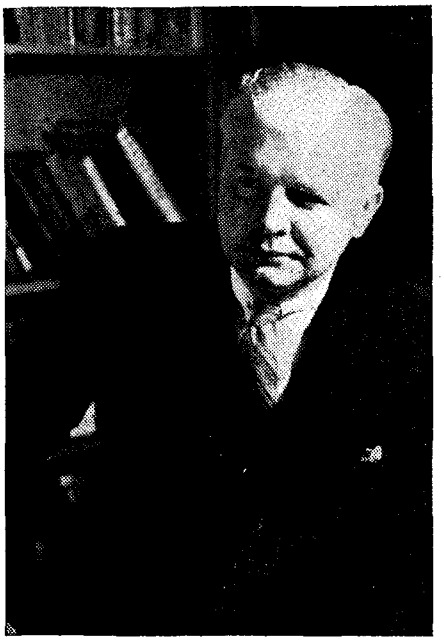
THE CITY of Dallas, Texas, founded only a little over a hundred years ago, had few natural advantages to recommend it. There were no great forests, no mountains, and the climate was nothing to brag about. The settlement perched upon the banks of the unreliable and often dangerous Trinity River. And yet, by a curious working of evolution aided by a rather remarkable group of leading citizens, it has become a great city.

Today, as almost everyone must know, Dallas is the pride of Southwestern culture. The skyline is clean and striking, and the problem of smog is unknown. It is a city of vast local pride and tremendous hustle. Essentially it is, and long has been, the city of salesmen. It is a fashion center, an insurance center, a distribution center, an amusement center, and its pretensions to eminence in artistic matters are not to be laughed at.

How did Dallas get that way and how does the cultural machinery work? To these questions John William Rogers, sometime journalist, playwright, and knowing dabbler in society and the arts, addresses himself with great vigor and in the main with considerable perception. His study of Dallas is the seventh in Dutton's Society in America Series (the other volumes have dealt with Boston, Washington, Memphis, San Francisco, New Orleans, and Cincinnati). It contains the results of much solid research, and his string of anecdotes, many of which he must have come by at first hand, are rich stuff indeed.

Himself a good deal of an esthete and a connoisseur of social phenomena, especially the inevitable gaucheries of a growing metropolis, Mr. Rogers tackles his job with authority and affection. He has been on the inside of Dallas affairs for a long time; he has known the gossip of the dowagers and the bankers alike; he is privy to all the feuds and scandals; he has been a guest in most of the great homes of Dallas—and some of them are really magnificent.

The reaction to this study among the citizens of Dallas is not hard to guess: it will be mixed, but nobody will be very angry. Mr. Rogers takes a catty, oblique dig now and then, and he quite justly notes the idiosyncrasies of many of the leading citizens of yesterday and today, but in the main he is decorous enough. If he



John William Rogers—"a polite jostle."

now and then jostles the bones of old skeletons, it is a polite enough jostle with no unseemly and embarrassing rattling. The principal comments are sure to be: Why didn't he mention old So-and-So? Why did he leave out this and that? However, from his own viewpoint, which is intelligent, Mr. Rogers has captured the flavor of Dallas—his Dallas, at any rate.

Here is the story of the rude but vision-haunted founder of Dallas, John Neely Bryan, whose little cabin has been preserved. Here is Alexander Cockrell, the town's first capitalist, who could not read or write but who was uncommonly shrewd, one of the soundest and most far-seeing of the pioneers. Here is told again the strange story of La Reunion, the colony of French Fourierists who settled on the west bank of the Trinity, and its final disintegration, the survivors merging with the life of Dallas and giving it a badly needed Gallic touch. Here also is something of life in the old days, the sporting houses, the horse races, the saloons, and such temporary but colorful residents as Sam Bass and Belle Starr. Mr. Rogers deals also with many of the leading citizens; perhaps the best sketch is that of the late Col. J. T. Trezevant, able business man, eccentric, noble citizen, great dude, and the devoted husband at one time and another of several beautiful wives.

The miscellaneous information is delightful. It is good to know, for example, that H. L. Hunt, the Dallas oil man, is probably not worth more than $200,000,000; rumor had him much richer than that. There is also an excellent description of the splendid home of E. L. DeGolyer, the geophysicist, which has a library of 10,500 volumes and ceilings twenty feet high. (It is more than 200 feet from the DeGolyer suite to the kitchen.) Mr. Rogers, who has a fine home of his own, is perhaps at his best in describing architecture. He has a keen eye for houses and gives deserved praise to Joe Lambert, a relative newcomer to Dallas, who has beautifully transformed a large section of the city.

Music, society, art, books, entertainment, and manners—these are the fields in which Mr. Rogers is most at home. It is odd that a sybarite pays so little attenton to food; except to point out that the fare in one of the clubs is not so good he has virtually nothing to say about the generally poor restaurants of the city. (The best homes, however, are another story.)

Naturally enough Mr. Rogers gives due credit to the much-publicized store of Neiman-Marcus, with a bow to the merchandising genius of Stanley Marcus. Dallas owes much to its great merchants, including the remarkable Sanger family and the late Arthur Kramer.

Some of Mr. Rogers's customers will be disappointed that he has given such scant mention to such characters as the late Col. R. E. L. Knight and Dr. J. O. McReynolds; and he has completely ignored many important families, including the Adoues, Wozencrafts, Weichsels. He even fails to mention George Waverley Briggs, social arbiter. Moreover, except when dealing with the early days, the author appears to have a blind spot concerning Dallas politics, which have long been very amusing and even instructive—and quite relevant, it would seem, to any social study of the city. One more serious kick: Mr. Rogers, though he has in many ways an ingratiating style, seems utterly baffled by what to do with his commas; but perhaps that is partly the fault of publishers, who in these degenerate times have little use for copy editors and proofreaders.

However, if for nothing else, Mr. Rogers deserves the thanks of everyone for resurrecting many of the lush and heartbreakingly rococo writings of the late Mrs. Hugh Nugent Fitzgerald, a society reporter of long ago whose prose gyrations must be read to be believed.

Stanley Walker, sometime city editor of the New York Herald Tribune, *author of "City Editor" and "Mrs. Astor's Horse," was born in Texas and lives there now.*

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Vermont Again

CONTRARY COUNTRY. By Ralph Nading Hill. New York: Rinehart & Co. 309 *pp.* $3.75.

By Dorothy Canfield Fisher

A NEW book about Vermont is perhaps greeted outside of our state with a dismayed "*Another?*" In Vermont as we eagerly reach out our hands for the volume we use the same word, but in a tone of delight, "Another!" We can't get enough of them. Vermont is small enough in size, you see, both in geographical extent and in numbers, to be intimately known. And in our period of enormous distances and huge numbers there is an especially satisfying quality about being on intimate terms with any human situation.

Ralph Nading Hill has already written for the Rivers of America Series an admirable book on the "Winooski," a delight to Vermonters who already knew a good deal of the material in it and also to general readers for whom its folklore and history were new. That book strung its beads on the connecting thread of a river. "Contrary People," his second book, is threaded on the thesis that "Vermonters are chronically unable to endorse the popular view" and by instinct always refuse to conform to any generally accepted opinion.

Like many another theory this thesis is, of course, not literally true. Vermonters cling to many a generally accepted American idea with as firm and enthusiastic a grasp as if they had made it up out of their own heads. Universal free education, for instance. Vermonters have always believed in public schools with as much zest as if they were holding out against the rest of the USA rather than marching along, a small but entirely acquiescent squad in the American regiment. To mention one other of their unquestioning conformities—they are also fixed in acceptance to the widely indorsed institution of monogamy. Mr. Hill speaks of Mormons and of the Oneida Community, but (because he is a sound historian) he does not hide the fact that although those leaders began in Vermont they soon went elsewhere. However, these reservations being made as to the thesis of contrariness, any reader in or out of Vermont will be interested and amused by the collection of oddities in our history, skilfully put together and discriminatingly interpreted by Mr. Hill.

There is something in the book for every taste: a full-length portrait of Matthew Lyons, set against the long cavalcade of people in sleighs come to see the release of their hero from jail; the first (1790) steam-driven craft crossing Fairlee Pond and all the spirited, noisy doings with later steamships on Lake Champlain, now sunk to a whisper; the familiar (to Vermonters) roll of honor of those who risked and sacrificed much in the fight against Negro slavery, from the clause in our Constitution to the indignant protest officially made by the Vermont legislature against the Fugitive Slave Law; the Brattleboro printer who, communing in spiritualistic trances

—*From "Contrary Country."*

with Charles Dickens, completed "The Mystery of Edwin Drood"—wherever you open the book you come upon something tasty.

The connection with Vermont is somewhat tenuous in some cases; Hetty Green, for instance, was married and the mother of two children before she ever set foot in Vermont, and then she came to Bellows Falls not because she was looking for a place to be contrary in but because it was her husband's old home; the Pilgrims, who early in the nineteenth century dressed in bearskins, never bathed, and chose the Vermont public roads for attacks of religious hysteria, were Canadians, stayed only a short time in Woodstock (where people greatly disapproved of them), and moved on to New Jersey and points West.

But never mind whether the incidents represent in every case some aspect of Vermont character or not; they make a savory mixture when narrated with Mr. Hill's conscientious regard for historical accuracy, lively appreciation of the grotesque and unexpected, and sound sense of proportion.

Dorothy Canfield Fisher has often written about her home state of Vermont in fiction and articles.

Lo, the Poor Fwick

TREASURY OF EARLY AMERICAN AUTOMOBILES, 1877-1925. *By Floyd Clymer. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co.* 213 *pp.* $5.

By Roger Butterfield

ONE AFTERNOON in September 1949 a solitary tourist from California was bowling along the highway from Carson City to Virginia City, Nevada, thinking of nothing much but the carefree week end he was going to have among the crystal chandeliers of C Street and the endless expanses of sagebrush scenery he had to traverse to get there. Suddenly, as he rounded a curve in the mountain road, he found himself involved in the weirdest traffic jam of his life. Stretching ahead of him for several miles was a parade of nearly one hundred wheezing, chugging, churning, antique automobiles — 1904 Maxwells, two-cylinder Pierce-Arrows, brass-bound Model T Fords, and old-time Ramblers, Haynes-Appersons, and Hupmobiles with right-hand drives and rubber-bulb klaxons. The drivers wore goggles and leather gauntlets and their ladies were equipped with full-length dusters and flowered hats of the Teddy Roosevelt era. Heading the whole procession was a Dixieland jazz band mounted on a red 1915 fire truck cheerfully blaring out dance tunes to several square miles of empty desert.

The Californian, badly shaken, took a long look and headed directly back to Carson City to recuperate in an oasis operated by State Senator Ken Johnson. "You didn't see any ghosts," the bartender assured him. "That was just a bunch of auto nuts up from Los Angeles for the day."

Probably the most remarkable thing about the whole incident, as our man learned later, was that every one of the ancient autos that started for Virginia City reached the top of the fourteen-mile grade by its own power —except two which were gathered up and towed along by repair trucks provided by one of the big Reno gambling establishments. On final arrival they all formed a hollow parallelogram along the curbstones where Mark Twain used to chase news items for the *Territorial Enterprise*, the band struck up a merry tune, and everybody danced in the streets.

The owners and drivers of old automobiles are a determinedly happy lot, and there must be thousands of them. This colorful collection of old automobile pictures, advertisements, facts, and figures by the most industrious lover of old cars in the world, Floyd Clymer, is certainly calculated to de-

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light his fellow addicts, and it is also a pleasant addition to any bookshelf of general Americana. The author firmly disavows any intention of providing either an analytical study or a definitive history of the great American gas-buggy. His book is "an album of memories," fragrant with the perfume of exploding gasoline and ancient exhaust pipes. One of its most imposing features is a list of more than two thousand makes of automobiles, the most complete, it is claimed, ever published. Among them are such incredible names as the Bugmobile, the Fwick (*sic*), the Klink, the Grabowsky, the Browniekar, the Stout Scarab, and the Seven Little Buffaloes, all now extinct.

Automobile advertisements today are "slick and tricky," Mr. Clymer complains. "Fifty years ago they were full-voiced and red-blooded." He documents this with many interesting samples, including a 1905 Cadillac blurb which begins: "WHEN A COMPETITOR TELLS YOU that we are going to remodel our motor and increase our cylinder capacity in order to get greater power he don't know what he is talking about." The present-day technique of using a lot of soft, mouth-filling, and essentially meaningless words to sell cars was inaugurated, Mr. Clymer tells us, by a manufacturer named Ned Jordan who in 1918 introduced such ambiguous phrases as "ultra comfort" and "the first completely equipped motor car" and offered a choice of body colors between "Briarcliff green" and "Liberty blue." Jordan's masterpiece, still regarded as one of the great landmarks of advertising literature, was entitled "Somewhere West of Laramie" and starts off like this: "Somewhere west of Laramie there's a broncho-busting, steer-roping girl who knows what I'm talking about. She can tell what a sassy pony that's a cross between greased lightning and the place where it hits can do with 1,100 pounds of steel and action when its going high, wide, and handsome. The truth is—the [Jordan] Playboy was made for her."

The Jordan Playboy, however, has long ceased to snort its way across the Western plains. But they still go for Cadillacs out there.

Roger Butterfield, historian and author of "The American Past," has a home in Virginia City, Nevada.

Clipper Ships & Clean Manila

THE ROPEMAKERS OF PLYMOUTH. By Samuel Eliot Morison. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 177 pp. $3.

By WILLIAM MORRIS HOUGHTON

THE RATHER amazing thing about this book is that it is strictly the history of a private corporation by a preeminent historian, who has given it all his loving care and scholarly attention. If this puzzles the reader a bit he will find at least a partial explanation in the following passage: "My barkentine *Capitana*, rigged by Plymouth, sailed across the Atlantic and back and through the West Indies in all kinds of weather for a year without parting a strand or having to replace a single line. Of course she was rigged properly, so that the lines did not chafe, and we took care to 'freshen the nip' on the blocks every day in the trades. Nevertheless, we considered the Plymouth performance outstanding." One familiar with his great work "Admiral of the Ocean Sea: A Life of Christopher Columbus" will recognize in *Capitana*, named after one of Columbus's flagships, the vessel in which Dr. Morison followed the course of the Admiral's voyages in preparation for his monumental biography. His gratitude for the assistance of excellent cordage on this venture is understandable.

But personal gratitude plus his obvious fascination with everything connected with sailing may still seem an insufficient answer. As the pages unfold, however, so does the occasion for their composition, which is that the Plymouth Cordage Company over 125 years has become a conspicuous example of the growth of a purely business undertaking into an institution. Unfortunately, it seems to me, Dr. Morison does not elaborate as much as he might have the significance of this development. He is content with its implication while tracing the characters of the men of four generations who made it possible against the background of the Old Colony and the romance of ropemaking and of the shipping industry.

The book is a mine of information with respect to the manufacture of cordage of every description, its distribution and use. Statistics of capitalization and costs are given in the particular instance of the Plymouth Cordage Company; its industrial, mercantile, and labor policies are discussed *con amore*, and there emerges the gratifying picture of a business enterprise whose civic-minded management in a direct line of descent since 1824 has justified its survival and present prestige and prosperity.

As one might expect from the magic of Dr. Morison's touch, his tale is compounded of pungent odors, of the water front where the Pilgrims landed, of tarred hemp and clean manila, of the days of the clipper ship and the whaler, of the New England conscience and Yankee shrewdness. There were plenty of vicissitudes in the long career of Plymouth Cordage, but she breasted the storms like any stanch windjammer she had rigged. The greatest of these came sixty-odd years ago with the formation of the National Cordage Company, the Cordage Trust in popular parlance. This piratical monster, incorporated under the laws of New Jersey in 1887, sought to sweep the field of competition by engulfing all its rivals. Company after company surrendered to its ruthless tactics until in 1892 it controlled 90 per cent of potential production. Plymouth, with its record of integrity and the consequent support of its satisfied customers, held out against the blast, and the next spring the bankruptcy of the National Cordage touched off the panic of 1893.

A threat of only less importance occurred in 1916 with the first and only strike in the Plymouth Company's history. Again the company's record of fair dealing stood it in good stead. The strikers, though they demanded a third again as much in wages, repeatedly refused to be organized by the American Federation of Labor or the Industrial Workers of the World. Apparently their underlying respect for their employer caused them to repudiate any outside intervention. The negotiations dragged on, but there was little violence, and eventually a compromise was effected. All strikers who desired reemployment got it. An incident was the reported connection with the strike of Bartolomeo Vanzetti. This was disproved; he was not himself a striker though he may have had an inconspicuous role in fomenting hostilities. Not the least interesting item in the book is Dr. Morison's presentation of the Plymouth Cordage-Vanzetti relationship.

One can sincerely compliment the author on a worthy subject and a well-told story while with equal sincerity regretting its lack of a much broader treatment.

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An Almost President

LEWIS CASS: The Last Jeffersonian. By Frank B. Woodford. New Brunswick, N. J.: Rutgers University Press. 380 *pp.* $5.

By Holman Hamilton

IT MUST have been difficult for Mr. Woodford to avoid producing a dry-as-dust biography. The pot belly, red face, red wig, dewlap, jowls, and checkered vest of James Buchanan's Secretary of State seem uninspiring through the vista of the years. Cass, if remembered at all, is usually branded a trimmer in politics—especially on the slavery issue—and pretty much of an apple polisher in Andy Jackson's White House and Louis Philippe's palace. He is favorably recalled in Michigan for his achievements as territorial governor. But after 1831 the career set forth in the history texts is far from impressive.

Only occasionally does Mr. Woodford doff his cap and cheer his subject. That he admires Cass is clear, however, and his approach is sympathetic. As a soldier in the War of 1812 Cass won no famous victories. As our Minister to France he signed no monumental treaty. He proved a satisfactory if unspectacular Secretary of War in time of peace, was a power in his party as a Senator, and watched Buchanan and W. H. Trescot run the State Department much to their liking during his occupancy of the ranking Cabinet office. These sections of the record stem partly from the drifts of history and partly from lethargy induced by age. He was seventy-eight when he resigned from the Cabinet on the eve of the Civil War. But, unfortunate as were his physical condition and lack of drive, he did have the fortitude to break with Buchanan on a matter of high principle. And for this he deserves abiding credit.

There may be those who ask, "Why write about secondary politicians like Cass? Why not devote full-dress biographies only to eminent or notorious people—the influential, colorful, bizarre, or truly great—whose lives are apt to be most readable?" The answer is that much men do is not confined to black and white, but borders in a zone of gray. Discouragements, failures, and compromises are integral in history and humanity—and therefore worth reading about. Cass, albeit no immortal, did many things reasonably well and some things extraordinarily well. On numerous occasions he gave evidence of physical and moral courage, foresight, diplomacy, or solid judgment—especially as territorial governor and in his dealings with the Indians. He possessed the intestinal fortitude to disagree with Jackson on the issue of the Bank, and Old Hickory respected him for it. If he happened to like Louis Philippe and achieved great personal popularity in France, this was in line with his assigned mission rather than bootlicking—as his enemies alleged. Cass was the first important sponsor of Popular Sovereignty. For a time this seemed to a majority of Americans the answer to sectional disagreements. The majority changed. Cass did not. But if he failed to evolve a permanently acceptable plan, at least he did offer *a* plan.

Cass missed the Presidency of the United States by a very narrow margin. In discussing his defeat by Zachary Taylor, Mr. Woodford properly stresses the roles of New York and Pennsylvania. Though emphasizing Van Buren's influence on the New York outcome, he does not explain why Cass lost Pennsylvania—which was chiefly due to the Native American vote in Philadelphia. It seems to this reviewer that Stephen A. Douglas's Senate significance in 1850 is not sufficiently underscored, nor is the fact that several Northern Democratic Senators and every Northern Whig with two exceptions preferred the position of President Taylor and Senator Benton to that of Douglas, Clay, Webster, and Cass.

Let it not be thought that this book is in any sense a hack job. It is neither stodgy nor superficial. Fresh and valuable manuscript collections, notably at the Clements Library in Ann Arbor, were opened to Mr. Woodford. Time and again he went back to the sources, scorning lazy guesswork, shallow research, and "popular" perpetuation of ancient errors. His prose is hard, sound, and sustained. He cites authorities—always a joy. Thanks to his scholarship and stylistic skill, this is the best biography of Cass.

Holman Hamilton, a Fort Wayne, Indiana, newspaperman, is author of a biography of Zachary Taylor.

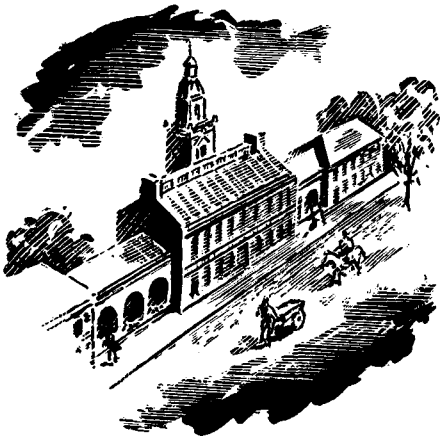
Solution of Last Week's Double-Crostic (No. 877)

E. A. POE:
THE IMP OF THE PERVERSE

(From The Centenary Poe, edited by Montague Slater)

We stand upon the brink of a precipice. We peer into the abyss. We grow . . . dizzy . . . Because our reason violently deters us, do we the more impetuously approach the brink. To indulge for a moment in any attempt at thought is to be . . . lost.

Americana Notes



SEAT OF EMPIRE: The Political Role of Eighteenth-Century Williamsburg. By Carl Bridenbaugh. Colonial Williamsburg, Williamsburg, Va. $1.75. In 1776 Virginia's population numbered one-fifth of all the colonies. Her territory extended in theory to the Pacific; in actual practice it embraced the vast tract between the Mississippi, the Great Lakes, and the New York-Pennsylvania boundaries. Williamsburg was the capital of this American empire. Mr. Bridenbaugh's little study runs only to eighty-seven pages, but it has an effect of roominess that parallels the vast area with which he is concerned. Actually he does not get very far from Williamsburg, for in picturing the life and thought of the time and place he has adopted the ingenious device of following the route of two imaginary planters from the Northern Neck to Williamsburg in 1765 to represent their county in the House of Burgesses.

The chronicle of their journey is succeeded by accounts of the governmental machinery, the political situation and issues that developed from it, and the shock precipitated by the Stamp Act. The "tiny seat of empire" became an exciting focus of history.

This well-presented, well-illustrated little book is the first in the Williamsburg in America Series—"popular accounts which will deal with various aspects of eighteenth-century life in Williamsburg and Virginia." The series is off to an excellent start.

QUAKERS AND SLAVERY IN AMERICA. By Thomas E. Drake. Yale University Press. $3.75. A single Church of England clergyman criticized slavery in the seventeenth century. His name was Morgan Godwin, and he was actuated by a reading of "a petty reformado pamphlet" by "an officious Friend or Quaker in Barbadoes" which asked the island clergy pointedly: "Who

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made you ministers of the gospel to white people only, and not to the tawnies and blacks also?" The author of the pamphlet was George Fox. Godwin would not have gone so far as actually to abolish slavery; the "only signficant movement" in Colonial America against slavery as an institution was among the Quakers. There were Quaker slaveholders, but in the 1760's the Quakers stopped buying slaves. This opened the way to the more drastic commitment: to free the slaves they owned. Gradualism still had adherents, and abolitionism produced a schism among the Quakers as it did among other groups, religious and secular.

Thomas E. Drake, who heads the history department at Haverford, traces Quaker reaction to the slavery movement in compact detail. Personalities as well as principles were involved in the debate, and they are given the prominence that is their due in this capable monograph.

DEAR STOCKHOLDER. By Bob Heimann and Roger Fox. B. C. Forbes & Sons. $1.50. This book would (and if a copy gets to Moscow will) astound the Russians. Wall Street can kid itself and like it! Messrs. Heimann and Fox, who edit *Forbes Magazine of Business*, have taken that sterling exemplar of the fiscal prose style, the annual corporation report, split it up into its familiar component phrases ("Accounts payable showed a sharp uptrend in October"), and bolstered each phrase with an appropriate photograph. The technique is familiar, but here it achieves new and uproarious heights of appositeness in doubletalk and doublelook. There are eighty pictures interpreting eighty clichés—"Your management has made every effort to streamline its activities" and "We are using all means at our disposal to maintain price ceilings"—and the pictures run the gamut of equivoke from pin-up girls to hangings and electrocutions, with the physiological and the zoological receiving heaviest attention. No stockholder is complete without a copy of this intimate sequence of corporate life in America with its suspenders down. Cash purchase is essential, as this Americanum is unlikely to make the Sunday school libraries.

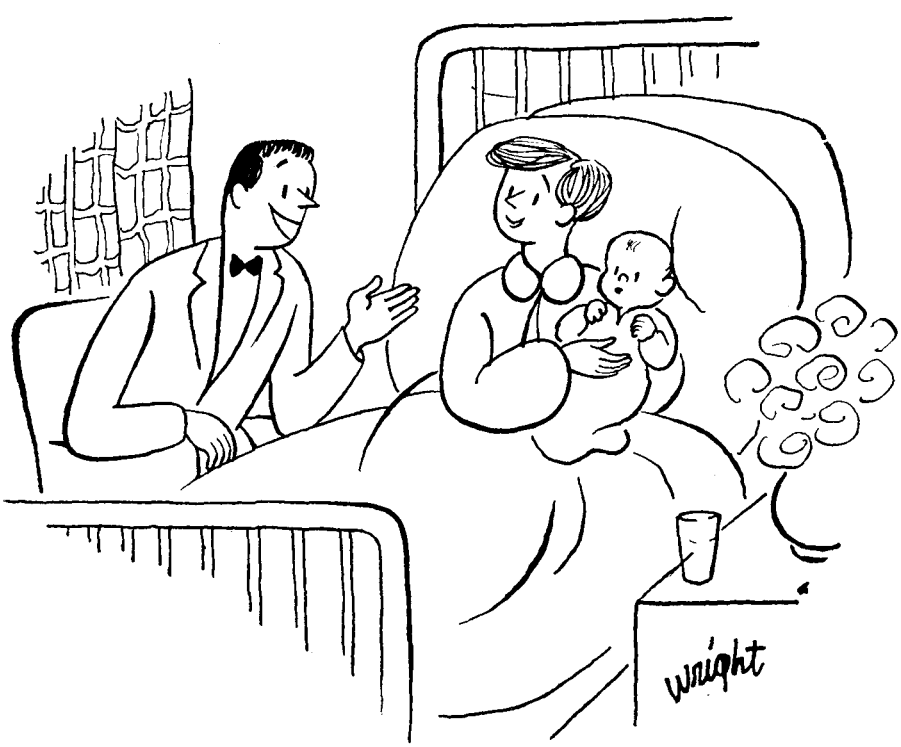
HISTORY OF THE WOMAN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, 1850-1950. By Gulielma Fell Alsop, M.D. Lippincott. $4. The Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania has just rounded out its first century as the only women's medical college in America. It began its career in "two dark, rented lecture rooms whose equipment was a museum of papier-maché models and one mannikin"—the expense of fitting up this primitive establishment came to $1,564.72. When Dr. Joseph Longshore, in formal Quaker attire, rose to address the first graduating class he said: "Do not because you are women regard yourself as inferiors." They didn't then and they don't now, and adherence to the policy has brought conspicuous success. It was rough going at first. In 1869 the ladies attended a coeducational clinic at the University of Pennsylvania and had to put up with various indignities, tobacco juice included, but the insults reacted in their favor. Dr. Alsop's story is devoted largely to the personalities, not all of them women, who made the growth of the institution possible. Today the college occupies a large modern plant, with school and hospital combined; it has 175 students, and thirty candidates for the degree. Dr. Alsop's survey tells a heartening and eloquent story.

HISTORY WRITTEN WITH PICK AND SHOVEL. By William Louis Culver and Reginald Pelham Bolton. New York Historical Society. $3.50. The British forces in Revolutionary America apparently spent much of their time losing buttons. Several years ago a group of antiquarian enthusiasts in the New York area went in quest of this trove, with impressive results. They contributed papers on their techniques and discoveries to the quarterly bulletins and annual reports of the New-York Historical Society, and these reports, with dozens of pictures, have now been assembled by Roberta Leighton in a fascinating volume. An introduction by Richard J. Koke of the society's staff accents the melancholy fact that there can be no more such happy hunting—the old camp sites have given way to high schools, apartments, and subway yards. But what fun it must have been while it lasted!

The finds, now carefully tended, illuminate vividly our knowledge of the visiting soldiery of nearly two centuries ago. The hunters found much besides buttons — bullets, belt-plates, badges, lead pencils (made of real lead), and even children's toys. (There is documentary proof that British and foreign regiments in and near New York in 1781 were accompanied by 3,600 women and more than 4,000 children.)

THE ROMANCE OF NEW ENGLAND ANTIQUES. By Edwin Valentine Mitchell. A. A. Wyn. $3. This book is for reading—the point is worth stressing in a field in which most of the literature is for reference, consultation, or instruction. Mr. Mitchell, to be sure, is not unreferential, unconsultative, or uninstructive, but his object here, which he successfully accomplishes, is simply to present a miscellany of information about antiques. There is a method in his miscellany; he discusses dealers, auctions, reproduction, fakes, thefts, and hiding places and follows this with a categorical survey of the product—clocks, chests, chairs, pewter, silver, pottery,

(*Continued on page* 57)



"I've entered him at Groton and Harvard and ordered his tickets for 'South Pacific'!"

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Daydreams

IT IS a temptation to regard the time in which we are now living as unique in the history of mankind—a kind of limbo, Dante's abode of souls barred forever from Heaven through no fault of their own, as if all of us had a one-way ticket to Hell. Few can see any escape from a continued state of fearful suspense which can only be ended by war or by agreements in whose permanence we can have little faith. Nevertheless, a philosopher or an historian might maintain the thesis that man has always lived in the midst of anxiety and doubt, even in years that now seem to us serene and even romantic. Our major writers contribute to this sense of hopelessness and accentuate what appears to be the vivid contrast between our present condition and, let us say, life in the middle of the nineteenth century.

Yet no one can read two giants of that period, Zola and Balzac, without a profound sense of the restlessness and misery endured by a great part of the population of France. England had its Dickens, whose books now seem to us so quaint and melodramatic. We now read into the dismal and smoky streets of old London cheerful qualities they did not possess; actually they were crowded with poor and half-starved human beings, whose lives were more miserable than those of any large body of people living in the Western world today.

The English countryside was not much better, for the picturesque thatched cottages in villages and on landlords' estates were poisonously unsanitary, damp at all seasons, and deathtraps for the old men and women who crouched in foul weather over small coal fires. The old rows of bleak and grim dwellings for workers and miners in the manufacturing and mining towns still stand as symbols of a day when men and children worked themselves to exhaustion for an appalling number of hours a day. It was almost impossible to escape from the class into which you were born or to receive any but the most elementary education. The country was ruled by a rigid and often merciless mercantile and land-owning aristocracy, and the people had almost as little influence over Parliament as their grandfathers. In "Bleak House" you will find that the processes of the law were agonizingly cumbersome, and in "Oliver Twist" there is given a picture of the kind of schools which the boys who were not destined for Eton or Harrow had to endure.

This is "romantic" England of our imaginings, and so powerful is our instinct in times of trouble to escape into a dream of an always mellifluous past that we have turned Dickens, the fiery crusader of his day, and all of Dickens's world, upside down. There was, to be sure, no Armageddon on the horizon in those early days of the Victorian peace.

In their efforts to escape from present ills imaginative people often contemplate other eras and old cities, which they think they would trade without hesitation for this decade of the twentieth century. The medieval twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the years of the Crusades, the Italian Renaissance, and Elizabethan England are favorites—or for the more scholarly, Imperial Rome or Athens in its golden years. It is a pleasant way of daydreaming, but the dreamer must at the same time inevitably escape from the ranks of the common people to discover himself a man of wealth and position—a nobleman or a famous warrior. Who would care to be a slave in Athens or Rome, a peasant in Elizabethan England, a serf, a laborer, or a common soldier in fifteenth-century Italy?

There were other difficulties in living in earlier days which the romantic must avoid in his dream. There were plagues which swept away whole populations; there were filth and the common diseases for which there was no cure. Chaucer spoke of himself as an old man at thirty-five, toothless and riddled with smallpox. Children died like flies; the early hospitals were pestholes in which women in childbirth were virtually murdered. Human bodies were wracked and the soul of man was not at rest. Superstition and sadism were rampant and healthy women, old and young, accused of witchcraft, were tortured, hung, or burned at the stake.

IT IS true that for a brief time a century ago man seemed to be winning the long battle for a reasonable and peaceful existence. The great miracles of science were still to come, but it already seemed a future panacea for most of the ills that had poisoned life. Democracy in the form of the parliamentary system was gaining ground everywhere in the Western world, though often democracy was a mask for continued savagery and exploitation. France was tamed, the British Navy rode the seas, the invincible armies of redcoats were in India and China; so who now could conceive of great wars? The writers of this period were on the whole optimists, and even philosophy bowed its head to the future reign of reason and justice.

It is also true that the catastrophe we face today is as black a menace as any that man has known. But it is not as inevitable as were early death and lifelong misery. We measure our condition by the heights to which we have risen. If we despair, it is the result of a gigantic paradox. In this country we have gained immeasurably in the old war against poverty, discomfort, and disease. We have emerged from what at one time appeared to be a permanent state of adolescence into a maturity which must bear on its shoulders burdens we never could have dreamed of assuming. Our own writers reflect the paradox and dilemma we are facing, and perhaps it is right that they should neglect all of the pleasanter aspects of existence which we have created. Out of it a profoundly serious literature may emerge. Delmore Schwartz, an editor of *Partisan Review*, has recently written: "In a period of depression, the image of a Utopia is welcome; but when civilization itself seems capable of destroying itself and when the end of the crisis does not seem likely tomorrow, it is a genuine blessing to be able to contemplate images of the worst that can happen. . . . It is still necessary to stare at the Medusa before we turn to stone." —H. S.

Sinclair Lewis

IT SEEMS strange that Sinclair Lewis should have died at the age of sixty-five in Rome and that he had spent the greater part of two years in a city and country so spiritually remote from Sauk Center, where he was born and spent his youth, and Minnesota, the state which his readers knew in so many of his novels as Winnemac. Though he had not been in the best

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of health for several years he seemed to be one of those indomitable men of letters who are destined to live and write for many years. More than any other American writer he brought about the renaissance of our literature in the Twenties and Thirties, and his earlier books were read by millions here and abroad. Sinclair Lewis was American to the core, and his tall, gaunt figure marked him uncompromisingly a product of the Middle West and of his New England forebears. His mind was a dynamo of mental energy, exhaustless and exhausting in his earlier years. In this and other ways he was like England's H. G. Wells, to whom he expressed his indebtedness by naming his son, killed in the last war, Wells Lewis. When "Main Street" was published in 1920 it was an explosion rather than the fifth novel of a man who was beginning to make an impression. He was a satirist by nature and at heart a reformer, with a warm streak of kindness; but he recognized honesty and greatness when he found it, as witness "Arrowsmith." "Main Street" and the series of Midwestern novels that followed shocked and invigorated American thought and brought to Europe a conception of our strangeness and our vitality. He was an indefatigable worker. A new novel of his will appear this spring, and he was beginning another when he was stricken just before the New Year.

A Long Night

HENEDA AIRPORT, TOKYO.

ABOUT three flying hours out of Shemya, the bleak jumping-off airstrip in the Aleutians for the long, non-stop hop over the North Pacific to Japan, there is the loneliest boat in the world. It has a crew of about thirty whose job it is to keep the ship fixed in position and to worry about bad weather—of which there is plenty.

The ship is a flighthouse, which sends out radio beams instead of lightbeams. But it is hardly ever seen by the planes overhead, for it is anchored in a section of the Pacific invariably closed in by fogbank or cloudbank.

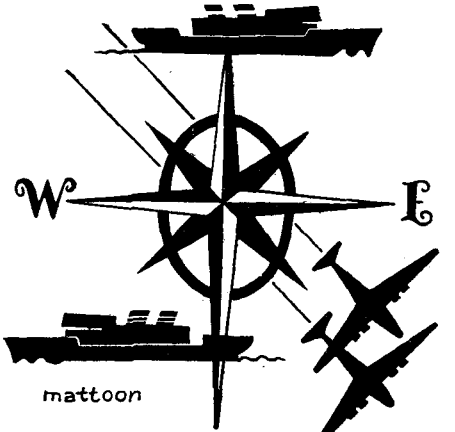
"That's my idea of the most forlorn spot in the world," the pilot of my plane said after we passed over the approximate position of the flighthouse. "I have a friend who once met one of the crew on leave. He said it's cold and it's dark. The darkness bothers the men even more than the cold. This time of year it's dark for all but a few hours each day—and the light they get wouldn't wake up an owl.

"Every once in a while there is a break in the weather and the men actually see the plane overhead they're trying to guide with their radio—and they all rush to the deck to see it, watching the lights flicker, watching until the lights finally twinkle out.

"You can't blame them for being excited when they see us. Brother, you'd stand up and cheer your head off if, after being swallowed up in this black stuff day after day and night after night with only the clock to tell you where daytime is somewhere else, the snow and the fog let up long enough to give you a good square view of something going somewhere, with people—men and women both—on it who are going where there's some daylight. Up here there's just an awful lot of night and practically nothing else."

Even on a single trip this time of the year the sense of almost continuous night dominates all your impressions. It's as though we're fleeing from the sun, trying to outrace it before it comes up weakly off our left tail. As I type these notes in flight just two hours away from Tokyo, where we are due to land at 7:30 A. M., we have been seemingly suspended in a black smudge for almost twenty hours. There is no sense of motion, for there is nothing to see against which to fix a position. It has been a moonless night ever since we jumped off into the black at Anchorage, where the sun rises not long before noon and sets at 2:30 P. M.

This annihilation of light and motion is matched by the annihilation of the clock. The most futile thing in the world anyone can do up here is to ask the time. You have to change your watch about a dozen times between New York and Tokyo. What time do you decide to eat by or sleep by? The time you followed yesterday? That time is as meaningless up here as sunglasses. The time you looked at just a short while ago? That, too, tells you nothing. Meanwhile you fly over the International Date Line and a full day vanishes, although it would not have been day even if it didn't vanish. There have been four changes of crew since we left Minneapolis, to correspond with the major portions of the flight, each of which averages from nine to ten hours. Except for the Edmonton-Anchorage hop, each portion of the flight has been handled by the crew as a regular night flight—which is to say that pillows and blankets are distributed and your chair is adjusted for sleeping. But you get fatigued from being put to bed four times in the same night, all the more so when the night lasts a full day.



NOTHING in the world provides a sharper contrast than the Edmonton-Anchorage portion of the flight with the long hops that follow. In the four or five hours of daylight that you enjoy out of Edmonton you pass through an endless white paradise, the like of which I have seen nowhere in the world. This is the land of glaciers and white miracles of mountains, dwarfing the Rockies or the Alps in height and splendor. The term "white supremacy" belongs to this and nothing else. The sun is high enough to give a glitter to valleys and peaks both and low enough to provide the contrast of a smooth blue sky; low enough, too, to enable the peaks to throw off colored patterns and shadows.

It is this contrast that seems almost symbolic of the trip itself. For behind you is an America prosperous and as yet untouched by war on its homeland; ahead of you is Japan and Korea and a battered world in hunger and revolution. It is difficult to bring the two worlds into single focus, but the long night of this trip furnishes an effective if gloomy transition.

India is the main destination, but before I leave Japan I expect to revisit Hiroshima in order to make a progress report to *Saturday Review* readers on the moral adoptions plan, under which all the atomic-bomb orphans of that city have been "postally" adopted by readers of this magazine. The India portion of this trip is on assignment from our Government to talk to the Indian people about America. It is an awesome assignment and a challenging one, and I fully recognize my limitations in attempting to meet it. But there is nothing I would rather do; for the future of America and, for that matter, of the world itself is bound up in the relations between the peoples of both countries. If India and America stand together and speak with a single voice, clearly and affirmatively, enough of the world's peoples may rally under the banner of that inspired mutuality and there may yet be peace. —N. C.

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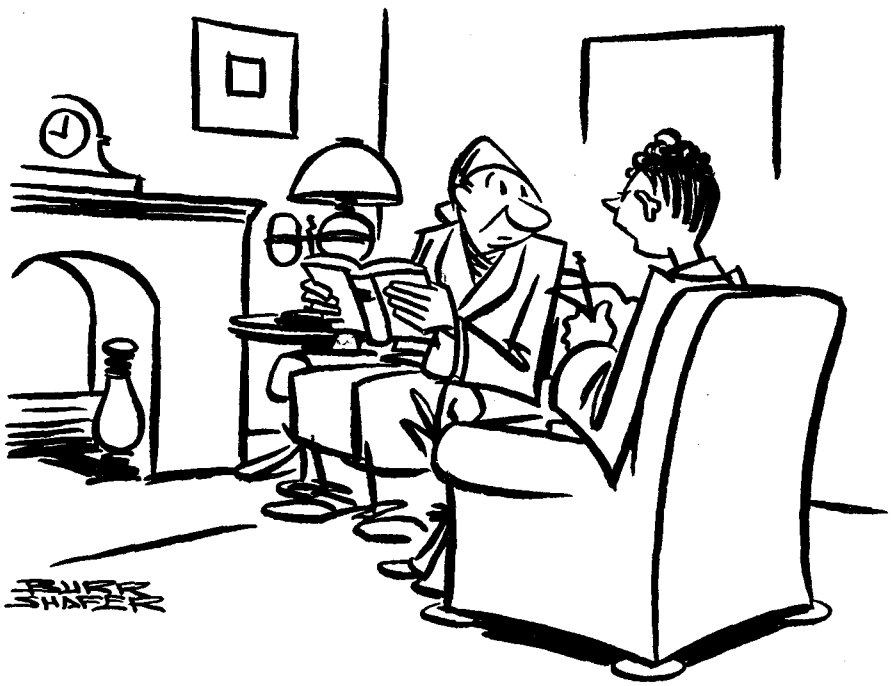
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"People Named Smith"

SIR: Your reviewing Smith (Bradford) calls attention to the fact that his name does not appear in "People Named Smith" [*SRL* Dec. 2], and that the name of your president Smith (Harrison) is omitted from the book. During the period in which I was gathering smithlore I wrote to Harrison Smith asking for information and anecdote. I felt a little more than ordinary kinship with him for I am a Harrison Smith of sorts, being the son of a Harry Smith. Harrison Smith, however, didn't answer my letter, and I assumed he was either shy or stuffy (a Smith would *never* be indifferent). On the assumption, then, that he didn't want to be catalogued, I left him out. I agree with the implication of Smith (Bradford) that he belonged in the book. As for Smith (Bradford), I didn't know him from Adam. The achievement by which he would have qualified for mention in the book came much too late. Only a Smith would be perverse enough to catch a bad case of poison ivy in November and permit the itch to interfere with his enjoyment of such a marvelous book as "People Named Smith." For the information of Smith (Bradford) the H. in my name stands for Hopalong.

H. ALLEN SMITH.

Mount Kisco, N. Y.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"If Elizabeth wants to run off with that poet fellow, it's her own funeral but I do feel terribly sorry for poor Mr. Barrett."

Great Books for Mrs. Full Bosom

SIR: Though several of the Great Books have been friends of mine for years, I know next to nothing of the Great Books Foundation, and when it is attacked I have no more feeling for it than for a stranger. However, it almost seems after reading Mr. Redman's neat black-and-white article [*SRL* Dec. 9] that something considerably bigger than the Great Books Foundation is under attack—that is the right of free men and women to employ their time as they wish, profitably or no, intellectually qualified or no. Would Mr. Redman have all those who hear the opera first pass a musical knowledge and ability test? Shall our art museums be open only to qualified artists, people with a proper background? What is time profitably spent, and who in a free society should answer this question except those who are buying time, such as employers, or those who are spending it? Mr. Redman by his insistence upon footnotes, a wide background of knowledge, training, etc., apparently looks upon reading as a purely intellectual process. Reading, even at its most rudimentary level, is a creative process; the reader takes words upon paper and from them builds many things — unprofitable things, for the lives of millions of people are not entirely regulated by the profit motive; there are little corners in all of us that we can waste.

A lot of people are less certain than Mr. Redman of why they read; children don't know why they make mud pies; the mud makes them happy; books have the same effect on a lot of people, especially if they are dumb enough never to realize how unintelligent they are. What is intelligence, anyway? Years ago when I was studying courses in education I could have answered that; everybody knew intelligence was measured by the I.Q.; still, even in those certain times sevral were uncertain about creative ability, and few children read music, arithmetic, history, poetry, fairy tales with equal enjoyment, appreciation, and understanding. There will of course be few if any adults from even a group selected by Mr. Redman who can get all there is to get from all the Great Books; each man will bring his own knowledges, attitudes, and above all his experiences as a human being in this world to bear upon his reading, but most of them will, I think, get something; a character, a scene, an understanding, some thought that can be turned over and over and chewed upon, realized at last, made part and parcel of a life. One of those full-bosomed women whom Mr. Redman distrusts so, worn and weary from struggling and finagling the old man into a vice presidency of the Tin Horn Company but never succeeding after thirty years, may discover Machiavelli and find a friend, somebody who went over the road a long time ago, and she finds out that all the stuff about company politics it has taken her thirty years to learn was said hundreds of years ago by some old Italian, not too smart by Mr. Redman's standards, since his knowledge of Greek history was learned through Latin translations. Our full-bosomed friend may know nothing of the author, his place, or time, but somehow I think that she would warm to such things as, "The desire to acquire possessions is a very natural thing, and when those men do it who can do so successfully, they are always praised and not blamed, but when they cannot and yet want to do so at all costs, they make a mistake deserving of great blame." Maybe she thought of her Congressmen and the new post office with marble toilets in her town when she read, ". . . for spending the wealth of others will not diminish your reputation, but increase it, only spending your own resources will injure you." Or maybe she thought of The Boss, handing out the bonuses but making her poor Henry do the firing when she read, ". . . princes should let the carrying out of unpopular duties devolve upon others, and bestow favors themselves."

Maybe she was tempted to go on and read "The Discourses," and nod her head a little when she read that even then at least one man realized the deficiencies of gold. Mr. Redman would doubtless smile indulgently over Mrs. Full Bosom's Machiavelli, but I doubt if that will worry Mrs. Full Bosom. It oughtn't to. If I were running the country I would make Machiavelli required reading for all members of the armed forces and the State Department; they might get a fuller understanding of man as he is, not as he ought to be, and be warmed a little by the belief of a man who had seen much. We can see why Mr. Redman wouldn't think much of him in a course in liberal education, for Mr. Redman apparently believes in intellectual princes.

HARRIETTE SIMPSON ARNOW.

Detroit, Mich.

SIR: I think Mr. Redman is fighting windmills. As a member of the local group, now in its third year, I have found none who appear to be trying

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for a reputation as a super-intellectual, nor do they appear especially eager to become great scholars. Other groups may have a more academic approach and count all the commas in the text, but so far as I can judge the members of our group merely share my own pleasure in being able to discuss for a couple of hours something beyond ball game, movie stars, and local gossip. At least one can clarify one's own ideas by such discussion, even if one does not become an authority on the books read. Where else could one find such opportunity outside academic walls?

EDWIN C. KEMP.

Melrose, Mass.

Prescription for Success

SIR: Reading again Christopher Morley's notable foreword to the newly discovered Boswell papers [SRL Dec. 2], I am definitely of the opinion that our younger authors can learn a valuable lesson from this thoroughly authenticated story of the hidden papers and their amazing discovery.

The young author of today runs to the publisher and offers his manuscript. Instead of rushing to the publishers, let the budding literary genius deliberately lose his manuscript. He should take pains to tell all that it is buried beyond all hope of discovery.

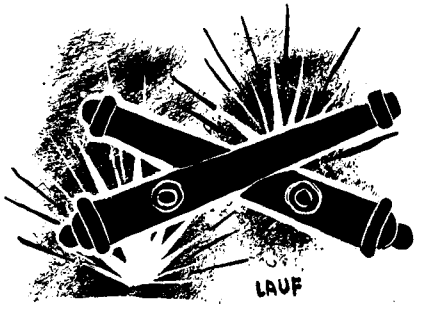
But even this is not enough. The young author should take particular pains to have a multitude of accidents happen to his manuscript. Every untoward accident, every misplacement, every damaging and dubious thing that can happen should happen. It can be dropped in a coal chute, or placed surreptitiously in a croquet box, or, for these times, a golf bag. Let it repose there for years, even generations—if a golf bag lasts that long. Have this receptacle stowed away in somebody's garret, and let it be in a garret of a stone house (by preference) so that the house and the garret will last through the years. It may be recalled that Calaincourt's "Memoirs of Napoleon" were lost in a tin box and kicked around a pig pen for any number of years. This is a big help in "ripening" the manuscript and making it eagerly sought for.

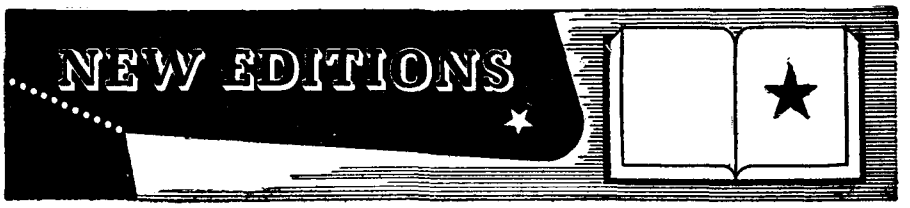
Main thing is to keep it missing, and lost. Keep this up for say a century at least. Then arrange for its discovery. At last the public and the publishers will seize on it with intense anxiety, and the buying public will wait on tiptoe for the appearance of the book. The author will then be dead, but think of his literary immortality.

Only one other requisite for this literary resurrection—the manuscript should be a work of genius.

WAYNE C. WILLIAMS.

Denver, Colo.





BARNES & NOBLE must be congratulated on having restored to circulation "A History of Medieval Political Theory in the West," by Sir R. W. Carlyle and A. J. Carlyle. (The price of the six volumes is $35, but each volume may be bought separately. The individual titles are: "The Second Century to the Ninth," "The Political Theory of the Roman Lawyers and the Canonists, from the Tenth Century to the Thirteenth Century," "Political Theory from the Tenth Century to the Thirteenth," "The Theories of the Relation of the Empire and the Papacy from the Tenth Century to the Twelfth," "The Political Theory of the Thirteenth Century," and "Political Theory from 1300 to 1600.") This great work of scholarship—nearly forty-five years in the writing—is, as far as I know, unique in its scope; for it brings together a vast amount of information that can be found elsewhere only in hundreds of volumes and documents, in several languages, belonging to many centuries. It gives the reader a lucid, reasoned account of the political conceptions which dominated the Western world from the ninth century until the end of the sixteenth; but in their search for the sources of these conceptions the authors had to go back to the post-Aristotelian philosophers, particularly the Stoics, the Roman jurists of the second century A.D., and the Christian Fathers. The central thread which runs through the whole story is "the yet unsolved antinomy of the freedom of the individual and the authority of society." The principal themes are the origin and nature of the state, the origin and nature of law, the position of the ruler—prince, king, emperor—in medieval civilization, the relationship of the spiritual and temporal powers, the beginnings of the representative system of government, and the late development of the modern conception of sovereignty. By means of copious quotations from a host of medieval authorities the authors argue that it is a mistake to believe that a gulf lies between the political thinking of the Middle Ages and that of the modern world. They trace the continuity of principles and even institutions and they assert: "The Renaissance may or may not represent a really new beginning in philosophy or science; it did not do so in political ideas and forms."

The basic principles of medieval political thinking, according to this history, were the supremacy of law and the maintenance of justice; and the prime source of law was the recognized custom of the community. Whatever power the ruler possessed was also derived from the community, while the ruler himself was, according to the prevailing opinion, subject to the law. Until the thirteenth century it was assumed, in agreement with the Stoics and the Christian Fathers, that the state was founded on convention rather than upon "nature"; that coercive government came into being both as a punishment and a remedy when man fell from his original condition of innocence, as described by Seneca and many others. St. Thomas tried to revive the Aristotelian conception of the state as "natural" to man, but even his influence was unequal to the task: the "conventional" theory continued to remain dominant until the days of Rousseau.

Anyone who reads these volumes attentively will put them down with profound respect for the political theory of the Middle Ages, and a realization that in this field we are closer to those ages than to that of Louis XIV.

BARNES & NOBLE have also completed the reprinting of the valuable "Hearnshaw Series," which I recommended highly when four volumes of the series were published six months ago. The titles freshly available, consisting of lectures delivered by many learned lecturers at King's College, University of London, are: "Social and Political Ideas of Some Great Medieval Thinkers," "Of Some French Thinkers of the Age of Reason," "Of Some English Thinkers of the Augustan Age," "Of Some Representative Thinkers of the Revolutionary Era," and "Of Some Representative Thinkers of the Victorian Age" ($4 each). More popular in character than the Carlyle history, these lectures, edited by F. J. C. Hearnshaw, will guide the interested reader easily and reliably through the political and social theories and controversies of fifteen centuries. "A man who does not know what has been thought by those who have gone before him," wrote Mark Pattison, "is sure to set an undue value upon his own ideas."

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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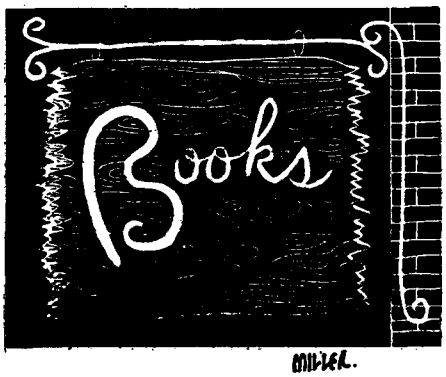
James: An American in Europe

A Classic Revalued—XV

EDWARD SACKVILLE-WEST

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Because of the special issue, "America and the Mind of Europe"* [SRL *Jan. 13*], *last week's instalment in the Classic Revalued series was omitted. This week we are printing two—on Henry James and on Mark Twain—in order to catch up with the NBC radio series.*

DURING the revival of interest in Henry James, which reached its peak in the 1930's, critical opinion tended to concern itself with his technical achievement. This was natural, since no previous novelist writing in English had paid so constant and so successful attention to the esthetics of fiction. Considering the nature of his genius, which was both analytical and poetic, we must count James lucky in the time and place of his birth. He grew up in the tradition of the classical New England writers who—virtually without exception—wielded a pure, lucid, and beautiful style; and he received the impact of European civilization at the moment when his own sensibility was exactly attuned to perceive and interpret its qualities. Impressionism in painting, symbolism in poetry were in the ascendant during James's residence in Paris: he assimilated both and from them produced the great legends of his third phase—"The Sacred Fount," "The Ambassadors," "The Wings of the Dove," "The Golden Bowl." The result, on a wider scale, of James's experience of "Europe" was a vision as complete, as unified, as that of Proust: a "Human Comedy" played out to the end. We can see this now that the period with which James dealt has passed into history; and we can pick out those features of European life to which the American in him reacted (and never ceased to react) as *foreign*. To put it crudely, he found American life good but monotonous; in French and English life, on the other hand, he discovered the infinitely various fascinations of wickedness. From this discovery arose the inexhaustible theme on which he was to ring the changes throughout his career, from "The American" to "The Golden Bowl." That theme was the destruction of innocence. Corruption is one form of education, and the young James could never forget that the tree of knowledge was also that of good and evil. To the Western European of his day education was something taken for granted (what he did with it afterwards was another matter). To the intellectual American it seems to have been a problem in itself—the problem of how to gain the world without losing one's soul. We see this in Henry Adams; and in James the idea of tutelage prowls through many of his early fictions: "The Europeans," "Watch and Ward," "Roderick Hudson," "The Bostonians." His own solution of the problem can be deduced from his letters and autobiographies rather than from his novels. To the end, we gather, James shrunk from certain aspects of his character and chose to hide behind a cataract of garrulous explanation—dark with excess of light.



As he stole his obdurate way through the maze of Edwardian society James became disillusioned—naturally enough, since he had begun by romanticizing it. His dismay first showed itself in "What Maisie Knew," which remains valid today, and touched preposterous heights in "The Golden Bowl," where we are asked to believe that the millionaire Mr. Verver, who has made his fortune by the usual hard-boiled methods (and how else is a large fortune to be made?), is as tender-hearted, as innocent, and trusting as his own daughter. This will not do; if anything, it proves James's own ineradicable innocence and measures one difference between his generation and ours, in which experience has bred despair. This will not do either, and a further glance at James's moral preoccupations may help us see why.

Though he stalked it for a long time, and down the back as well as the front drive, the great English country house, regarded as an entity, came in the end to satisfy James as

In Print

The renewal of interest in James has stimulated much recent reprinting of his work. The list includes:

Stories and Novels

AMERICAN NOVELS AND STORIES (ed. by F. O. Matthiessen)—Knopf ($5).

EIGHT UNCOLLECTED TALES OF HENRY JAMES—Rutgers ($4.25).

FOURTEEN STORIES—British Book Center ($3.50).

GHOSTLY TALES—Rutgers ($5).

GREAT SHORT NOVELS—Dial ($4).

SELECTED NOVELS — Garden City ($1.98).

SELECTED TALES—British Book Center ($3.50).

SHORT STORIES — Modern Library ($2.45).

Novels, Plays, Criticism

STORIES OF ARTISTS AND WRITERS — New Directions ($2.50).

Editions of his novels, plays, and criticism follow:

THE AMBASSADORS — Harper (95¢, $1.40, $2.50, depending on edition).

THE AMERICAN — Rinehart (65¢); Houghton Mifflin ($1.60, $2.50).

THE AMERICAN SCENE (essays) — Scribner ($5).

THE ART OF FICTION AND OTHER ESSAYS—Oxford ($3.75).

THE ART OF THE NOVEL (critical prefaces written for the New York Edition of his works)—Scribner ($4).

THE AWKWARD AGE — Pantheon ($1.75).

THE BOSTONIANS—Dial ($3).

COMPLETE PLAYS—Lippincott ($10).

THE EUROPEANS—New Directions ($1.50); Houghton Mifflin ($2.50).

A LITTLE TOUR IN FRANCE (essays)—Farrar, Straus & Young ($4).

NOTEBOOKS (ed. by F. O. Matthiessen and K. B. Murdock)—Oxford ($6).

THE OTHER HOUSE—New Directions ($3).

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM AND OTHER TALES—Houghton Mifflin ($2.50).

THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY—Modern Library ($1.25); Oxford ($1.75); Houghton Mifflin ($5, two volumes).

THE PRINCESS CASAMASSIMA—Macmillan ($6, two volumes).

THE QUESTION OF OUR SPEECH (essays)—Houghton Mifflin ($1.50).

RODERICK HUDSON—Houghton Mifflin ($2.50).

THE SCENIC ART (essays)—Rutgers ($4.50).

THE SIEGE OF LONDON — Houghton Mifflin ($2.50).

THE SPOILS OF POYNTON—New Directions ($1.50); Houghton Mifflin ($2.50).

THE TRAGIC MUSE—British Book Center ($3.50); Houghton Mifflin ($5, two volumes).

THE TURN OF THE SCREW—Modern Library ($1.25); Heritage ($3.75).

WASHINGTON SQUARE — Modern Library ($1.25).

THE WINGS OF THE DOVE—Modern Library ($1.25); Scribner ($4).

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no other single milieu has ever satisfied a major novelist (except, of course, Proust). Once firmly established there he proceeded to extract from it something like a mythology. That this proved insubstantial in comparison with what Meredith and even Trollope had been able to create from the same milieu was due to the decay in moral values which, from being firmly anchored in the Christian faith, had dwindled into a set of conventions devised solely with a view to maintaining unbroken the social surface. Although by no means as worthless as some modern critics would have us believe, this ideal has clearly too little motive power to be applicable today on either side of the Atlantic. We live in a heroic age and our myths (in France the Resistance, in England the Battle of Britain, in the USA—but I shall not presume to fill this in for you) require, I believe, the depth and steadfastness of religious sanctions. James felt able to dispense with such: his "ghost" stories are from this point of view hopelessly equivocal, and his idea of Paradise, embodied in "The Great Good Place," is simply a country house minus the inconvenience of unsympathetic ("wicked") fellow guests—an inadequate notion, to say the least. What religious sensibility James possessed is contained in the idea of the "companion in misfortune"—a theme of which he made impressive use in stories like "Fordham Castle," "Broken Wings," and the famous "Altar of the Dead." But dearer to him still—dearest of all (we keep on coming back to this)—was the theme of renunciation, which is all that is left to outraged innocence. The heroes and heroines of his greatest fictions renounce happiness rather than compound with evil. It was the American's answer to the lure of old Europe—the refusal to be educated at *that* price.

IT WAS not, however, this aspect of Henry James, interesting though it is, which made so many people turn to his work for relief from the anxieties of World Wars I and II. The reason for this was simpler. War intensifies private life—at home; and James is *par excellence* the historian of civilized private life and its very special (but universal) values. And he delivered his message in a prose of wonderful flexibility and precision which, even amid the elaborations of his final phase, never lost touch with the music of the New England style.

Edward Sackville-West, English literary and music critic, is author of the recently published "Inclinations."

Twain: A Literary Lincoln

A Classic Revalued—XVI

EDWARD WAGENKNECHT

WHATEVER may be said of Mark Twain as a writer, few would deny that he is the mightiest figure in the American literary mythology. During his lifetime he was "news" as no writer since except Bernard Shaw has even begun to be "news." At home he was "the Belle of New York"; abroad he served as "self-appointed ambassador-at-large . . . without salary." Whitman could not "show" in comparison with him, for Whitman's was a private, esoteric interpretation of the life of the people which, though profoundly meaningful to some other intellectuals, was almost completely ignored by the people themselves. And even Mr. Shaw all too often produced a bafflement in the public mind which prevented his really touching the common chord like Mark Twain.

Why any man or woman, in any line of human endeavor, thus inflames the imagination and seems to sum up the life of an age, it is always difficult to say. Why Jenny Lind, a hundred years ago? Why Charlie Chaplin? Why, for that matter, Lincoln himself? Howells called Mark Twain "the Lincoln of our literature," and this is the best thing ever said about him, as clearly as Ben Jonson's "He was not of an age, but for all time!" is the best that has been said about Shakespeare. Though we might have some difficulty in defining just why we think so, few of us doubt that the Middle West is the most American part of the United States, and Mark Twain was the Midwestern frontier in literature quite as clearly as Lincoln was that frontier in world statesmanship. It is true that in many ways the pre-industrial, comparatively provincial America which both men embodied has by now drifted pretty far away from all of us; but who is quite satisfied with what we have got in exchange? Who will say that modern America is anything in particular in the sense in which Mark Twain's America was something in particular? What does modern America esthetically, spiritually *mean*? Whether the reason be that we have lost the trick of producing great men, whether our world has grown so complex that no individual can nowadays incarnate its spirit, or whether we are simply too close to be able to see the woods for the trees, the sense of difference remains. And for that reason, among others, Lincoln and Mark Twain are valuable to us—as beacons, as anchors. Here, no matter how far we have traveled, is the Rock Whence We Were Hewn.

ONE might suppose that such a figure would survive less as a writer than as a legend—as Dr. Johnson, for example, survives in England. But Mark Twain is lucky enough to have it both ways. For Mark Twain is read, and read more, I suppose, than any other standard American writer. Though the recent revival of Melville's fame has, no doubt, thrown up "Moby-Dick" as a formidable rival, there are still many who would vote for "Huckleberry Finn" as the greatest American novel; it would certainly be one of the top three or four on every list. Yet, in spite of this fact, one always thinks of Mark Twain first and of his work afterwards. It is a remarkable circumstance, and I know of no other writer of whom it is true in the same degree.

It places Mark Twain at once among those who have created literature by dramatizing their own personality, not, like Shakespeare, by projecting themselves into other lives. Byron was such a writer; so in a different way was Milton; so, more recently, was D. H. Lawrence. One can hardly avoid feeling personally about

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these artists. On every page of "Paradise Lost" one confronts Milton's formidable personality four square; the poet's tremendous and helplessly unconscious ego swallows up God Himself. Milton's readers, therefore, are always divided between those who are attracted by Milton personally and those who are repelled by him. But (as Professor Tillyard once remarked in this connection) you cannot hate Shakespeare, for here the personality through which the vision of life is filtered seems as universal and as impartial as sunshine. Other things being equal, the Shakespearean type of imagination must certainly be accounted the more powerful, although trying to come to grips with the man behind the book often recalls Charles Lamb's saying that he was determined his children should be brought up in their father's religion—if they could find out what it was. But it is only when the Mark Twain kind of writer is endowed with a personality of such grandeur as almost to embrace the range of human experience possible in his time that men can read him long without either embarrassment or annoyance. And it is just such a personality that I would claim for the Boy from Hannibal.

In his case, too, the method and the inspiration were highly unified. He took his point of departure from the frontier humorist, and the frontier humorist was a raconteur, an improviser. In the beginning this art was oral, a literature without letters, and with Mark Twain it never wholly lost the insignia of its origin. He always "talked" dialogue, for example, until it "sounded" right. Now, the raconteur, like the actor, unavoidably dramatizes his own personality, and the actor and the singer alone among artists use themselves as the instrument upon which they play.

I know of nothing that has happened on the art-frontiers to make Mark Twain's best work seem less valuable now than it seemed forty years ago when he died. Changing fashions may, no doubt, militate against him from time to time. If, for example, one is prepared to maintain that no novel is "any good" unless it is written in the manner of Henry James, or, latterly, of James Joyce—for all I know, Joyce himself may, by this time, be "old hat" to those capable of chattering such nonsense!—then, obviously, Mark's fictions must now be discarded. But the point is that no critic who had any sense has ever maintained such a position. The experimentalists themselves have taught us that the artist cannot be constrained: you cannot be free to write like Joyce unless you are also free not to write like Joyce.

WHAT Mark Twain would think of our America is, of course, another question — and how long our spirits are going to continue to be able to meet his if present tendencies toward standardizing and statism and the rejection of all stubborn individuality are allowed to continue unchecked. He was never strong on formulas. When he attempted them he generally came up with something as unimpressive as "What Is Man?" He was no philosopher but a man of genius, volatile as quicksilver, whose often contradictory perceptions illuminated his world as by flashes of lightning. It is very difficult, therefore, to determine where he would stand upon disputed questions of these latter days.

I think it likely that William Dean Howells, who wanted a peaceful transition from capitalism to the Socialist state, would approve of the revolution that has taken place in both Britain and America during recent years; I am quite convinced myself that Mark Twain would violently disapprove of it and that he would be even more unhappy in our "brave new world" than he was in the world of his final decade. He denounced the imperialistic wars of the Nineties and the American adventure in the Philippines, suggesting that the time had come to have the white stripes in our flag painted black and the stars replaced by a skull and crossbones. He foresaw World War I and he shuddered over the vision of man's technological development outrunning his moral development and eventuating in the destruction of man himself.

Once, indeed, Mark Twain had naïvely supposed that "kings" were the cause of human woes, but he had gone far beyond all such childishness in the end. The encroachment of Federal powers upon states' rights horrified him as well as did the increase in the powers of the White House. "It can pack the Supreme Court with judges friendly to its ambitions," he wrote. Of Roosevelt I he declared that he had "tunneled so many subways under the Constitution that the transportation facilities through that document are only rivaled, not surpassed, by those now enjoyed by the city of New York." And when at the close of his second term—he had only been elected once—T.R. dared to name his successor Mark Twain thought that the Republic was dead. It is hard to believe that he would look with favor upon restrictions placed upon the liberty of the citizen in the interest of preserving democracy, and the whole concept of "preventive war" would, I think, be abhorrent to him. He would probably deny that it is necessary to accept these unspeakable horrors in order to save civilization, and if he could not do that he would surely decide that civilization was not worth saving at such a cost. He would not cut the patient's throat to save his life. And accepting the universe was never precisely his metier.

Edward Wagenknecht, professor of English at Boston University, wrote "Mark Twain: the Man and His Work."

—Illustrations from "Tom Sawyer" (Random House).

In Print

TWAIN'S complete works are published by Harper in a uniform edition ranging in price from $2.50 to $4. At present seventeen out of twenty-two volumes are in print. Other editions of his popular novels are too numerous for detailed listing. Two omnibus collections deserve mention. "The Portable Mark Twain" (Viking, $2.50) includes "Huckleberry Finn" and "The Mysterious Stranger" complete, together with excerpts, short stories, and letters. "The Favorite Works of Mark Twain" (Garden City, $2.95) includes four novels: "Life on the Mississippi," "Tom Sawyer," "Huckleberry Finn," and "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court."

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Seeing Things

LEAR'S KINGDOM

THEY form an odd twosome, the mild-looking little man cherished as Charles Lamb and the regal graybeard who is King Lear. Yet to some of us they have become inseparables. We cannot see the aged monarch on the stage, even when he is as well played as he is by Louis Calhern,* without thinking of Lamb. We cannot listen to him, especially when in the storm he must outthunder the thunder by shouting,

Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout. . . . (etc.)

without hearing, above the fury of his roars or imprecations, the quiet voice of Elia.

And what is Lamb saying? He is explaining the loss the tragedy is bound to sustain when an attempt is made to reduce the grandeur of its spirit to physical terms. He is identifying Lear with the forces of nature and pointing out that his greatness lies in intellectual rather than corporal dimensions. He is contending that the grimaces, gestures, and vocal tones of an actor can no more hope to capture the inner dilemmas and majesty of the king than the "contemptible machinery" of the theatre can expect to mimic the terrors of the storm. He is phrasing, with the magic that was his, the sense of diminishment which every responsive reader of "King Lear" is fated to experience when he encounters the play behind the footlights.

As I say, Elia must be listed among the speaking characters in the current revival in spite of the fact that it is by far the best New York has seen in my time. Mr. Calhern makes his valiant attempts to drown Lamb out and succeeds in doing so at many moments. It is in the storm scene where he fails completely. There the more he strains his vocal cords to release the roar of the tempestuous speeches, the more audible Elia becomes. This is not surprising. It is the expected proof of the play's power, hence of Lamb's rightness.

No actor I know of or have read about could hope to do justice to

Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire! spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters, . . . (etc.)

Such eruptions are beyond the capacities of mortal throats and lungs. In them the Lear who addresses the elements directly speaks not as a man but as an element himself. The storm within him is as violent as the storm about him. For the sake of players, playgoers, and the play it would therefore seem an act of merciful wisdom to leave the impossible untried by avoiding these tirades in the theatre, or at least cutting them drastically. Readers can hear them when they are unspoken and their wild fury beats only upon the mind. When uttered, however, they lose their grandeur. The shouts they invite cannot suggest their needed volume. They are condemned to emerge as somewhat ludicrous confessions of human inadequacy.

—*Vandamm.*

Louis Calhern—"cut to the brains."

What is noteworthy about Mr. Calhern's Lear is not that he fails in these speeches which are beyond successful speaking but that elsewhere he so often succeeds where so many Lears have failed. In the storm he may be no more than "the old man tottering about the stage with a walking-stick" that Lamb described. In most of the other scenes, however, his skill and power are such that even the most devoted Elians are forced to wonder if Lamb, instead of insisting categorically that "the Lear of Shakespeare cannot be acted," should not have qualified his statement to read "*all* of the Lear of Shakespeare cannot be acted."

The ultimate vastness of the text may because of its very scale and kind resist presentation. It is too towering, too turbulent and elemental to take mortal shape. It will always say to the reader something soaring yet intangible about human meanness and human vanity, about treachery, cruelty, a grief-broken mind, stout loyalty, and shining tenderness, which it cannot hope to say to the playgoer regardless of how well it is done. Even so, as the present revival makes excitingly clear, the tragedy's greatness, though in whittled form, can be captured behind the footlights, its magnificence can at least be hinted at, and some of its terrible tensions projected.

If as playgoers we are unprepared for this it is as much because of the weakness of the "Lears" to which we have been exposed as it is to the strength of Lamb's argument or the merits of the current production. When it comes to "Lears" England has been luckier than America since the century's turn. Although of recent years London has had the privilege of seeing Olivier and Gielgud as the King, we have had to content ourselves with such a British visitor as Donald Wolfit. The Americans we remember in the part are Robert Mantell, Fritz Leiber, and Sam Jaffe. None of their monarchs was really distinguished, Mr. Jaffe's was pitiably inadequate, and all appeared in revivals which were less than pedestrian.

ON THE whole Mr. Calhern is as fortunate in the production in which he finds himself as it is in having him as its dominant figure. John Houseman's direction, which is swift-moving and intelligent, is alert to the script's theatrical possibilities no less than to its problems. Ralph Alswang's settings have the strength of their simplicity and are proper backgrounds for the savagery of a druidical Britain. They are lighted so that a changing switchboard scores the performance

*KING LEAR, by William Shakespeare. Directed by John Houseman. Incidental music and songs by Marc Blitzstein. Production designed and lighted by Ralph Alswang. Costumes by Dorothy Jeakins. Presented by Robert L. Joseph and Alexander H. Cohen. With a cast including Louis Calhern, Arnold Moss, Norman Lloyd, Edith Atwater, Joseph Wiseman, Wesley Addy, Martin Gabel, Jo Van Fleet, Nina Foch, etc. At the National Theatre, New York City. Opened December 25, [illegible].

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even as does Marc Blitzstein's music. Although the company is unfortunately weak in the Regan of Jo Van Fleet and possesses in Edith Atwater a Goneril of mild malevolence, it includes an admirable Kent in Martin Gabel, an effective Edmund in Joseph Wiseman, a pleasing Cordelia in Nina Foch, a touching Fool in Norman Lloyd, a sympathetic Edgar in Wesley Addy, and an excellent Gloucester in Arnold Moss, who is one of the best Shakespearean actors we have.

The pivotal point—the globe *and* Atlas—of any attempt to bring the tragedy to the stage is, of course, the actor who undertakes Lear. Mr. Calhern cannot have approached the challenge blindly. He must have known he was inviting a fiasco or a triumph. For this very reason he can be proud that the result has not been a fiasco.

No career in the contemporary theatre has taken a more encouraging turn than Mr. Calhern's since the war. Way back in 1925 as the returned diplomat in Philip Barry's "In a Garden" and a year later as Eilert Lovborg to Emily Stevens's Hedda he stood out as a young player of exceptional promise. Thereafter, however, for some time he seemed to lose his way. His luck in scripts was bad. His performances became perfunctory. They were slick, trivial, superficial.

The change came when he toured in "Life with Father" and was the most satisfactory of all the elder Days I saw. His Tadeusz in "Jacobowsky and the Colonel" in 1944 was a brilliant job carried off with great flourish and style. It was topped two seasons later by the distinction of his Mr. Justice Holmes in "The Magnificent Yankee." Since then Mr. Calhern has demonstrated his suavity and precision in such a frothy comedy as "The Play's the Thing" and won a host of new admirers in such films as "Annie Get Your Gun" and "The Asphalt Jungle."

Certainly Buffalo Bill in "Annie Get Your Gun" is not the homework one might expect for King Lear. For that matter, neither is Clarence Day, Colonel Tadeusz, or Mr. Justice Holmes. Each of these parts as played by Mr. Calhern has been a further demonstration of his versatility and a new proof of the thoroughness with which he has mastered the all-round job of being an exceptionally good actor. Nonetheless, the transition from prose to Shakespearean verse and from such parts to King Lear, of all Shakespearean roles, can only be described as a leap rather than a step. It must have required genuine courage.

Fortunately this courage has proved not to be foolhardy. Mr. Calhern has fine endowments to bring to Lear. That he is six feet three inches tall

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in no way subtracts from the stature of his King. His monarch is a prepossessing figure, regal in carriage and enormous in dignity. There is in him something of the dynamic power of Michelangelo's Moses. This power grows throughout the evening. Although Mr. Calhern may start by reading almost too colloquially, he soon demonstrates how thoroughly he knows what he is up to. He resists the temptation, which must be strong, to release his voice to the utmost when upbraiding those "unnatural hags" who are Goneril and Regan. In short, he does not fall into the common error of committing all his reserves before he must attack the scene on the heath. If in those speeches already referred to even his full voice proves insufficient, the simple, stubborn, Elian fact is that those outbursts are beyond mortal delivery.

ONCE this hurdle is passed Mr. Calhern succeeds to a degree I would not have dreamed possible in proving that Lear is a part which can be acted. His scenes with the Fool, Edgar, and Kent, when his reason has tottered and he is "cut to the brains," are touching in their mixture of madness, childlike sweetness, and sudden angry recollections of power. He reads beautifully the exquisite speech to Cordelia in which the King, contemplating their life in prison, says:

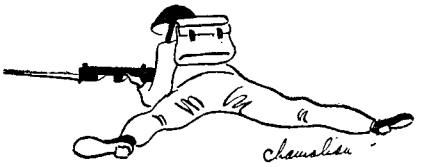
. . . we'll live.
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,
Who loses and who wins, who's in, who's out;
And take upon's the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies: and we'll wear out
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones
That ebb and flow by the moon.

Moreover Mr. Calhern is magnificent in the majesty of his death. His "foolish, fond old man" dies as so bruised and baffled a victim of life that one would have to hate him indeed who "would upon the rack of this tough world/Stretch him out longer." If, in spite of the excellence of Mr. Calhern's performance and the merits of the present revival, Lear still insists upon making himself heard, the fault is no one's except Shakespeare's. Mr. Calhern and his associates must be congratulated upon having communicated to the extent they have the vastness of a tragedy so storm-shaken in its emotions and filled with "the mystery of things" that its final greatness can never be confined on a stage.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

SRL Goes to the Movies

ON THE LAND AND ON THE SEA



A COUPLE of years ago Darryl Zanuck decided to throw Twentieth Century's resources into a picture about the U.S. Marine Corps, and a viewing of the result, "Halls of Montezuma,"* shows that he had something of epic proportions in mind. He assembled a large and more than capable cast, got hold of a former Marine, Michael Blankfort, for the writing of the screenplay, and chose Lewis Milestone, who did "All Quiet on the Western Front," for his director. And then what must have been a combination of foresight and circumstances worked to his benefit. The War Department has generally been willingly cooperative with the producers of war pictures, but never to quite the extent it has been in this case. Mr. Zanuck got a good deal more than the services of technical advisors and the usual platoon or two of combat veterans; he had the Fifth Marine Regiment along with other units of the First Marine Division, some units of the Navy's Pacific Fleet, and a Marine Air Wing.

I guess I should explain at once how this happened. In May 1950 some joint Marine-Navy amphibious assault maneuvers took place at Aliso Beach in California. Twentieth Century received permission to have a battery of cameras photographing the spectacular and large-scale war exercises, designated as "Operation Demon III."

What the cameras caught of the maneuvers, performed with a high degree of realism and with the use of live ammunition in tremendous quantities, forms not only a large part of the background action in "Halls of Montezuma" but also fills the screen from time to time with literally overpowering effect. The action of warships, planes, tanks, and assault-boats caught marvelously in technicolor photography is an awesome spectacle in itself and takes on considerable topical meaning when you are aware that these same units participated only a few months later in the amphibious landing that for a time broke the back of the invasion of South Korea.

It is not only spectacle that you see, however. You see the incredible precision and planning involved in this kind of joint operation. And it doesn't take much transplanting of your imagination to visualize the beaches of a South Pacific island instead of the shores and hills near Camp Pendleton.

The intoning of "Now hear this . . ." over the ship's public-address system is something that has been heard in actuality all too many times before, and there is a sober and chilling build-up of suspense as the assault-boats are disengaged from their mother ships and make their headlong dashes toward the unknown quantity that the beach-head represents. But it ought to be remembered that in spite of the bloodshed and the paraphernalia of war liberally on display here this is still a glamorized version, differing qualitatively from the brutally true picture you see in the never publicly-shown film made by John Huston, "San Pietro."

Richard Widmark has the major role in "Halls of Montezuma," and he's a

*HALLS OF MONTEZUMA. Screen play by Michael Blankfort. Directed by Lewis Milestone. Produced by Robert Bassler. Released through Twentieth Century Fox. With Richard Widmark, Walter (Jack) Palance, Reginald Gardner, Robert Wagner, Karl Malden, Richard Hylton, Richard Boone, Skip Homeier, and others.

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thoroughly good man in this one—a quietly brave and patriotic platoon leader, concerned about his men and carrying on in spite of the splitting migraine headaches that attack him frequently. These headaches are psychosomatic, the script makes clear, induced by sublimated fear. In fact there is a lot of "psychology" in Mr. Blankfort's script which backflashes to civilian life every now and then to explain why certain members of Widmark's platoon behave in combat as they do. Corporal Conroy is on the verge of cracking-up, and a backflash tells you why. Pretty Boy is a trigger-happy psychopath who much prefers to kill Japs than take them prisoner, an unfortunate proclivity since prisoners are necessary to supply field intelligence for the assaulting force. A backflash makes quickly clear that Pretty Boy was a thoroughly maladjusted kid in the old days. Even when Widmark's platoon ferrets out from a cave a few Japanese prisoners we are provided with more "psychology," which Widmark and an Intelligence sergeant (played by Reginald Gardner) apply to get the prisoners to divulge essential information.

I'm not at all convinced that this sort of thing has worked out too well in this movie—for the very simple reason that so many things are going on all the time, as the invasion progresses, that the various psychological factors have to be drawn in very quickly and broadly. Because of the nature of their roles Richard Hylton and Skip Homeier play Conroy and Pretty Boy, respectively, in a highly keyed-up manner that is not too convincing.

Richard Widmark, Reginald Gardner, and Karl Malden do a lot better, going about their business quietly and yet getting intensity into their portrayals. And perhaps most convincing of all is a new face—Richard Boone who as Lt. Col. Gilfallen must command his battalion of Marines while suffering from a bad head cold.

Mr. Zanuck wanted some new angle for his war picture, and he uncovered it while going through a vast file of Marine Corps films, among them a training film called "Objective — Prisoners," which gave a basis for the "story" part of "Halls of Montezuma"; while, as a yarn, the prisoner-snagging business has some taut moments, your credulity undergoes a stiff strain. However, all those unnamed Marines and sailors and flyers do a stirring and efficient job—and there are a lot of good acting moments and directorial touches between the snatches of the Marine Corps anthem that, quite as one would expect and quite appropriately, begin and close out the picture.

—Hollis Alpert.

TV and Radio

THE COBALT BLUES

—CBS.

Gracie Allen, George Burns, Bill Goodwin—"a blessing in the long run."

WELL, the television boys got quite a shock the other day when the Government announced it was seizing all the cobalt it could lay its hands on. The announcement came suddenly but for my money not a moment too soon.

As a sage observer I have felt this coming for the past two years. I have stated both in public and in my recent book, which I resolved on New Year's Eve to write as soon as I can get to it, that there has been entirely too much cobalt on television, especially in the hour-long shows. I warned several producers that some of their big stars were prone to cobalt too much, and that some day the Government would clamp down on cobalt and then where would they be? But, as they did at Sam Levenson when he first went on television, they laughed at me.

Call it farsightedness on my part, or vision, or just plain triple image—but I am not here to gloat over my sensitive sagacity and their stubborn stupidity. I think maybe the sudden seizure of all the cobalt and the television industry's announcement that because of it the manufacture of television sets will be sharply curtailed (and soon perhaps entirely) will prove a blessing in the long run. It will give the producers and planners of television shows the pause they need to stop the wheels of their assembly lines and say to themselves: "Whither are we cobalting?"

This question is already being asked of themselves by some of the top performers of television. And one or two, who don't mind talking to themselves, have answered the question. Fred Allen, to name one of the nicest gentlemen in the business, has decided that the hour-long show, even at the rate of only one a month, is not the format for him. And I overheard Jimmy the great Durante say, when I asked him how he felt about the hour show once a month, that it was too tough for him no matter how much cobalt the industry had. In talking to other hour-long performers I learn the grind is taking its toll. That is evident in their work before the TV cameras. When you see so great a comedian as Bob Hope step smartly from behind the curtain for his opening bow you can see in his eyes the

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traces of a hard day's rehearsal and his concern that all goes well. And he has only appeared about once every two months.

ON THE other hand Ken Murray appears in an hour-long show every week. So does Milton Berle. So does Ed Sullivan. So does Frank Sinatra. This takes a lot of cobalt, and that's one of the reasons the Government seized it, I suppose.

Then there are the half-hour shows every week—are these the answer to some kind of formula into which television may settle itself? Already there are rumblings that some of the even more popular weekly half-hours come too often to invade the living rooms of the set owners. It is the old cry that if Clark Gable had made a picture a week starting ten or fifteen years ago, let us say, he would have been washed up in pictures long ago.

But there is a very good show—the Burns and Allen show—which appears every other week. So far I have seen only two of these, because when I think this is the week it turns out to be the other week, and vice versa. Also this show is opposite one of the best of all the television shows, the Groucho Marx show, which is on every week. So far the leering Mr. Marx seems to have withstood the ravages of television better than most of his confreres. His show is filmed, and that may be the answer. I, for one, watch his show with little anxiety and no tension. I know that if a boom or a stagehand suddenly showed up in the filming of his show they had been eliminated in the cutting. The dialogue runs smoothly and there is no fumbling for lines or other embarrassing cobalts.

The gimmick shows are for the most part a pure waste of cobalt. The question and answer shows, the adolescent game shows, the panels and the moderators—all these, with one or two exceptions, take up where radio left off in its final death rattle, with no visible improvement. They are certainly not the answer to what television should finally become.

It is a puzzling question—this business of finding the level at which television should finally settle down—puzzling because of the mechanics of the medium and because of the weeks and months of rehearsal to which the performers are subjected. And then of course there is that least considered talent, the writing. Too few of the better writers so far have been attracted to the medium, and the few who have must, because of the insatiable demand which television makes, come up too often with too much. This of course creates the great drain on cobalt, and I am happy that the Government decided to seize it.

—GOODMAN ACE.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

WHEN WERE THEY PUBLISHED?

Helen Crockett, of Toledo, offers a list of twenty famous books and challenges you to name the date when they were first published. If you can guess within twenty years score yourself five points. As usual, sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 35.

1. Age of Fable, by Thomas Bulfinch ( ) 1605
2. Alice in Wonderland, by Lewis Carroll ( ) 1678
3. Ben Hur, by Lew Wallace ( ) 1719
4. Bird's Christmas Carol, by Kate Douglas Wiggin ( ) 1840
5. Bridge of San Luis Rey, by Thornton Wilder ( ) 1847
6. Looking Backward, by Edward Bellamy ( ) 1849
7. Little Women, by Louisa May Alcott ( ) 1851
8. Don Quixote, by Cervantes ( ) 1852
9. Moby-Dick, by Herman Melville ( ) 1854
10. Oregon Trail, by Francis Parkman ( ) 1855
11. Parnassus on Wheels, by Christopher Morley ( ) 1865
12. Pilgrim's Progress, by John Bunyan ( ) 1868
13. Robinson Crusoe, by Daniel Defoe ( ) 1869
14. Treasure Island, by Robert Louis Stevenson ( ) 1880
15. Two Years Before the Mast, by Richard Henry Dana ( ) 1883
16. Uncle Tom's Cabin, by Harriet Beecher Stowe ( ) 1887
17. Walden, by Henry Thoreau ( ) 1888
18. War and Peace, by Tolstoy ( ) 1900
19. Wonderful Wizard of Oz, by Frank Baum ( ) 1817
20. Wuthering Heights, by Emily Brontë ( ) 1927

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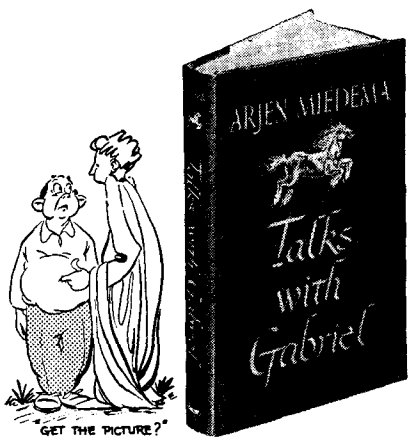

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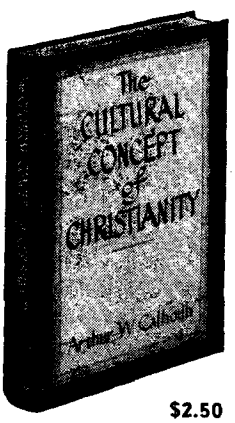

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Music To My Ears

ISRAELI PHILHARMONIC — TRAUBEL'S MARSCHALLIN — SEA MUSIC BY GHEDINI

THE HOPE of the great violinist and humanist Bronislaw Huberman that Palestine might "sometime send an artistic gospel abroad from here" is being realized, perhaps sooner than he thought possible, in the present visit of the Israeli Philharmonic. Though it was as recently as 1936 that Arturo Toscanini conducted its first concert, it has "matured" into a sensitive group of players with first-class orchestral discipline, equipped to do the job of making music grow in a tonal desert.

At the concert in Newark's Mosque Theatre, first of the long tour which will take it to the West Coast, north to Canada, and south to Dallas and Houston, Leonard Bernstein gave the place of honor to a "Song of Praise" by the orchestra's first viola player, Oedon Partos. A lengthy single-movement work (nearly half an hour) with an intricate scheme of construction, it was certainly worthy of the effort of any major orchestra. Yet, but for Huberman and his Idea, it might never have been put on paper or played at all. For Partos is a Hungarian who gave up his native land when in his thirties and already a musician of standing. He found a new homeland and the faith to sing feelingly of the Psalmist's "Everything returns to its beginnings," by such an act of will as Huberman's. This is creation.

The program otherwise glorified the orchestra's excellent string section in performance of Mozart's "Linz" symphony and Schumann's Second. Little more could be gathered from the dullish set-up in this hall, but as the product of a land the size of New Jersey with half the population of Brooklyn it was an impressive showing.

* * *

A quality performance of an opera not newly done this season was heard in the first "Rosenkavalier" at the Metropolitan, in which half an old cast (Risë Stevens and Erna Berger) balanced another half new to the house (Helen Traubel as the Marschallin and Fritz Krenn in his debut as Baron Ochs). The terminology at that is a little loose, for John Brownlee as Faninal was also new, and Fritz Reiner, who also conducted "Rosenkavalier" last season, did more to balance everything than anyone else.

There were also some welcome indications of reconsideration of Herbert Graf's staging, in which Hertha Glaz as Annina and Alessio de Paolis as Valzacchi, the loutish servants of Lerchenau and the attendants of the Rosenkavalier, went about their work according to a more than general plan. One sensed security in the drive and enthusiasm of Reiner's conducting, his best since early November.

The prospect of Traubel as the Marschallin, I need hardly mention, was one to give pause; so big a figure in a role whose performer should be wistful, at least, if not fragile, appealing if not prepossessing, seemed all wrong. Maybe she shouldn't have undertaken it; but having decided to, she evoked a creature in her own image, no copy of another, and sang the music as no one heard here since Lotte Lehmann has—with an intelligence, a keenness, and a warmth remarkable for a first performance. Mostly she sat, and when she moved it was in a well-planned orbit. Some expressed surprise that she could color and shade her big voice so adroitly but it is precisely that which has been outstanding in her recent Isoldes. One can hardly call it a great Marschallin, for it is too-dimensional, so to speak; but it is a beautifully sung one which does honor to Traubel's purpose as an artist.

Krenn sang more of the notes in Ochs's part than have been heard here in years, with strength at both ends of the scale. It is a more youthful, limber playing of the role than the Metropolitan knew in Emanuel List's time, but the touch is good, the comedy wholly naturalistic, unexaggerated. Doubtless it will gain in subtlety as Krenn finds himself more at home at the Metropolitan but he is plainly a Baron as well as an Ochs. Stevens has never sung a better Octavian and Berger's Sophie was all brightness of sound, all lightness of manner. In the final trio, the blend of voices was something to hear. Brownlee's Faninal was his first role here in German, but his command of the role was as apt as his Italian, French, and English, and as always he made his character live. In the pit Reiner made the performance glow with the kind of concentrated force and clarity that typify his work at its best. For this season, this was it.

* * *

Giorgio Ghedini is an Italian composer now fifty-eight years old, who is known as far and as wide as Victor de Sabata conducted his rather flamboyant "Marinaresca e Baccanale" during guest engagements in Pittsburgh, Chicago, and New York in recent seasons. Another aspect of his consequential talent was exposed by Guido Cantelli during an NBC symphony broadcast when he performed a "Concerto del Abattro" of the same Ghedini.

—*Sedge Leblang.*

Helen Traubel—"no copy of another."

Taking language and allusion into consideration there is more than a slight affinity to be mentioned. The "Marinaresca, etc.," has a Pindar-like derivation from a haunted voyage across water, in which a storm-tossed galley is exposed to all kinds of nasty happenings suitable for depiction in the musical equivalent of lurid prose. The "Concerto del Abattro" is nothing more nor less than a musical approximation of Herman Melville's "Moby-Dick," specifically the passage in which, amid polar whiteness (in the words of Ishmael) there are cries "as if from some King's ghost in supernatural distress."

In contrast to the huge apparatus of "Marinaresca e Baccanale" the Melville setting is restricted to orchestral strings, with solo violin (Mischa Mischakoff), cello (Frank Miller), and piano (Arthur Balsam). I can not assert that the formal pattern was unmistakably defined, but the sense of isolation and solitude, the vocation of a picture was strongly communicated. The final section found Ben Grauer reading a Melville passage congruent to the musical setting; one wonders, however, how it might have sounded in the Italian that Ghedini knew rather than the English text of Melville that we know. Cantelli's direction was splendidly concise and evocative of an atmosphere.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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SRL Reader Poll

AIRING THE BEST

THE AIR crackles more and more with sight as well as sound these days as new television stations open and the TV networks spread their links further across the country. Yet the voice of radio, like that of the turtle, continues to be heard in the land.

An attractive variety of programs from both media were named as favorites in the current poll of *Saturday Review* subscribers. The returns also gave evidence of the increased selectivity with which the nation's 10,000,000 set-owners are choosing among TV offerings, now in ever greater competition for the attention of their expanding audience. The greatest proportion yet of replies was devoted to television preferences in this poll, which was also marked by a related decline in radio responses.

The fresh talents of humorists Sid Caeser and Imogene Coca (NBC) won for their Show of Shows the top spot in the *SRL* poll, closely followed by another unstereotyped comedian, Groucho Marx, who bets your life for you every week over NBC radio and television.

The imaginative puppetry and humor of Kukla, Fran, and Ollie (NBC) and CBS's distinguished Studio One tied for third place among *SRL* viewers. The live broadcasts from the United Nations of the great debates in the Security Council and the General Assembly were voted fifth place.

Fred Waring's hour of music (CBS), the Lux Theatre (CBS), columnist Ed Sullivan's Toast of the Town (CBS), Philco Playhouse (NBC), and Kraft Theatre (NBC) rounded out the top ten favorites in drama, music, humor, and news events preferred by *SRL* readers.

Radio also commanded widespread listener support. Music, intellectual quizzing and discussion, drama, and humor were strong ingredients in the radio favorites that emerged from the *SRL* poll. The ten leaders were:

1. New York Philharmonic, CBS
2. Metropolitan Opera, ABC
3. Information Please, MBS
4. Theatre Guild of the Air, NBC
5. Groucho Marx, NBC
6. Invitation to Learning, CBS
7. Halls of Ivy, NBC
8. University of Chicago Round Table, NBC
9. The Telephone Hour, NBC
10. Town Meeting of the Air, ABC

When in search of news and comment over the air *SRL* subscribers for the most part turn to eight commentators, of whom the three leaders by a substantial margin were Edward R. Murrow (CBS), Elmer Davis (ABC), and Lowell Thomas (CBS). The ranking eight were:

1. Edward R. Murrow, CBS
2. Elmer Davis, ABC
3. Lowell Thomas, CBS
4. Fulton Lewis, Jr., MBS
5. Howard K. Smith, CBS
6. H. R. Baukhage, ABC
7. Martin Agronsky, ABC
8. Drew Pearson, ABC

The broad diversity of the news field in radio and television was indicated by the fact that 102 different commentators, network and local, were mentioned in the *SRL* poll returns.

Dominant motifs of the "new ideas" suggested by *SRL* respondents to the question "If it were up to you, what new program would you like to put on the air, either radio or TV?" were music, drama, and education.

The good music suggestions included ballet on TV, regular network programs by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, more choral music, and the return of the New York Philharmonic to its original CBS schedule. Another suggestion was a children's show designed to teach appreciation of good music.

The drama ideas ranged from an experimental theatre of the air, frankly so labeled and conducted, to presentations of the classics (Shakespeare, etc.) and an anthology of great plays assembled for a year's TV program.

In their quest for enlightenment over the airwaves *SRL* readers urged study programs based on languages, history, the Bible, geography, and sociology. Other proposals put forth in the poll returns included panels of experts on current problems ("broadcast after the children are in bed"), return of the Town Meeting of the Air to a full hour, poetry reading, and a program "by, for, and of intelligent American women."

There were also scattered ballots for complete silence on both radio and TV.

When queried on the motion-picture medium *SRL* subscribers listed the following top ten as the films they had seen recently and most enjoyed.

1. All About Eve
2. Sunset Boulevard
3. The Red Shoes
4. The Winslow Boy
5. King Solomon's Mines
6. Tight Little Island
7. No Way Out
8. Quartet
9. The Glass Menagerie
10. Hamlet

—WILLIAM D. PATTERSON.

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WAGNER WITHOUT BLUE PENCIL

(*Continued from page 9*)

his works remembers not in the least that it once found them absurd and impossible.

"My present work"—that was the "Meistersinger." Our admiration mounts when we consider that the plan for it was made in the tortured weeks ("O God, how miserable all this is!") when Wagner in Vienna battled to obtain a performance of "Tristan," and battled in vain. Was ever work conceived in such a mood? Here is the immense fragment of the "Ring," most likely incapable of ever being performed. Here are "Tristan and Isolde," inspired by the Mathilde Wesendonck time, impossible to produce even in the rather friendly atmosphere of the Austrian capital, where Wagner could hear now for the first time his "Lohengrin," written thirteen years earlier. He was listening to a work of his youth. What he had done since then seemed condemned to a shadow-existence. Was he very much cast down? He was. But on the trip from Karlsruhe to Vienna he stopped four days—four days in all—in Nuremberg; and there, obviously only at sight and scene of the city, a mist turned into a star, a vague dream into a concrete project. Something mightily German, protestant and revolutionary, something folklike in its forthright decency, had hovered in his mind for a long time, a project which really was to have dealt with "Luther's Marriage." All this was now to enter into the conception of the "Meistersinger von Nürnberg," and all the torments, the cares, and bothers of "Tristan," however important they were on the material side, remained only on the surface of his being, while underneath, in truth and in quietness, all his thinking, wishing, and hoping were concentrated on the new, on that which should become a glorious outburst of German soul, German freedom, and German mastery, in the stately C major key.

Depression, opposition, want, despair are not obstacles to great inspiration. In certain cases they are its most fertile soil. Vitality, resistance are not innate, the man of genius draws them to him; he who has a task is not to be destroyed; Wagner had been a thin, sickly child, even later always the victim of skin trouble, dyspepsia, insomnia, general nervous weakness. At thirty he is in such a state that he "often sits down a quarter of an hour to weep." He is afraid of dying before "Tannhäuser" is finished; at thirty-five considers himself too old to undertake the Nibelungen plan, is constantly exhausted, "finished" any minute, at forty "thinks daily about death." And at almost seventy will crown a perfect cosmos of a lifework, a minutely detailed macrocosm of intellectual magic, with his "Parsifal." Say what you like, it is an amazing, fascinating creative life.

A LETTER like that great one to Liszt in 1851, in which the plan of the Nibelungen is formally developed and explained does not exist in our collection. Yet there is one here almost as instructive and giving just as much insight as the other into Wagner's very own method of work. It dates from January 1844 and is addressed from Dresden to Karl Gaillard in Berlin. The thirty-one-year-old Wagner writes: "I really do not pride myself on my abilities as a poet, and I confess that it is only out of necessity and because no good books have been offered to me that I have set out to invent them myself. But I couldn't possibly compose a text alien to me for the following reason: My way is not to select any plot I like, put it into verse, and then ponder about how to add suitable music; if I should proceed in this way I would subject myself to the inconvenience of having to inspire myself twice, which is impossible. The way I produce is different: The only subject which can appeal to me is one which presents practical as well as musical possibilities. Before starting to write a verse or even to outline a scene I must first be intoxicated by the musical aroma [*Duft*] of my subject, all the tones, all the characteristic motives are in my head, so that when the verses are finished and the scenes ordered the opera proper is also finished for me and the musical treatment in detail is rather a calm and considered afterwork, which the moment of real creation has preceded." And he adds that he can only use material which is exclusively suitable for musical treatment. "Here we arrive at the point where opera and drama part completely. . . . While nowadays it is the task of the dramatist to purify and to

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
REFERENCE TO DEATH *Lavinia R. Davis* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Alden Bacroft was jolted out of peaceful preoccupation with research when little librarian of Connecticut town dies violently. Research into murder solves older crimes too.	Somewhat slow motion but pleasant details about pleasant people. Logical and literate.	Nice job
DEATH WALKS SOFTLY *Hazel Christie . MacDonald* (Phoenix: $2)	Danger and terror stalked lovely heiress Andriana until Dr. Steve fell in love with her and tracked the terror out of Manhattan to its source in Charleston.	Curiously stilted writing gets in the way but characters all fairly conceived and mystery tense at times.	Worth reading
NO TEARS FOR HILDA *Andrew Garve* (Harper: $2.50)	Who was Hilda — what was she? Max Easterbrook on London leave must find out to save her widower from murder charge and beat Scotland Yard to payoff.	Patient exploration into mysteries of personality provides top suspense without exclamation points.	A honey
A GENTLE MURDERER *Dorothy Salisbury Davis* (Scribner: $2.50)	Many women loved caring for the quiet little poet—and some of them died. Through Manhattan a priest and a policeman track a shadowy personality into life.	A confessional booth admission of guilt in the first sentence sets off subtle suspense; manhunt intense though killer always known. Fine picture of Manhattan scene.	Masterly
RATHER COOL FOR MAYHEM *Lawrence G. Blochman* (Lippincott: $2.50)	War-homing Jim Lawrence finds his girl with two suitors and one murder. During crowded weekend in N. Y. mountains he fends off suspicion by providing solution.	Large cast of suspects and short timespan leave scant space for air; actual mystery wan and gasping, but fun in spots.	Not too bad

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spiritualize the material interests of our time, it falls to the poet and composer of opera to conjure up the holy spirit of poetry which has come down to us from the legends and sagas of past ages. . . . I have chosen for my next opera the beautiful and characteristic saga of the knight Tannhäuser . . ."

So young as that, and such a conscious and permanently binding definition of his unique and personal art! Not without adding, as he does, that only in this way, in *his* way can opera be raised to a higher plane out of the slough into which it had been cast by the treatment of unmusical (he means unromantic) subjects.

Enough! Now just a word on the history of the festival theatre idea as, remarkably enough, it comes out in these letters. It is fundamentally revolutionary in its origin, and the germ of it is contained in the savage letter to Uhlig mentioned above, where he declares that the whole of civilization must perish with its commercialized theatre business and go up in flames. After which fiery bath perhaps some enthusiast here and there (like him) might gather together the survivors of this despicable world and demand of them: "Who wants to help me produce a drama?" Only the pure in heart would respond, for now it would no longer be possible to make money with the thing. They would then get together in a quickly set-up wooden building, to show the people "What art is." The idea of a festival theatre dedicated to the people (in contrast to the hated Hoftheater) persists in him, arises again and again. In Dresden when he cannot get a production of "Lohengrin" (much to his embitterment) he sketches in conversation with his friends highly utopian pictures of the ideal folk-theatre of the future. The building should stand on a height, a temple of art, visible from afar. Then out of all the regions of the land the people should stream hither to be elevated by pure and lofty beauty. Only the highest, in the most dignified presentation, should be offered. The state itself should be the organizer of the festival, it should cost the audience nothing. All the participants would devote their time and talents free in the service of the great task. To the skeptical objections of his friends he goes on holding forth in a gush of Saxon dialect. Here the folk- and festival-theatre has already the character of a permanent instal-

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. 1855. 2. 1865. 3. 1880. 4. 1887. 5. 1927. 6. 1888. 7. 1868. 8. 1605. 9. 1851. 10. 1849. 11. 1917. 12. 1678. 13. 1719. 14. 1883. 15. 1840. 16. 1852. 17. 1854. 18. 1869. 19. 1900. 20. 1847.

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—*Bettmann Archives.*

Cosima with Wagner at Triebschen.

lation. Later on, when the "Ring" is on the way, the idea goes back more to the improvised. He writes from Zürich that he is quite determined in spite of everything to set his "Siegfried" to music (here it is still a matter of "Siegfried's Tod") but equally determined not to permit an ordinary theatre to put it on. On the contrary, he has the boldest plans, for the realization of which he would actually require no less than ten thousand thaler. He would build a theatre, on the Rhine or in Switzerland or somewhere else, would send for the best singers and musicians and everything else he would need; the whole equipment would have to be made for this special occasion so that he could be certain of a perfect performance. Then he would issue invitations to all those devoted to his art, thus filling the theatre with a receptive audience, and give three performances in one week, of course without charge. *Afterwards the theatre would be torn down,* and the thing would be over.

Fantasies? Dreams? They were to come true, or if not true at least real. "Bayreuth" was to come, with twenty marks a ticket; its audiences of kings and kaisers, the international money mob, and the awful writers on Wagner; with profiteering and the forcing-up of prices all over the little town, and brilliant receptions and garden parties with fireworks in the Villa Wahnfried—a villa not at all free from "Wahn" nor from an arrogance almost papal in its infallibility. This was Utopia—it had "arrived." And Nietzsche fled. . . .

The above article was translated by Judith Heller.

FICTION

(*Continued from page* 13)

the reader along to an exciting climax.

Seventeen-year-old Jenneth Boyne is an ingratiating heroine, full of the turmoil, the inconsistencies, and frustrations of her youth and Irish blood. Married to Ames Engleman, a wealthy English stuffed-shirt who had chosen her for foaling purposes as he would choose a thoroughbred mare, she finds herself a virtual prisoner on his estate, dominated by him and his spinster sister, Ellen. Jen fulfills her obligation to Ames by bearing a daughter, whose spirit is broken early. But she struggles against her obligation to the Irish patriots banding on the British coast under her husband's nose. It is only after she learns that her brother, who had returned from America to participate in the rebellion, has been slain that she assists the rebels. It would be unfair to reveal how she fulfills her assignment to lure the Yankee sea captain, Clan Hurd, into lending his ship to transport men and guns or how she wins her ultimate freedom. Altogether a gusty, readable narrative recommended to anyone who enjoys a historical setting interlarded with plenty of action.

—R. P.

CANDY FOR BREAKFAST. By Gwen Davenport. Doubleday. $2.75. Pandemonium in the proper Gwen Davenport manner. Now it's a superprogressive child psychologist who invades the local school, topples traditions, fills homes with havoc, waves the wand of freedom for the young for one intoxicating period, and finally (not surprisingly) is run out of town. The men take over. The phony method perpetrated on the ladies by the pleasantly profiled professor is blasted. The ex-alcoholic, ex-columnist, successful writer of teacup tosh has lost his lucrative living. Mom's in the home to stay. It's Father's day at the PTA.

One or two amusing adolescents, understandably harried parents, and a nice sense of smalltown grouping make for a pleasing atmosphere. Fully as irritating as Mr. Belvedere, but somehow not nearly so loving.

—Catherine Meredith Brown.

ONE WILD OAT. By MacKinlay Kantor. Gold Medal Books. 25¢. The author of "The Best Years of Our Lives" again deals with the problems of married couples, although here he falls far short of achieving the dramatic excellence noted in his previous work. Ralph and Isabelle Bee find themselves separated one day by circumstance, and each becomes suddenly aware that marital life is a rather dull, routine affair. Determined to flee this drabness, Ralph encounters a would-be suicide, two gangsters who are murdered in his presence, and a gang of drug smugglers who leave him alone with an obliging young lady. An exciting day for a supervisor of bank tellers!

Isabelle, meanwhile, is not asleep. Having helped a distraught young mother rescue the child its father kidnapped, she seeks an hour's diversion in the lonely shack of a gigolo artist who offers her love on the basis of financial reward. Having sown their wild oats and been properly disillusioned with adventure, the Bees return home to discover the veil of drabness lifted and to rediscover their passion for each other.

—Joseph M. Grant.

MOULIN ROUGE. By Pierre La Mure. Random House. $3.50. The writing of biographical fiction is a dubious business, but Pierre La Mure has done better than most at the job of giving reality to an actual life. As it happens, the circumstances of the life of Count Henri Marie Raymond de Toulouse-Lautrec-Monfa, known to the world simply as Lautrec, are singularly conducive to fictional treatment. Indeed, even unembellished by a novelist his life was as strange as any fiction ever written. Its overtones are tragic and grotesque, and not a little pathetic.

Here was a man of the highest social

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 396

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 396 will be found in the next issue.

LCPFNGAM DA BHGCF

PA ROC EHPQC; ROC

BNPFA ROCHCNK PHC

BNPFA NK KDHC.

—ANFNSNTA ANTE

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 395

Health and cheerfulness mutually beget each other.

—Joseph Addison.

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class in France, with a family tree that went back to the crusaders and with sufficient wealth to make life very comfortable. But some strange illness in his boyhood arrested the growth of his limbs without affecting the growth of his torso. Growing into manhood he was sensitive and imaginative. He wanted to enjoy life as other men enjoyed it; above all he wanted a woman's love. He was a particularly unattractive cripple. Women shied away from him. He turned to art: it was a world in which he found kindred spirits—Degas, Pissarro, Van Gogh, and Cezanne.

Prostitute Marie lived with him for money; Myriame, of finer grain, gave herself to him out of compassion. After Myriame's departure he took heavily to absinthe and landed in an asylum, from which he was later released. With his paintings and posters he helped to make the Moulin Rouge famous: hence the title. A very readable novel. —JOHN COURNOS.

THE NORA DRAKE STORY. By Cornelia Blair. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $2.75. Novels frequently have been dramatized on the air waves, but to this reviewer's knowledge "The Nora Drake Story" is the first transmutation of a radio serial into a novel. After an apparently successful and protracted career in a five-a-week CBS network program Nora Drake now seeks more permanent embodiment between book covers. She might better have remained where she obviously belongs. For this novel is unadulterated soap opera—a banal story, dripping with sentiment.

Everything happens to Nora, as it undoubtedly should to any self-respecting radio heroine. Her mother dies when Nora is only a child. Her ne'er-do-well father, having deserted his family, turns up to plague her at inopportune moments. She enjoys a healthy but hard-working girlhood on a farm owned by kindly relatives. When old age and infirmity render them helpless she selflessly takes over their back-breaking chores, attending school and working in a doctor's office besides. Despite her talent for the piano, fostered by a musical-comedy teacher, she decides to become a nurse. As a probationer she suffers all sorts of trials: long hours, hard study, the hectoring of a hardboiled training supervisor, the hazing, jealousy, and gossip of fellow students. Two doctors, a father and son, vie for her affections. Through it all Nora remains virtuous, courageous, and dedicated. The hospital scenes, in wards, classes, operating rooms, nurses' quarters, show symptoms of research. But they never really come alive, any more than does the stereotyped heroine.

—R. P.

The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	*Recording Technique, Surface* ENGINEERING	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
NOTE: Last week's brief survey of types of European recording—as imported for U. S. LP records—is hereby continued.—E. T. C.		
France MILHAUD: "MOSES" (OP. AMERICANUM #2). French Nat. Radio Orchestra, Milhaud. Capitol LP: P-8114	Wide range, bit narrow in perspective, the powerful brass climaxes well taken.	Serious ballet. Milhaud's big-canvas style lacks the sly verve of his short scores; this one's episodic, declamatory structure falls apart of sheer weight, I'd say. Beautiful moments, but also platitudinous ones.
COUPERIN: "L'IMPERIALE"; "L'APOTHEOSE DE LULLI." Hewitt Chamber Orch. Discophiles-Vox LP: DL 6430	Quality of LP from French recording has been distressingly uneven. These are rather typical (though fault may be at U.S. end). The Couperin is deeply muffled, making listening difficult. The Mercury flute recital varies. Wide range; but some items are badly distorted, others quite OK (Bach, Hindemith, Dukas). The good parts are commendable; all of it will be OK on home machines.	Two major Couperin suites in their entirety, one delightfully descriptive, the other "absolute," in freely authentic transcription. (Couperin left choice of instruments free.)
A FLUTE RECITAL. (Bach, Beethoven, Dukas, Roussel, Honegger, Hindemith). Jean-Pierre Rampal; R. Veyron-Lacroix, pf. Mercury LP: MG 10067		Interesting collection. Solo Bach is poorly rhythmed; early Beethoven good in flute, poor in piano. Honegger solo, Dukas ("Plainte du Faune") excellent; Hindemith sonata rather impressionistic.
BRAHMS: HORN TRIO, OPUS 40. J. Devémy, horn; G. Alès, vl.; Annie d'Arco, pf. Mercury LP: MG 15015 (10") (SAME) Fred Klein, Bronislaw Gimpel, L. Mittman. Renaissance LP: X-13 (12")	Another of the minus-highs variety of French job—otherwise the sound is not bad. Scarcely a top-quality job, as it could so easily be. (Side 1 badly off-center, my copy.) The Renaissance record, probably made in New York, is much superior, with good bite in highs, steady pitch in piano, nice acoustics.	German music, French performance! The Mercury horn is played with wide vibrato, in French manner, a weird sound and surely un-Brahmsian. Performance is confused, unfelt. The Renaissance horn is what Brahms ordered, and the playing is far more understanding.
England BRITTEN: FOUR "SEA INTERLUDES" ("PETER GRIMES"). London Symphony, Sargent. LAMBERT-SITWELL: "THE RIO GRANDE." Philharmonia Orch. & Cho., Lambert. Columbia LP: ml 2145	British recording divides sharply into radical and conservative leadership. EMI (Columbia-HMV), shunning LP still, puts out modest, natural-sounding, wide-range discs, unspectacular; these are reissues of British 78's, probably pre-tape. Excellent sound, if a bit unfocused.	
HANDEL: CONCERTI GROSSI OP. 6: #1 AND #2; #3 AND #4. Boyd Neel Orchestra, Neel. London LP: LPS 206; 207	London's "ffrr" still rates as radical on LP. The Handel discs have the expected gorgeous, big, roomy sound, close-up and very live simultaneously. But overzealous engineering has grossly distorted the music—the three soloists are enormous, *tutti* players mere miniatures, in background! (Recent Austrian and Italian discs of this type of music do better. See *SRL*, Jan. 6th)	
Czechoslovakia JANACEK: "YOUTH" (WIND SEXTET, 1924). BARTOS: "LE BOURGEOIS GENTILHOMME" (QUINTET). Prague Wind Quintet. Mercury LP: MG 15009	Mercury's Bohemian pipe line brings out interesting stuff, in mostly out-of-date recording. Tape and hi-fi haven't penetrated—or the pipe is clogged! Only the Janacek-Bartos disc is a modern sound here (though 78 dubbed). The pianos are basically very good, with some wavering, plenty of noise.	A piquant record—Janacek is a beautifully scored early-20s bit, slightly jazzy, sweet-sour. Bartos is Poulenc-like pseudo-18th c. suite, brilliantly written. Unusually fine wind playing. The Bohemian Dances are easily best of these piano items. Much of Chopin, Liszt, but good deal of power, too. Polkas are weakish.
SMETANA: PIANO POLKAS; BOHEMIAN DANCES. Maxián, Rauch, Kundera, Polívka, Setkova, Herman, Vondrovic, pf. Mercury LP: MG 10004; 10046.		
DVORAK: "SLAVONIC" DANCES (COMPLETE). Fok Symphony, Jirak. Mercury LP: MGL 4 (2)	"Slavonic" Dances are strictly prewar style, minus highs, scratchy. All of these okay on most home machines, non-hi-fi.	In spite of fog-like recording (some less fogged than others) nicely played, comes through pretty well. —EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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A NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION

THIS department's New Year's resolution was to do everything possible to spread access to good books and information about books for boys and girls to every corner of our land. In the midst of celebrations in a great port city the faces and voices of children in remote districts of America seemed as vivid as the faces and voices of children near by, who are finding in bookshops and schools and libraries a wide field in which they are free to roam.

Just after Christmas this reviewer had four days in Providence, Rhode Island, with the staff of the public library there. Nothing could be more reassuring than the service that it gives to its children. Story hours in front of blazing logfires in the branch libraries, a fine reference collection in the central library with a special emphasis on Celtic folklore, excellent programs over the local radio station, trained, eager assistants in the children's rooms—all this assures the boys and girls of Providence a constant freedom of finding what they seek in books. But while America and the whole free world seek anxiously to safeguard that freedom there are thousands of boys and girls whose choice of reading matter is limited to the text books in some dingy little schoolhouse miles away from bookshops and public libraries. Something has already been done to bring good books to these children. Much more should be done if we are to give them their rightful inheritance.

Statesmen tell us that we must have "an informed public." Even the picture-book age is not too soon to bring to young minds the living truth about the world they live in. I wish we could bring to every American child two books published in the closing weeks of the old year—Anne Parrish's "Appleby Capple" and the first book reviewed below.

—MARY GOULD DAVIS.

PARTNERS: The United Nations and Youth. By Eleanor Roosevelt and Helen Ferris. New York: Doubleday & Co. 208 pp. $3.

THE AUTHORS and editors who planned this book wisely gave it an attractive and inviting format. The end-papers reproduce in color the flags of the countries that make up the United Nations. The generous pages are filled with photographs from thirty-five countries, skilfully arranged and reproduced.

Wise, too, is the approach to the story of the different U.N. agencies. We are shown first a "displaced" child in a country that the agency is serving. We learn how this child was found, fed, brought back to health and security, and sometimes returned to its home and its family. The agencies that have particularly helped the children and the young people of the world are stressed: the International Refugee Organization, the Food and Agricultural Organization, UNESCO, the World Health Organization, the Commission on Human Rights. Much of the story was gathered from records of the agencies, from written and broadcast reports, and from individuals who made their experience available to the authors. It is a story that leads from an individual problem to an international solution. This will give it the appeal that is needed for young people who truly want to help but do not know quite where to begin. We wish that in its attractive format it might be translated and presented to young people all over the world. To make this possible might well be a step toward an understanding that would bring eventual peace.

DOOR TO THE NORTH: A Saga of Fourteenth-Century America. By Elizabeth Coatsworth. Illustrated by Frederick T. Chapman. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Co. 246 pp. $2.50.

THE LINK between the United States of America and Norway that is one of the bases of this absorbing story is a stone that was dug up in a Minnesota field by a farmer fifty years ago. In her "afterword" Elizabeth Coatsworth tells of the Kensington Stone and of a Viking sword that is now in a museum in Canada. "We have only begun," she says "to read the early and hidden history of our land." She has made a record—something like one of the old heroic sagas—of this story of Olav Sigurdson and the band of Norsemen who crossed the Atlantic and landed on the shores of North America in the year 1364.

In those days Magnus, who authorized the expedition, was king of "Norway, Sweden, and Skaane." His object was to bring back to Christianity the people of the western coast of Greenland and to find a "lost colony." Olav Sigurdson's own private objective was to redeem his father's reputation. From the beginning in the court of King Magnus through the landing in Greenland and the long journey by sea to the end, when the little band of Vikings start on their homeward way, the voyage made easier now by their knowledge of the course, the action never flags and the interest created by the characters and the background never falters. Each character stands out sharply.

Miss Coatsworth tells us frankly what liberties she has taken with the ancient existing records. From them she has written a dramatic and satisfying story, perhaps the best so far of The Land of the Free Series.

ITALIAN ROUNDABOUT. By Agnes Rothery. Illustrated by Albert Orbaan. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 197 pp. $2.75.

AGNES ROTHERY'S inviting books about foreign countries have led many young Americans to dream of travel. In this one she takes them on a tour of Italy today, beginning in Naples and going on to Rome, the hill towns, Florence, Siena, Genoa, Bologna, and Venice. The past history of Italy and of the men who made it are brought in where their work still stands, but the book dwells on the present rather than on the past. Italy is perhaps the most difficult of all countries in which to forget the past. The things created by man's hands are too beautiful and too universal to ignore. Wisely Miss Rothery shows how many of them have survived the two world wars and economic troubles. Boys will particularly enjoy her vivid description of the Palio—the famous horse races in Siena—while girls will like the chapter on the romance of Dante and Beatrice and of Petrarch and Laura.

It is heartening to know through her report how little of Florence was destroyed: only the bridges over the Arno and a few of the buildings bordering the river. The treasures from the art galleries were protected and have been restored, and Giotto's lovely rose-and-green-and-white tower still stands. One can easily fly to Italy now, and new and comparatively inexpensive ships have been put on the Mediterranean run. This is a book to read before you go and to take along with

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you. It is illustrated with attractive black-and-white sketches.

ANIMAL FOLK SONGS FOR THE CHILDREN. By Ruth Crawford Seeger. Illustrated by Barbara Cooney. New York: Doubleday & Co. 80 *pp.* $2.50.

THIS is a companion volume to Mrs. Seeger's "American Folk Songs for Children." The songs are American, too, and are all drawn from the people themselves or from the Archives of American Folk Songs at the Library of Congress. In a delightful foreword Mrs. Seeger emphasizes the need of keeping the song going without a break, not finishing it with the "double bar" but going back to the beginning "without loss of the song's speed or pulse." Anyone who has heard the singing in the Great Smokeys or the Cumberlands knows that—like the story in the famous Riddle Song—it seems "to have no end." When the singers stop the listener feels that they will begin again as soon as they get their breath. The listener remembers as a child in the Cumberlands rather resenting that she never heard the end of the local version of "The Frog Who Would A-wooing Go." Sleep always came before Miss Mousie met her death.

Children who are lucky enough to hear and through this invaluable book learn to sing these gay songs about rabbits and racoons and little dogs and sheep will make up their own verses when the printed verses give out—which is how the songs were made in the first place.

This is a book that will be an asset to schools and kindergartens. It can bring endless pleasure to a family. The songs are easy to learn and practically impossible to forget.

THE THIRTEENTH IS MAGIC. By Joan Howard. Illustrations by Adrienne Adams. New York: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. 169 *pp.* $2.50.

Set in an apartment house in Central Park West on the island of Manhattan, this is the story of how Ronald Saunders and his sister Gillian discovered magic on the thirteenth floor of the apartment house, through the agency of a small black cat. Most people know that apartment houses do not have a thirteenth floor—which makes it a logical place for magic. It was only on the thirteenth of each month that this magic worked; but when it did work it led Ronald and Gillian to extraordinary adventures. Some of them are credible—if you can take a bit of magic in your stride.

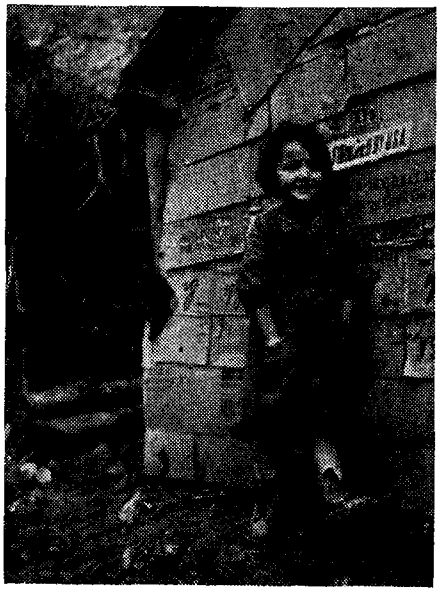
We particularly liked the magic that created a violent snowstorm over Central Park while the rest of the city basked in springlike sunshine. Another one, where a picture in a book becomes a real scene and Ronald as Childe Roland rescues Gillian from a "dark tower," failed to ring true. When there is humor in them the adventures seem logical; where it is lacking they seem "made up." The modern, humorous drawings help to sustain the story. Not all children will accept the magic of the little black cat, but there are some who will.

HORSES ARE FOLKS. By C. W. Anderson. New York: Harper & Brothers. 90 *pp.* $2.50.

This beautiful book will mean as much to grown-ups as it will to boys and girls. In fifteen fine lithographs Mr. Anderson proves the contention of Man o' War's groom, Will Harbut, when he said: "Sense? Yes, suh, he's got more sense than most of the folks that come to see him. He's *folks*, that horse, and nicer than most."

To anyone who knows the Blue Grass country it is a perfect setting for horses as "folks."

Here, in this flat, green land with its hedges, its great trees outlined singly or in small groups against a gentle sky, the horses are secure and happy, developing their varied personalities under the care and understanding of their native grooms. Mr. Anderson makes a full report of their breeding and training, showing them in text and lithographs from birth to maturity. "To my mind," he says, "the horse is the most graceful, balanced, and rhythmic subject in the animal world, with the vaunted human figure a very bad second." He has made a most beautiful record of his feeling for horses in this book.



—UNICEF photo from "Partners."

The U.N. has supplanted this Greek child's makeshift home with a better one.

THE CIRCLE OF THE SUN. By Susan Dorothea Keeney. Portland, Maine: Falmouth Publishing House. 1950. 72 *pp.* $2.

THESE poems by a Quaker place a quiet emphasis on things that are common to all men and that are eternal. Keenly observant of nature in all its phases, they show a steadfast faith in nature's power, if time is taken to note it, to give delight and peace. In contrast to man's will to peace it does not deviate from its path;

So with rhythm of allotted time,
The moving sun clocks off the punctual hours.
There is no break in the perpetual rhyme
Of planets swinging from celestial towers . . .

The theme expressed in the first poem, "All Life Is One," runs through them all. It is a faith expressed through little things. The sense of spring that reaches us through tiny plants in field and meadow and through birds and insects, the color and movement of autumn when winds stir the brilliant leaves, a blue heron in flight, a bee lulled to sleep in the heart of a hollyhock, "a blue shell shattered by a robin's birth"—all these in an easy, flowing rhythm point out unchanging values. The poems are not written especially for children, and yet many of them will have a particular appeal to childhood. The book is attractively designed.

THE MIDNIGHT HORSE. By Monica Edwards. New York: The Vanguard Press. 278 *pp.* $2.50.

This is an adventure story that comes from England. It tells of a mysterious equine ghost whose appearance is part of a plot to steal an English race horse and get him out of the country in an airplane. Some of the credit in foiling this plot falls to the two heroines—intelligent and energetic girls who love and understand horses. The background is a farm and village on the Romney Marsh, a part of England best known to American boys and girls through Rudyard Kipling's "Puck" stories. There are a fascinating sheep-shearing scene which introduces some native characters, an encounter with roving gypsies when the two girls bargain with them for a neglected pony, and a "camping-out party" in the orchard that will appeal to American Boy and Girl Scouts. The plot is convincing—the superstitious natives being largely responsible for the "ghost" part of it. We suspect that boys will enjoy this story as much as girls, if they can be persuaded to accept the girl heroines.

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Horatio Alger's Not Dead Yet

ROBERT COUSINS and SAMUEL T. WILLIAMSON

DURING the past few years in preparing *SRL*'s annual open house for business books the authors have undergone a rather severe exposure to economic texts and the writing of economists. After trudging weary miles through their pages and whiling away many an hour that might have been more enjoyably spent we have come to the conclusion that the average piece of economist writing is as unintelligible as Gertrude Stein, without that lady's mellifluousness, and as obscure as James Joyce, without his relieving relapses into Rabelaisian. The words are English, and all dictionaries have them; but when put one after the other the language might be glug, Bantu, or that of early Neanderthal man and associates.

Still other economists endeavor to avoid their colleagues' habits of expressing the obvious in terms of the obscure. Our quarrel is not with the attempt nor with the exceptional few who succeed. What we and, we think, most businessmen object to is the tendency to write down to one's readership instead of alongside it. When some grubby-minded pedant tries to unbend and express himself in everyday language the result is about as graceful as a hippopotamus trying to do the dance of the seven veils. Even more infuriating are economists who take a schoolmasterish attitude towards their readers and express themselves with the prissy, unworldly correctness of a mid-Victorian spinster in a Beacon Hill boarding house. The businessman, or anyone else, can't be blamed for resenting such snobbery.

Try as they don't, economists have failed to promote a popular understanding of how we live and how we work. In 1949 we wrote, "The art and science of business management sorely needs a useful literature." In 1950 we observed, "The art and science of business management still sorely needs a useful literature." Now in 1951, instead of saying, "Hold your hats, boys, here we go again," we have a surprise. Some literature of recent months does fill that need and helps to promote that understanding.

How-to-do-business books are effective media for explaining practical economics. If economics is a study of how men make their living these books lay down certain standards or attempt useful pointers in the business of making a living. Because of them almost any businessman should in some measure find life easier.

Broadly speaking the most useful how-to-get-ahead-in-business books are those which, instead of telling the reader how to do things, report on how others successfully solved similar problems. They give the reader the advantage of being able to compare his own procedures with those which after long years of experience have proved workable elsewhere. They put their ideas across largely through case-histories and anecdotes. This formula is grievously overworked by after-dinner speakers who are reminded of a story, but it must not be forgotten that the principles of a 1900-year-old religion were pointed up by parables about a Certain Rich Man, a Good Samaritan, and a Prodigal Son. This, too, was the persuasive method of Abraham Lincoln—this country's noblest example of the self-improved man.

SELF-IMPROVEMENT is an American characteristic. It was the urge which drove our first settlers and later the immigrants. A bankrupt haberdasher is in the White House. His choice for the second biggest job in the country was Charles E. Wilson, who quit the seventh grade in grammar school and self-improved himself to the presidency of the General Electric Company. So why pooh-pooh Horatio Alger?

Well then, say you, why the need for self-improvement books when

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there are so many schools of business administration? But schools don't teach what so many readers of these books need or think they need. Too much time is spent teaching students how to apply themselves to books, and too little time in teaching students how to apply books to themselves.

Most students of graduate schools of business administration head toward executive positions with big business. They are trained to think big. Faculty members gained practical experience with big business. Trustees, benefactors, and guest lecturers are big-business leaders. Some graduates may, after practical experience with a large company, set out for themselves in a self-operated small business.

Not that the complexities of big organizations should be ignored but what about the little fellers who either haven't the time for college business courses, or can't afford them? They must get their instruction as best they can from the prolonged and capricious school of experience, by correspondence or evening schools, by raz-mah-taz courses taught in hotel ballrooms by dynamic, high-powered exhorters.

BUT that's not all. Thousands of businessmen buy books on such matters as how to own and operate a small business, on how to advertise, buy, and sell, on how to manage men and get along with people, on their public and community responsibilities. And in them they oftentimes find answers to their problems.

What else do we mean by self-improvement books? They are books that attempt to show how to make the most of one's life and work, how to be a more useful person, whether to one's self and/or to others. Some are inspirational—how to better yourself in morale and health, how to solve problems.

None of them is written in deathless prose. Few of them would ever make the anthologies, and even the best have great useless gaps. But one or two useful hints in many of them repay their readers many times over.

Except for publishers' advertisements few self-improvement books are noticed in literary publications. To the average book reviewer inspirational literature is as abhorrent as "Rum-tum-tum, The Thing." Yet to many publishers these books mean the difference between eating at Whelan's or reserving a table at the Algonquin or Twenty-One.

Some books that never sullied the literary columns outsell by thousands the best-selling fiction and non-fiction best sellers. "The Complete Book of Sewing," by Constance Talbot (Greystone), has sold more than 1,000,000 copies, almost as many as "Ben Hur" and "Gone With the Wind." The reason is that direct mail, conducted by the publisher and bookseller, represents 60 to 70 per cent of the sales. That makes the presence of a self-improvement tome on a best-seller list all the more remarkable. And we might note that two recent entrants to the "selling-like-hotcakes" circle are "How I Raised Myself From Failure to Success in Selling," by Frank Bettger (Prentice-Hall), and "How to Lay a Nest Egg," by Edgar Scott (Winston).

The late Jimmie Walker said that he knew of no one who had gone wrong from reading a book. New York's glamour boy was wrong. He was not a bookish man, and his errings and strayings were not provoked by what he read. Numbers of self-improvement books have been touted and marketed like cure-all patent medicines. Particularly in the matters of diet and of physical and mental health—how to live a hundred years, etc.—the claims of some books have wrought more harm than the stuff sold in bottles and have given a black eye to all self-improvement volumes.

Another fault must be shared equally by publishers and purchasers. American life is crisscrossed by shortcuts. These quick-and-easies begin at school—pony translations of Caesar and Virgil, cram sheets before final exams. They continue in adult life—ballroom dancing in six easy lessons, shorthand in eleven days, French in three weeks, I can get it for you wholesale, and I have a friend in the D.A.'s office. Our news and periodical literature are digested for us, vitamin deficiencies in our daily diet are overcome by assorted alphabetically labeled capsules, and for those who haven't time for physicians, churches, golf courses, or the slow climb up the ladder of success there are zip-along guides to health, religion, wealth, and happiness.

One of the accepted maxims of politics is "You Can't Shoot Santa Claus." For book publishers this slogan should be "Don't Bury Horatio Alger." He's still your meal ticket.

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1950-51 Checklist

THE following list is intended to offer a representative cross-section of the hundreds of books dealing with economics, management, and labor, published during 1950 and thus far in 1951. Because of limitations of space, many worth-while titles of specialized appeal have had to be omitted.

Biography and History

AMERICAN EXPRESS: A Century of Service. By Alden Hatch. New York: Doubleday & Co. 287 pp. $3.50. A story of the origin and growth of this international service organization, of its founders, and of the key role the company plays in world travel and commerce today. Reviewed in this issue.

AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVES: A Pictorial Record of Steam Power, 1900-1950. By Edwin P. Alexander. New York: W. W. Norton. 256 pp. $6.75. Traces the development of the "tea kettles" from the turn of the century to the present day. Each of the locomotives illustrated is representative of its year. A real treasure for the railroad enthusiast. Illustrated.

ARCHITECTURE: Five Thousand Years of Building. By Joseph Watterson. New York: W. W. Norton. 390 pp. $5. An illustrated, popular history of our architectural heritage, from Egyptian temples and tombs to contemporary styles.

CATALOGUES AND COUNTERS: A History of Sears, Roebuck and Company. By Boris Emmet and John E. Jeuck. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 788 pp. $7.50. How Sears, Roebuck has risen in sixty years from a small mail-order concern to the world's largest retailer of general merchandise. Describes the contributions of the founders and key factors that accounted for success. Reviewed in *SRL*, May 6, 1950.

A CENTURY OF IRON AND MEN. By Harlan Hatcher. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 271 pp. $3.50. The role played by the iron ore industry in shaping our economy.

THE CORPORATION IN NEW JERSEY: Business and Politics 1791-1875. By William Cadman, Jr. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 462 pp. $6. Beginning with the year New Jersey's first corporation was chartered, Dr. Cadman traces the legal and financial development of corporations in that state. He makes a general survey of public policy toward corporations and analyzes terms of the charters granted.

CREDIT FOR THE MILLIONS. By Richard Giles. New York: Harper & Bros. 208 pp. $2.50. How the credit union movement has grown since 1850, its philosophy and methods of operation.

HIGH GREEN AND THE BARK PEELERS. By R. M. Neal. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 275 pp. $3.50. A Baedeker to the Boston & Maine Railroad. Mr. Neal, a college professor and an ardent railroad fan, recently rode the B & M rails all over New England. This is his account of what it takes to run a railroad. Reviewed in *SRL*, Oct. 28, 1950.

THE INSIDE STORY OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE. By Humphrey B. Neill. New York: B. C. Forbes Publishing Co. 345 pp. $6. A popular history of the New York Stock Exchange and the part it has played in the economic growth of America. The book will be of value to businessmen who are occupationally or otherwise interested in how this reservoir of finance capital functions.

INSIDE WESTERN UNION. By M. J. Divise. New York: Sterling Publishing Co. 248 pp. $2.50. A light, humorous story about Western Union's Department of Special Services.

THE LAUNDRY INDUSTRY. By Fred De Armond. New York: Harper & Bros. 302 pp. $4. Traces the growth of this billion-dollar industry from its beginning in 1840 down to the present day.

LIFE OF AN AMERICAN WORKMAN. By Walter P. Chrysler. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 219 pp. $3. This is more than the life story of Walter P. Chrysler; it is a penetrating volume on how a top executive works and achieves. Reviewed in this issue.

THE LIPTON STORY: A Centennial Biography. By Alec Waugh. New York: Doubleday & Co. 277 pp. $3. Catches much of the significance and drama of England's popular merchant sportsman who was more successful in building a business empire than in

winning America's Enterprise Cup in yacht racing. Reviewed in *SRL*, Mar. 18, 1950.

MAIN LINE OF MID-AMERICA: The Story of the Illinois Central. By Carlton Corliss. New York: Creative Age Press. 500 pp. $4.75. A spirited account of the railroad that employed the original Casey Jones as an engineer, and Abraham Lincoln as a corporation attorney. Real Americana. Illustrated.

MAN THE MAKER: A History of Technology and Engineering. By Robert J. Forbes. New York: Henry Schuman. 355 pp. $4. The story of man's development as a tool-using animal from paleolithic times to the present day. Reviewed in this issue.

A MEASURE FOR GREATNESS. By David O. Woodbury. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. 230 pp. $4.50. The story of Edward Weston, a pioneer in the field of electrical instruments. Recounts his early experiments with electricity and the growth of the Weston Electrical Instrument Co.

THE PRUDENTIAL: A Story of Human Security. By Earl Chapin May and Will Oursler. New York: Doubleday & Co. 416 pp. $5. A history of one of the biggest life insurance firms of the nation, and its influence upon our economic and social growth. Reviewed in this issue.

THE SACO-LOWELL SHOPS. By George Sweet Gibb. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 835 pp. $7.50. A history of textile machinery building in New England, 1813 to 1949. Describes the early transition of capital and management from mercantile to industrial capitalism.

SLIPSTREAM: The Autobiography of an Air Craftsman. By Eugene E. Wilson. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. 338 pp. $4.50. A story of the aviation industry and the men behind it, as told by a leader in airplane development and production. Reviewed in *SRL*, Mar. 18, 1950.

THE WHITIN MACHINE WORKS SINCE 1831. By Thomas R. Navin. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 654 pp. $6.50. Top management policies of a New England textile machinery company.

Advertising and Sales

ADVERTISING: Text and Cases. By Neil H. Borden. Chicago: Richard D. Irwin. 1050 pp. $7.50. A case history approach to the economics, methods, and administrative problems of advertising. Describes advertising campaigns by associations and various manufacturers.

ADVERTISING HANDBOOK. Edited by Roger Barton. New York: Prentice-Hall. 1015 pp. $10. How to advertise profitably as suggested by thirty-five top-notch executives, each of whom contributes a chapter distilling long years of experience in his particular field.

CHECK LIST OF ADVERTISING ESSENTIALS. By *Printers' Ink* Editors and Contributors. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. 384 pp. $4.75. An idea-stimulator embracing thousands of brief but important essentials that a businessman should know about the advertising of products.

EFFECTIVE RETAIL ADVERTISING. By Irving Settel. New York: Fairchild Publications. 216 pp. $4.75. How to build business through effective advertising. Discusses layout techniques, production, publicity, advertising media and services, etc.

EFFECTIVE SELLING. By George Edward Breen, Ralph Burnham Thompson, and Harry West. New York: Harper & Bros. 278 pp. $3. Two college professors of marketing and a sales manager of a large corporation review the psychology and principles of effective selling. A book for the student and those considering selling as a career.

HOW TO MAKE MORE MONEY WITH YOUR DIRECT MAIL. By Edward N. Mayer, Jr. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 384 pp. $5. Effective copy, physical appearance, mailing lists, printing processes, how to save money in mailing, and other economies in direct mail production and distribution.

HOW TO USE COLOR IN ADVERTISING DESIGN, ILLUSTRATION, AND PAINTING. By William Longyear. New York: Pitman Publishing Corp. 40 pp. $1.95. The chairman of the department of advertising design at Pratt Institute illustrates the mixing and uses of color in many mediums. Covers theory, application, methods, and materials.

HOW TO USE PSYCHOLOGY FOR BETTER ADVERTISING. By Melvin S. Hattwick. New York: Prentice-Hall. 376 pp. $7.50. Mr. Hattwick, an advertising executive and a recognized psychologist, examines modern advertising appeals from the point of view of the *consumer—his wants, his mental, educational,* and emotional make-up. Illustrated.

HOW TO WRITE ADVERTISING COPY THAT SELLS. By Frank Fehlman. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 368 pp. $5. Hundreds of tips and ful in preparing all types of advertising copy. Includes case histories of successful ad campaigns.

ILLUSTRATING FOR TOMORROW'S PRODUCTION. By J. Harold Farmer, Abbot J. Hoecker, and Francis F. Varvin. New York: The Macmillan Co. 216 pp. $6. How to prepare a production illustration from rough layout to final reproduction.

INTERNATIONAL POSTER ANNUAL. Edited by W. H. Allner. New York: Pitman Publishing Corp. 180 pp. $8.50. More than 450 international posters selected as the best for the past year.

LAYOUT PLANNING TECHNIQUES. By John R. Immer. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. 430 pp. $5. Layout planning methods and techniques now being used successfully by leading companies. Emphasizes basic principles of production flow and layout and how they apply to specific problems. Illustrated.

MASS MARKETING TO THE "400" MASS RETAILERS. By E. B. Weiss. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 390 pp. $5. Facts a businessman should know to merchandise, sell, and advertise profitably to 400 retailers who do more than half the nation's retail volume.

NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING AND PROMOTION. By Leslie W. McClure. New York: The Macmillan Co. 496 pp. $4.50. A survey of the organization, management, and operation of advertising and promotion departments of newspapers from weeklies to city dailies.

1000 WAYS A SALESMAN CAN INCREASE HIS SALES. By Charles B. Roth. New York: Prentice-Hall. 312 pp. $4.75. The techniques and "know-how" by which top salesmen have succeeded.

THE ROBERT COLLIER LETTER BOOK. By Robert Collier. New York: Prentice-Hall. 350 pp. $5. The late Robert Collier was regarded as one of the top experts in the direct-mail field. Here are the methods and techniques which underlie his successful record.

SALES AND ADVERTISING OPPORTUNITIES FOR THE SMALL MANUFACTURER. By Norman Clyde Tompkins. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 320 pp. $4.50. Details of sales methods and advertising strategy that the small manufacturer can afford to use.

SALES EXECUTIVES' HANDBOOK. Edited by Harry Simmons. New York: Prentice-Hall. 790 pp. $10. Twenty of the nation's leading sales specialists show how to increase profits through economical, result-getting sales methods. They give professional answers to many sales problems that an executive meets in his daily business activities.

SUCCESSFUL SALES PROMOTION. By Harry Simmons. New York: Prentice-Hall. 441 pp. $5.65. A guide to profitable sales ideas, methods, and techniques that have been developed by top men in the field.

SALES PROMOTION IDEA BOOK. Compiled by *Printers' Ink* Editors and Contributors. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 384 pp. $5. Top sales executives advise how to promote and merchandise products. In capsule form they provide hundreds of successful ideas that the manufacturer and merchandiser can use to *achieve maximum selling results.*

SO YOU'RE GOING TO CHOOSE AN ADVERTISING AGENCY. By James T. Chirurg. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 107 pp. $3. How to determine the best size and type of advertising agency to fit specific problems.

SUCCESSFUL SELLING FOR THE NEW DAY. By Harry Simmons. New York: Harper & Bros. 297 pp. $4. Revised edition of more than 700 practical tips on such matters as how to be a successful salesman, how to find and handle prospects, how to answer objections, how to build your sales talks, how to develop creative ideas, how to use good strategy, etc.

Public Relations and Communication

COMMUNICATION WITHIN INDUSTRY: Principles and Methods of Management-Employee Interchange. By Raymond W. Peters. New York: Harper & Bros. 198 pp. $3. Methods used by leading companies to achieve closer harmony between management and workers. Various mediums of communications are evaluated, with suggestions as to how they can be improved.

HOW TO TELL YOUR BUSINESS STORY. Washington: United States Chamber of Commerce. This is a series of five pamphlets prepared by the United States Chamber of Commerce to assist business organizations and employers participating in the American Opportunity program in their plants and communities. The purpose of the program is to give the public a better understanding of our *economic system,*—what it is, and how it works. Prices vary from 15 to 25 cents per pamphlet.

MASS COMMUNICATIONS. Edited by Wilbur Schramm. Urbana: University of Illinois Press. 552 pp. $4.50. Social scientists and economic

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experts on mass communication explore the development, nature, and effects of mass communication.

PATTERNS OF PUBLICITY COPY. By Stewart Harral. Norman: Oklahoma University Press. 138 pp. $2.75. The professional craftsman, as well as the student interested in publicity as a career will find helpful guidance here. Mr. Harral, president of the American College Public Relations Association, clarifies *the principles of modern publicity* and their application.

PUBLIC RELATIONS HANDBOOK. Edited by Philip Lesly. New York. Prentice-Hall. 902 pp. $10. Describes what public relations is and does, what it includes, and how to apply it. Thirty-six nationally-recognized authorities describe policies and techniques they found successful.

PUBLIC RELATIONS IN THE LOCAL COMMUNITY. By Louis B. Lundborg. New York: Harper & Bros. 228 pp. $3. Why the local *community is important to business, ways in* which a company will profit by being a good neighbor and a good citizen, and how public relations should be conducted.

SURVEYS, POLLS, AND SAMPLES. By Mildred Parten. New York: Harper & Bros. 602 pp. $5. Designed for college study this manual will be of reference value to those engaged in survey and public opinion work. Provides a step-by-step account of survey, polling, and sampling procedures, and analyzes various techniques in current use.

TIME OUT FOR MENTAL DIGESTION. By Robert Rawls. Scarsdale, N. Y.: The Updegraff Press. Paper-bound, $1. A brief, human relations manual explaining how to "sell" your ideas and plans to other people. Describes how to organize your thinking, test the soundness of your ideas, win readier acceptance for your plans and suggestions.

Labor Relations

CRIME ON THE LABOR FRONT. By Malcolm Johnson. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. 243 pp. $3.50. A description of organized gangsterism and racketeering as practised by labor unions, especially on the New York waterfront. Reviewed in this issue.

ECONOMICS OF LABOR AND INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS. By Gordon F. Bloom and Herbert R. Northrup. Philadelphia: The Blakiston Co. 749 pp. $5. Designed for college study this book is an analysis of the entire labor movement and its probable future role in our economic system.

FINANCIAL REPORTS OF LABOR UNIONS. By George Kozmetsky. Cambridge, Mass.: Division of Research, Harvard Business School. 280 pp. $3.50. Are labor union financial reports reliable? The author weighs this question to determine what national and international labor unions have actually been doing about accounting methods and financial reporting.

FROM THE WAGNER ACT TO TAFT-HARTLEY. By Harry A. Millis and Emily C. Brown. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 733 pp. $8.50. How far *shall labor's right to organize* be protected? Shall collective bargaining be controlled or free? Can we expect strikes bordering on national emergencies each year? The authors examine public labor policy and

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INDUSTRIAL PEACE IN OUR TIME. By Hubert Somervell. New York: The Macmillan Co. 224 pp. $2.50. What are the origins of industrial strife? What can be done about it? Using as a case history the experiment of the Nunn-Bush Shoe Company the author examines critically the roles played in industry by labor and management.

LABOR RELATIONS AND FEDERAL LAW. By Donald H. Wollett. Seattle: University of Washington Press. 210 pp. $3. An analysis and evaluation of federal labor policy as it has evolved from Congress and the courts in recent years.

PROBLEMS IN LABOR RELATIONS. By Benjamin M. Selekman, Sylvia K. Selekman, and Stephen H. Fuller. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. 750 pp. $6. A casebook on human relations in business and industry, focusing upon work problems in the shop, problems at the collective bargaining table, and those encountered in establishing management-labor cooperation over long periods of time.

THE RIGHT TO ORGANIZE AND ITS LIMITS. By Kurt Braun. Washington: The Brookings Institution. 331 pp. $3. A comparison of the rights and duties of organized labor here and abroad. Investigates the similarities and differences in union, management, and governmental views in various countries and the devices used to compel workers to belong to organized groups.

STEELTOWN. By Charles R. Walker. New York: Harper & Bros. 304 pp. $4.50. A factual, on-the-spot study of what happens to a small community when its major industry closes its doors and moves away. The attitudes and problems of company managers, union leaders, and the community are closely studied to determine how joint efforts to deal with the situation succeed and how they fail. Reviewed in *SRL*, Sept. 2, 1950.

Personnel and Human Relations

BONDS OF ORGANIZATION. By E. Wight Bakke. New York: Harper & Bros. 239 pp. $4. An appraisal of corporate human relations. Investigates cooperation, authority, communication, productive effort, rewards, and penalties that exist within a typical corporation, in this instance the Southern New England Telephone Co. in Connecticut.

THE FOREMAN'S MANPOWER JOB. By John E. Gagnon and R. W. Verney. New London, Conn.: National Foreman's Institute. 184 pp. $2.50. Outlines the broad scope of modern personnel administration, the foreman's philosophy, his communication job, supervisor responsibilities, development of workers, and union and management relationships.

THE GROWTH AND DEVELOPMENT OF EXECUTIVES. By Myles L. Mace. Cambridge: Division of Research, Harvard Business School. 200 pp. $3.25. Dr. Mace gives the results of his first-hand observations on how various manufacturing companies are developing executive manpower. Reviewed in this issue.

HANDBOOK OF EMPLOYEE SELECTION. By Roy M. Dorcus and Margaret Hubbard Jones. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. 350 pp. $4.50. Deals with the selection of employees by means of scientific procedures—mostly tests. Covers most types of civilian employment, including factory and clerical jobs, teaching, and executive positions.

HANDBOOK OF PERSONNEL FORMS AND RECORDS. By Eileen Ahern. New York: American Management Association. 227 pp. $3.50. Analyzes and illustrates forms and records used in every major activity of personnel administration.

HELPING PEOPLE FIND JOBS. By Harry D. Kotson and Juna B. Newton. New York: Harper & Bros. 283 pp. $3.50. How to set up and operate a placement office. Describes administrative procedures, techniques of interviewing, sources of recruiting applicants, state laws, how to use labor-market information, and the like.

HUMAN RELATIONS IN INDUSTRY. By Burleigh B. Gardner and David G. Moore. Chicago: Richard D. Irwin. 431 pp. $6.65. A revised edition which throws new light on many of the current problems which beset both management and labor in their efforts to work out a mutually harmonious relationship.

HUMAN RELATIONS IN MODERN BUSINESS: A Symposium. New York: Prentice-Hall. 52 pp. Paper-bound, 80c. Forty-eight leaders in business, labor, and community life submit a program for the achievement of good human relations within business and industry.

INDUSTRIAL COUNSELING. By Dugald S. Arbuckle and Thomas Gordon. New York: Bellman Publishing Co. 43 pp. $1.25. Management and union counseling—its history, aims, and organizations. Covers counseling programs, techniques, and the future of this new field of management.

INDUSTRY'S UNFINISHED BUSINESS: Achieving Sound Industrial Relations and Fair Employment. By Sara E. Southall. New York: Harper & Bros. 173 pp. $2.50. Assesses man-

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agement's responsibilities in the conduct of personnel functions. Weighs the experiences of leading companies in placing members of minority groups in positions. Reviewed in this issue.

MANAGEMENT BEHAVIOR AND FOREMAN ATTITUDE: A Case Study. By David N. Ulrich, Donald R. Booz, and Paul R. Lawrence. Cambridge, Mass.: Division of Research, Harvard Business School. 36 pp. Paper-bound, 75 cents. An analysis of the impact of management behavior on the attitude and performance of foremen. The book's focus is at the middle management level, where most major breakdowns in human communication exist.

RATING EMPLOYEE AND SUPERVISORY PERFORMANCE. Edited by M. Joseph Dooher and Vivienne Marquis. New York: American Management Association. 192 pp. $3.75. Fourteen experts review merit-rating principles and techniques as applied in a wide variety of industrial firms.

TESTED TRAINING TECHNIQUES. By Kenneth R. Haas and Claude H. Ewing. New York: Prentice-Hall. 111 pp. $2. A cartoon presentation of the techniques essential to an efficient program of employee training. Covers the qualifications and functions of the instructor, his duties and responsibilities, individual and group training, visual aids, mechanics of handling meetings, etc.

THOUGHTS ON MANAGEMENT: Executive Standard Practice. By Harry Newton Clarke and E. Elmo Martin. New London, Conn.: National Foreman's Institute. 327 pp. $4.50. The proceedings of executive and supervisory development conferences directed toward better human relations and employee communication in industry.

Economics

AMERICA'S CAPITAL REQUIREMENTS. Edited by Robert W. Hartley. New York: Twentieth Century Fund. $3. A scholarly appraisal of capital requirements, 1946-1960. Outlines general conditions that a balanced, peacetime program of capital goods production should meet.

AMERICA'S NEW FRONTIER. By Morris E. Garnesey. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 320 pp. $4. A survey of the physical, economic, and political conditions in eight states of the Rocky Mountain West. Describes the frontier of new industries, of capital investments, of land reclamation, of waterworks and power projects, and of other changes in regional development.

THE DYNAMIC ECONOMY: A Dialogue in Play Form. By Harold G. Moulton. Washington: The Brookings Institution. 238 pp. $2. Describes in dialogue form the concepts and forces which have been responsible for America's economic development.

THE DYNAMICS OF BUSINESS CYCLES. By Jay Tinbergen and J. V. Polak. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 396 pp. $5. English translation of the business-cycle theory as conceived by the Dutch economist Jan Tinbergen. Investigates the kinds and causes of economic change and describes how economic movements are influenced.

ECONOMIC ASPECTS OF ATOMIC POWER. By Sam H. Schurr and Jacob Marschak. Princeton, N. J.: Princeton University Press. 289 pp. $6. Economists of the Cowles Commission for Economic Research at the University of Chicago evaluate atomic and conventional power on an industry-by-industry basis. Reviewed in this issue.

ECONOMIC DOCTRINES. By Frank A. Neff. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. 450 pp. $4.50. Traces the history of economic thought and doctrines through hundreds of years.

ECONOMIC IDEAS: A Study of Historical Perspective. By Ferdinand Zweig. New York: Prentice-Hall. 197 pp. $3. A European economist interprets economic doctrines and their impact upon Western ideology and institutions.

THE ECONOMICS OF FREEDOM: The Progress and Future of Aid to Europe. By Howard S. Ellis. New York: Harper & Bros. 549 pp. $5. A group of distinguished Americans, headed by Dwight D. Eisenhower, survey the developments accompanying America's heavy economic commitments in Europe. Reviewed in this issue.

ECONOMICS OF TRANSPORTATION. By Marvin L. Fair and Ernest W. Williams, Jr. New York: Harper & Bros. 745 pp. $5.50. A scholarly view of the place of transportation in our economic system. Investigates rail, air, water, highway, and pipeline systems—how they have helped shape the American economy and social order.

HOW TO STAY RICH: The Story of American Democratic Capitalism. By Ernest L. Klein. New York: William Morrow & Co. 196 pp. $2.75. The survival of our political and economic system, Mr. Klein contends, rests in an intelligent appraisal of proposals for changes essential to further growth and development. In other words let's see where we are going instead of where we have been.

MAKING CAPITALISM WORK. By Dexter M. Keezer and Associates. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. 316 pp. $3. Five economists of the McGraw-Hill publishing company submit a program for preserving freedom and stabilizing prosperity. Reviewed in this issue.

MODERN CAPITALISM AND ECONOMIC PROGRESS. By Thomas Wilson. New York: The Macmillan Co. 274 pp. $2.50. An English economist exposes the fallacies and expounds the perils of government planning. He holds that the adoption of socialistic measures will lead to the need for more and more controls by the state until they end in totalitarianism in one form or other.

THE NEW SOCIETY. By Peter F. Drucker. New York: Harper & Bros. 356 pp. $5. What lies ahead for business? Mr. Drucker demonstrates what vast changes are taking place in our economic climate and what an executive should do to stay in business.

POLICY FOR THE WEST. By Barbara Ward. New York: W. W. Norton. 317 pp. $3.75. The assistant editor of the *London Economist* calls for new, more unified economic policies on the part of the Western nations, to carry on when the Marshall Plan ends. She suggests what these policies should be and relates them to the achievements of peace in our time. Reviewed in *SRL*, Jan. 13.

THE PURSUIT OF PLENTY: The Story of Man's Expanding Domain. By A. G. Mezerik. New York: Harper & Bros. 209 pp. $2.50. A controversial indictment of private interests which are blocking the full development of the nation's natural resources. Mr. Mezerik draws a contrast between what our productive wealth could be and what it is. Reviewed in *SRL*, Nov. 11, 1950.

THE RURAL ECONOMY OF NEW ENGLAND. By John D. Block. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 784 pp. $7.50. Analyzes New England's rural economy in terms of agriculture, forestry, and other land uses. Shows how the economy is organized, how it functions, and what the outlook is for the future.

SCHUMPETERIAN SYSTEM. By R. V. Clemence and Francis S. Doody. Cambridge, Mass.: Addison-Wesley Press. 113 pp. $2.50. A scholarly evaluation of the late Professor Schumpeter's theories of economic development and of business cycles.

THE SOCIAL COSTS OF PRIVATE ENTERPRISE. By K. William Kapp. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 287 pp. $4.50. Free enterprise, the author contends, tends to shift part of the cost of production to society as a whole. He shows how much we pay in natural resources and in social costs and submits a program for broadening the scope of economic theory and public policy to take account of such costs.

THE UNITED STATES AND THE RESTORATION OF WORLD TRADE. By William Adams Brown, Jr. Washington: The Brookings Institution. 572 pp. $5. Traces the historical background of the Havana Charter of the International Trade Organization and of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade. Both are appraised in terms of their actual and potential contributions to the United States foreign economic policy objectives.

WATER, LAND, AND PEOPLE. By Bernard Frank and Anthony Netboy. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 331 pp. $4. An excellent stocktaking of our natural resources and a discussion of our conservation practices past and present. Reviewed in *SRL*, Nov. 11, 1950.

Finance, Accounting, and Taxation

ACCOUNTING SYSTEMS. By Oscar S. Nelson and Arthur D. Maxwell. Chicago: Richard D. Irwin. 699 pp. $6. Covers for the accountant-trainee the application of accounting principles to various kinds of businesses. Suggests methods of procedure that can be followed in installing or revising accounting systems.

BUDGETARY CONTROL: The Managerial Approach to Budgeting. By Walter Rautenstrauch and Raymond Villers. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 301 pp. $5. New Methods of budgeting which will help a businessman reduce costs, increase profits, and take much of the guesswork out of management.

CORPORATE TREASURER'S AND CONTROLLER'S HANDBOOK. Edited by Lillian Doris. New York: Prentice-Hall. 1280 pp. $12.50. Twenty-five authorities contribute to this comprehensive work guide. They cover such subjects as financial planning, forecasting and budgeting, how to achieve clarity in reports, how to meet legal requirements, group pensions and insurance, tax control procedures, and the like.

COST ACCOUNTING AND ANALYSIS. By Carl Thomas Devine. New York: The Macmillan Co. 767 pp. $5. A good source of reference for businessmen who want to review cost accounting fundamentals and latest procedures.

DEVELOPING MEN FOR CONTROLLERSHIP. By T. F. Bradshaw. Cambridge, Mass.: Division of Research, Harvard Business School. 231 pp. $3.25. Discusses opportunities for work as controller, requirements for the job, problems in training, and development of men for executive positions.

EFFECTS OF TAXATION: Inventory Accounting and Policies. By J. Keith Butters. Cambridge, Mass.: Division of Research, Harvard Business School. 330 pp. $3.75. A professor of business administration weighs the effect of federal taxation on business, particularly its influence on inventory accounting procedures.

FEDERAL RESERVE POLICY-MAKING. By George L. Bach. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 304 pp. $3. Describes how monetary policy is made in this country, traces the history and describes the basic structure of the Federal Reserve System as it now exists.

FEDERAL TAX REFORM. By Henry C. Simons. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 184 pp. $3.50. The late Henry C. Simons was a vigorous spokesman for orthodox governmental fiscal procedures. This book reviews his criticisms of our complex tax system and his recommendations for a persuasive, practical program of reform.

MONETARY MANAGEMENT. By E. Sherman Adams. New York: Ronald Press. 127 pp. $2.50. Examines the regulation of credit under present-day conditions. Points out obsolete and fallacious theories, and prescribes ways to improve and strengthen monetary management.

MONEYWISE: The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Everyday Finance. By Mary Berkeley Finke and Helen Knox. New York: Putnam's Sons. 298 pp. $3.50. Banking and finance for women. Clarifies such money matters as budgets, bills, records, insurance, mortgages, savings, etc. This is a book many businessmen have been waiting for, as it promises to restore balanced checkbooks and financial tranquility in the home.

PREPARATION AND CERTIFICATION OF FINANCIAL STATEMENTS. By B. Bernard Greidinger. New York: Ronald Press. 408 pp. $6. Here's one for the accountants—both students and practitioners. Discusses basic principles and practices applicable to items in the balance sheet and profit-and-loss statement. Demonstrates what and what not to do.

TAXABLE AND BUSINESS INCOME. By Dan Throop Smith and J. Keith Butters. New York: National Bureau of Economic Research. 368 pp. $4. A statistical analysis of the concepts of book profit and taxable income as commonly used by management and reported to stockholders.

URBAN MORTGAGE LENDING BY LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES. By R. J. Sauinier. New York: National Bureau of Economic Research. 180 pp. $2.50. A statistical approach to urban mortgage lending activities. Emphasizes the functions of the life insurance company as an investor in this field, how different companies are organized for such credit activities. and the legal framework within which they operate.

YOUR 1951 INCOME TAX. By J. K. Lasser. New York: Simon & Schuster. 175 pp. $1. The more complicated our personal income tax laws become, the more copies of his annual tax guide does Mr. Lasser sell. This edition will help save money, time and tempers.

Self-Improvement

COMMITTEES AND CONFERENCES: How to Lead Them. By William E. Utterback. New York: Rinehart & Co. 248 pp. $3.25. Principles applicable to all meetings involving group thinking. How to prepare for and participate in discussions, how to set up and run a business conference, a community round table, and a radio forum.

CREATIVE POWER THROUGH DISCUSSION. By Thomas Fansler. New York: Harper & Bros. 211 pp. $3. How to be a more effective member of a discussion group. Outlines rules of behavior and mental attitudes, the ideal con-

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ference pattern, and duties of the group leader.

DYNAMIC PUBLIC SPEAKING. By George M. Glasgow. New York: Harper & Bros. 313 pp. $2.50. Basic principles of public speaking, with stress on audience analysis and audience adaptation, speeches for special occasions, radio speaking, and group discussions.

GETTING ALONG WITH PEOPLE IN BUSINESS. By Everett B. Wilson and Sylvia B. Wright. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 274 pp. $3. How to gain personal satisfaction from your work, enjoy better relationships, and get ahead faster in your job.

HOW TO BE A SUCCESSFUL SPEAKER. By Harold P. Zelko. New London, Conn. National Foreman's Institute. 160 pp. $2.50. What do you want to say? How should you say it? Mr. Zelko explains, point by point, the rules of effective talking.

HOW TO DEVELOP YOUR THINKING ABILITY. By Kenneth S. Keyes, Jr. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. 246 pp. $3.50. Six tools which will help you to form intelligent opinions and to make sound decisions. Illustrated by cartoons.

HOW TO GET AND HOLD THE JOB YOU WANT. By Ruth Hooper Larison. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 264 pp. $2.95. An official book of the Job-Finding Forum of the Advertising Club of New York, which has counseled thousands of people to get the jobs for which ability, temperament, and experience have fitted them.

HOW TO ORGANIZE AND OPERATE A SMALL BUSINESS. By Pearce Kelley and Kenneth Lawyer. New York: Prentice-Hall. 803 pp. $6.65. The prospective small businessman would profit by spending a few hours with this book. It contains the essence of what he should know before starting out for himself.

HOW TO PICK LEADERS. By G. L. Freeman and E. K. Taylor. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. 228 pp. $3.50. Basic qualities and behavior attitudes in the leadership pattern as determined by psychological tests. These principles were applied to officer candidates during the last war and are here related to the field of business leadership.

HOW TO WRITE AN EFFECTIVE SPEECH. By Edward J. Hegarty. New York. McGraw-Hill Co. 300 pp. $3. A sales executive of Westinghouse reveals simple rules and procedures which will help any businessman who wishes to express himself clearly.

MAKE MINE SUCCESS. By Beatrice Vincent. New York: Doubleday & Co. 183 pp. $2.45. How to be happy as well as successful is the theme of this inspirational guide for the career woman. Lists factors that will help speed up advancement.

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MEN AT WORK. By Richard Thruelsen. New York: Harper & Bros. 231 pp. $2.75. A vocational guidance work based upon the personal stories of sixteen people engaged in a wide variety of interesting jobs and professions.

THE RIGHT CAREER FOR YOU. By Eugene J. Benge. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 150 pp. $5. A career consultant subjects you to tests, catalogues your traits, measures your executive ability, and offers lines of procedure to speed up personal achievement.

SPEAK WITH EASE. By Russell Conwell Ross. New York: D. Van Nostrand Co. 118 pp. $2. How to plan, write, and deliver a speech; how to develop poise and confidence; how to hold interest; etc.

START YOUR OWN BUSINESS ON LESS THAN $1000. By Lansing M. Paine and Polly Webster. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. 302 pp. $3.95. What the small businessman should know to get started and keep going. Gives one hundred ideas and plans for small enterprises.

STURGIS CODE OF PARLIAMENTARY PROCEDURE. By Alice F. Sturgis. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. 362 pp. $2.50. A reference book of parliamentary procedure that conforms to current practice and covers rules of order for many kinds of meetings.

THE TECHNIQUE OF EXECUTIVE LEADERSHIP. By James F. Bender. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. 291 pp. $3. Ten steps for developing and maintaining executive leadership.

WORD POWER. By John G. Gilmartin. New York: Prentice-Hall. 213 pp. $2. The fundamentals of our language via word games, quizzes and achievement tests.

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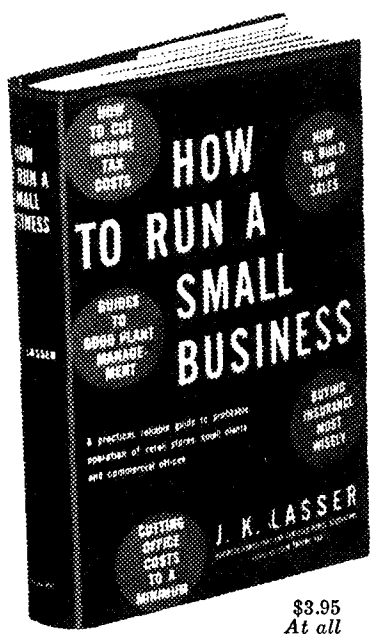

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CASE HISTORIES OF SUCCESSFUL MARKETING. By Hector Lazo. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 384 pp. $4.75. Fifty-five case histories of production and marketing problems which have been faced by business in the past decade, and how those problems were solved.

EFFECTIVE MANAGEMENT THROUGH PROBABILITY CONTROLS. By Robert Kirk Mueller. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 310 pp. $5. Advises management how statistics can be used to calculate managerial risks, as well as to predict and analyze groups of events in a business.

HANDBOOK FOR PENSION PLANNING. Washington: The Bureau of National Affairs. 373 pp. $5. Seven experts advise on such matters as bargaining on pensions, designing, qualifying and financing pension plans, how benefits are taxed, and selling the pension plan to employees.

THE HANDBOOK OF ADVANCED TIME-MOTION STUDY. By L. Arthur Sylvester. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 273 pp. $5. Considers human work in a three dimensional concept—the product of mechanical work, physical conditions, and the human element. Describes the interrelation of these concepts in time-motion study and their bearing upon efficient production and management-labor harmony.

HANDBOOK OF WAGE AND SALARY ADMINISTRATION. Edited by M. Joseph Dooher and Vivienne Marquis. New York: American Management Association. 416 pp. $7.50. A timely guide to principles and techniques of wage and salary administration, emphasizing company expenses with major types of job evaluation and wage plans.

HOW TO PLAN PENSIONS: A Guidebook for Business and Industry. By Carroll Boyce. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. 478 pp. $5. What pensions are, principal cost factors involved, and what a businessman must know to meet administrative and other problems.

HOW TO RUN A SMALL BUSINESS. By J. K. Lasser. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. 400 pp. $3.95. Mr. Lasser. noted tax expert and accountant, provides facts the small businessman can apply to make his business run more smoothly and profitably. Appraises typical problems a small businessman meets in his everyday activities.

HOW TO USE MARKET RESEARCH FOR PROFIT. By Willard M. Fox. New York: Prentice-Hall. 362 pp. $5. Facts to use in planning production, purchasing, and budgeting. Mr. Fox ties market research into these activities and shows where and how to cut costs and increase sales.

INDIVIDUAL INITIATIVE IN BUSINESS. Edited by George H. Allen. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 255 pp. $3.50. A guide to present-day thinking on management problems and the executive's responsibilities in our system of free, competitive enterprise. Reviewed in this issue.

AN INTRODUCTION TO BUSINESS PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICES. By John R. Graf. New York: Harper & Bros. 578 pp. $4.50. A survey of business corporations, their organization, operations, and practices.

LEGAL ASPECTS OF BUSINESS. By Harold F. Lusk. Chicago: Richard D. Irwin. 815 pp. $6. The objective here is to give businessmen an understanding of some of the basic principles of law which affect most directly the transaction of business.

MARKETING RESEARCH PRACTICE. Edited by Donald M. Hobart. New York: Ronald Press. 471 pp. $5 Based upon marketing research activities of the Curtis Publishing Company, this compendium describes research organization, functions, techniques, and results. Evaluates research methods in other businesses.

OFFICE METHODS, SYSTEMS, AND PROCEDURES. By Irvin A. Herrmann. New York: Ronald Press. 500 pp. $7. How to analyze office methods and put into practice economical systems and procedures. Includes a systematic office method-improvement program, based on well established principles of work simplification, standardization, and economy. Illustrated.

PRACTICAL REPORT WRITING. By Selby S. Santmyers. Scranton, Pa.: International Textbook Co. 118 pp. $2.75. How to write effective business reports. Covers the background needed by the writer, gathering, organizing, and planning of material, etc.

STREAMLINING BUSINESS PROCEDURES. By Richard F. Neuschel. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. 300 pp. $3.50. A top-management approach to improved operating routines and methods in business management.

THEORY IN MARKETING. Edited by Reavis Cox and Wroe Alderson. Chicago: Richard D. Irwin. 340 pp. $5. Twenty specialists in marketing theory and practice discuss the nature, purposes, and organization of marketing in today's economy.

Government and Business

AUTHORITARIANISM AND THE INDIVIDUAL. By Harold W. Metz and Charles A. H. Thomson. Washington: The Brookings Institution. 369 pp. $3.50. The object of this book is to state the price of totalitarianism in terms of human liberty. It demonstrates the ways in which authoritarian societies, medieval and modern, voluntary and involuntary, have dealt with problems of freedom.

BUREAUCRACY IN A DEMOCRACY. By Charles S. Hyneman. New York: Harper & Bros. 585 pp. $6. Mr. Hyneman weighs the role of bureaucracy in our democratic structure, particularly service and control agencies within government offices.

GOVERNMENT AND BUSINESS. By Vernon A. Mund. New York: Harper & Bros. 643 pp. $4.75. An economics professor at the University of Washington examines ways in which business and economic life have been shaped and directed by the government.

NATIONAL TRANSPORTATION POLICY. By Charles L. Dearing and Wilfred Owen. Washington: The Brookings Institution. 459 pp. $4. An analysis of the American transportation system, with special attention upon government policies that have failed to keep pace with changing conditions. Outlines a program of reorganization essential to national security.

SOCIAL ASPECTS OF ENTERPRISE IN THE LARGE CORPORATION. By George Hurff. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. 137 pp. $2. A challenging appraisal of the place and character of big business. Investigates ownership, social functions of enterprise, human relations, concentration of power, and the position and role of directors.

THE STRUCTURE OF AMERICAN INDUSTRY. Edited by Walter Adams. New York: The Macmillan Co. 588 pp. $4.50. A technical case study of the forms of market structure and types of market behavior in thirteen leading industries. Compares the organization and development of the industries, price, labor, and public policies.

TAXES AND ECONOMIC INCENTIVE. By Lewis H. Kimmel. Washington: The Brookings Institution. 213 pp. $2.50. Do income taxes interfere with capital expansion? How significant is the impact of taxes on investment decisions? Have income and sales taxes affected the efforts and attitudes of workers? Mr. Kimmel provides the facts which any answers to these questions must note.

THE WELFARE STATE AND THE STATE OF HUMAN WELFARE. By the Committee on Economic Policy of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States. Washington: Chamber of Commerce of the United States. 60 pp. Paper-bound. 50c. Should the American people endorse or reject the Welfare State? This lucid report weighs the pro and con arguments, and examines the nature of the choices before us.

Miscellaneous

AIRLINE COMPETITION. By Frederick W. Gill and Gilbert L. Bates. Cambridge, Mass.: Division of Research, Harvard Business School. 704 pp. $5.75. The effects of competition on airline service and the self-sufficiency of the United States domestic airlines. Traces the growth of airline competition and weighs its effects on the quality of service travelers have received and prices they have had to pay.

AIR TRANSPORTATION. Traffic and Management. By Thomas Wolfe. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. 711 pp. $8. An illustrated survey of current problems and practices in air transportation and traffic management. Highlights economics, revenue sales, merchandising practices and procedures, and public relations.

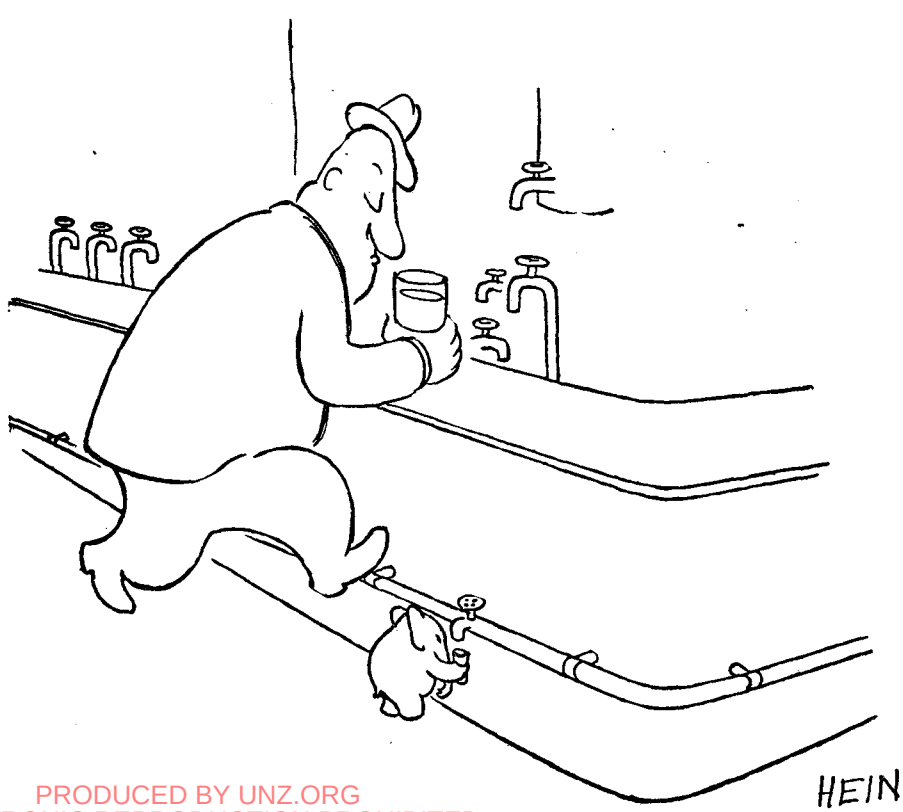
THE AMERICAN CENTURY. By Ralph E. Flanders. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 101 pp. $2.50. The distinguished senator and industrial engineer from Vermont appraises the problems and responsibilities facing us today. He points out pitfalls in our current policy of compromising essential freedom for the sake of material advantage. Reviewed in SRL, *Dec. 9, 1950*.

THE BUSINESSMAN'S BOOK OF QUOTATIONS. By Ralph L. Woods. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. 300 pp. $3.50. A valuable reference of more than 1500 choice quotations by outstanding legislators, statesmen, and heads of business and industry.

THE COST AND FINANCING OF SOCIAL SECURITY. By Lewis Meriam, Karl T. Schlotterbeck, and Mildred Maroney. Washington: The Brookings Institution. 193 pp. $3. It is widely and erroneously believed, the authors contend, "that the social security taxes now being paid furnish the resources from which future benefits will be paid." They focus attention on this hotly-debated subject, examine the costs involved, and examine whether a safer and better system could readily be devised.

DESIGN THIS DAY: The Technique of Order in the Machine Age. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 285 pp. $6. A pioneer in the field of industrial design examines the forms, functions, and contributions of his profession. Revised edition.

ENGINEERING REPORTS. By Lisle A. Rose, Burney B. Bennett, and Elmer F. Heater. New



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York: Harper & Bros. 341 pp. $3. Information on the preparation of both written and oral engineering reports, including the preparation of accompanying illustrations.

A GUIDE TO PROFITABLE INVESTMENT. By Harold B. Gruver. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 178 pp. $2. Twelve basic steps for buying and selling stocks, pointing out common pitfalls and hazards which beset the investors. Analyzes business cycles, weaknesses inherent in the barometers used to forecast trends, the fallacy of profits in trading, and rights of stockholders.

HANDBOOK OF PATENTS. By Harry A. Toulmin, Jr. New York: D. Van Nostrand & Co. 798 pp. $8. A comprehensive reference for executives who frequently must deal with inventions and patents. Lists the steps to take from investigating the novelty of an idea through preparing and obtaining a patent application, and thereafter protecting it in the courts.

HIGHWAYS IN OUR NATIONAL LIFE: A Symposium. Edited by Jean Labatut and Wheaton J. Lane. Princeton, N. J.: Princeton University Press. 506 pp. $7.50. Leading authorities on highways—architects, engineers, economists, sociologists—describe the influence of modern roads on our social and economic pattern. They survey problems of finance, design, construction, illumination, safety and control, and the impact of highways and transportation on the structure and growth of cities.

HOW TO WIN AN ARGUMENT WITH A COMMUNIST. By Ray W. Sherman. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 251 pp. $2.50. It's easy to lose an argument with a Communist. Mr. Sherman provides the facts that a businessman should have to overcome the diatribes of his glib opponent.

ANNUAL OF PREVENTIVE LAW. By Louis M. Brown. New York: Prentice-Hall. 346 pp. $5. How to prevent legal difficulties in the handling of everyday business problems. Describes what a businessman's rights are in business deals, what legal remedies he has in case of default, and how to protect his interests at all times.

PRINTING TYPES AND HOW TO USE THEM. By Stanley Hlasta. New Brunswick, N. J.: Rutgers University Press. 304 pp. $7.50. Defines type faces most commonly used today. A brief history of the origin and development of each face is included, along with a description of its distinguishing characteristics.

STRATEGY IN POKER, BUSINESS AND WAR. By John McDonald. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 128 pp. $2.50. By studying the behavior of men around a poker table, Mr. McDonald, an editor of *Fortune* magazine, has devised a new and controversial theory of strategy which, he contends, holds the key to poker, business, war, and human affairs in general. There already are as many arguments over this book as there usually are over "Who didn't ante?" Illustrated by cartoons.

SUCCESSFUL INVESTMENT SALESMANSHIP. Boston: Barron's Publishing Company. 228 pp. $3. A series of eighteen practical talks given by top sales executives. Sponsored by the Boston Investment Club and Boston University.

SUFFOLK'S GUIDE TO THE MAILS. By Roy L. Pepperburg. Greenlawn, N. Y.: Suffolk Publications. $1.50. How to mail all kinds of business correspondence. Removes the mystery surrounding the maze of postal rules and regulations. Reveals the businessman's rights, how he can get fast delivery, better service and low costs.

TYPE FACES AND HOW TO USE THEM. By Stanley C. Hlasta. New Brunswick, N. J.: Rutgers University Press. 300 pp. $5. An informative guide for the student of printing, the designer, advertiser, and artist. Alphabets of principal types are reproduced. Includes a history of typography, and suggestions for the combinations of types.

U.S. INDUSTRIAL DESIGN 1949-1950. Edited by the Society of Industrial Designers. New York: Studio Publications. 186 pp. $10. The editors of the Society of Industrial Designers describe the functions, techniques, and contributions of their profession. Illustrated.

WORLD GEOGRAPHY OF PETROLEUM. Edited by Wallace Pratt and Dorothy Good. Princeton, N. J.: Princeton University Press. 450 pp. $7.50. Twenty petroleum geologists weigh general problems of making petroleum accessible and achieving a functional organization of the petroleum industry. Includes a statistical survey of petroleum consumption in different regions. Illustrated. Reviewed in this issue.

YOUR MORTGAGE. By Frederick H. Allen. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 96 pp. $2. Basic things a prospective home owner should know—exactly what a mortgage loan will cost, how to avoid pitfalls and future trouble, how to save money. —ROBERT COUSINS.

Central Fission

ECONOMIC ASPECTS OF ATOMIC POWER. An Exploratory Study prepared under the direction of Sam H. Schurr and Jacob Maraschak. Princeton, N. J.: Princeton University Press. 289 *pp.* $6.

By WILLSON WHITMAN

IF YOU live in a city such as Boston or New York, with a dense population and a cold winter climate, you may look forward to an apartment warmed by a citywide system of atomic heat—if the city is not first flattened and fused by an atomic bomb. This is a promise in one of the few hopeful publications on atomic energy, even though it begins with the admission that five years after Hiroshima "useful atomic power has not yet been produced, except, perhaps, as a by-product of the operation of research reactors, nor has a commercial atomic power plant been designed."

The limits of the book exclude the economic effects of atomic bombs and also any world-shaking use of atomic explosions to level mountains or melt the arctic ice-cap. Prepared by the Cowles Commission of the University of Chicago the study was initiated by the Committee of Atomic Energy of the Social Science Research Council—the committee which once made a little study revealing that even a year after the A-bomb was dropped some two million Americans had never heard of it. The present discussion is of the *controlled* use of atomic energy, its chief engineering problem being literally control or containment by the massive shields required to surround nuclear reactors. This problem is restated in substantially the terms in which David Lilienthal explained it to me back in 1947, so that little progress can be reported since that date.

Nevertheless, the authors, qualified industrial technicians, assume with all atomic scientists that the engineering problems can be solved. They find plenty of problems in the economic field.

For instance, you cannot compare power costs without examining the changing status of coal, gas, oil, in terms of diminishing resources and—in the case of coal—rising labor costs. Also, what of new processes such as the conversion of coal to gas at the mine? In the old controversy over TVA, arguments about the future of hydroelectricity were as complex as tentative assumptions about nuclear power today. Some of the new calculations seem relatively simple because they deal with a weightless, practically costless, and self-perpetuating fuel,

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The Law of Labor Relations

BENJAMIN WERNE

The first clear guide to the law and *the decisions* on your specific problems.

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- what the latest decisions are on frequently debated issues.
- And it supplies an invaluable index to the authorities on all aspects of labor law, with quotations from precedent-making court decisions and labor board rulings. $5.75

READY IN FEBRUARY ●

Economic Resources and Policies of the South

CALVIN B. HOOVER & B. U. RATCHFORD

Based on extensive research done for the National Planning Association's Committee of the South, this book provides an unparalleled source of information for anyone who does business in or with the South, for government officials, journalists, researchers, and all others interested in regional economic policies and planning.

Here is a wealth of telling data on natural resources, banking, public finance, labor, per capita income, population trends, industry, farming, foreign trade and every other factor affecting the South's economy, together with enlightening analyses of current and alternative policies on such matters as industrial development, development of natural resources, and government control of cotton and tobacco.

MACMILLAN

with the principal costs in plant installations.

Learning from TVA the authors take into account that increased use of power decreases cost. Their basic consideration is the usefulness of atomic power in places where coal or water power is lacking, or in processes where power requirements are high.

The study's separate examination of each industry involves more war limitations—so far, research has sought nuclear energy for powering warships rather than for heating houses. It is only as a "by-product of the operation of research reactors" that the experimental nuclear reactor at Harwell, in England, is used to warm buildings there. But readers interested in peacetime living will be happy to learn how many of the industries likely to be affected by nuclear power development have to do with housing. Steel, aluminum, flat glass, brick, and cement are building materials whose manufacture could use new power. Railroad transport is a factor in building costs. In all these fields the discussion is stimulating and important not only to engineers and investors but to workers and consumers.

If many of the figures given are mere projections, the analysis of industrial problems is thorough and imaginative. For example, the consideration of rail transport involves not only relative costs of propulsive power, but possible changes in the load factor imposed by power changes in other industries. How greatly will rail tonnage decrease as coal is supplanted by gas, hydroelectricity, or nuclear power? How will the relocation of industries encouraged by atomic energy affect transport?

Each industry poses its own questions: what, for instance, will be the effect of continuous casting of steel on power and transport needs? What new processes will be devised *because* new power is available—as the authors remark, "if necessity is the mother of invention, perhaps opportunity is the father"?

Naturally the emphasis is on industries in the United States. However, the authors are aware of the even greater promise of nuclear power in countries where other power resources are undeveloped or non-existent. Their final and perhaps most important chapter deals with industrialization in the "backward" countries as it may take advantage of atomic energy, chiefly under Government planning able to cut costs by relating power and transport needs in new installations.

Willson Whitman is the author of "God's Valley," an early study of the Tennessee Valley Authority, and "David Lilienthal," a biography.

Some Golden Geese for Girls

EVERY WOMAN'S GUIDE TO SPARE-TIME INCOME. By Maxwell Lehman and Morton Yarmon. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 312 pp. $2.95.

HOW TO LAY A NEST EGG. By Edgar Scott. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Co. 65 pp. $1.50.

By Isabelle Stevenson

ARE YOU drifting? Gather some timber and make driftwood lamps instead. Don't be crafty, but learn to use your craft; weave no tales of woe, but fabricate handwoven articles. If you want to augment your personal or family income and keep out of mischief, take a look at the recipes in these two new books.

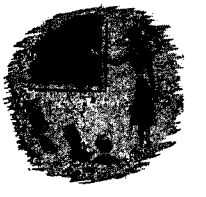
"Every Woman's Guide to Spare-Time Income" is a compendium of data about job fields that can be lucrative as well as soul-satisfying: what is involved in each job, what you can expect to earn, and how to get started are explicitly detailed. Whether you live in the country, suburbs, or city, whether you are a shut-in or an energetic chairwoman in charge of the garden hundreds of opportunities to start or increase a spare-time income are available. Scores of tips and time-saving advice are given by Messrs. Lehman and Yarmon to warn against those jobs which are not practical. If you can't draw a straight line with a ruler and even if you sew buttons on backwards, do not despair. "Every Woman's Guide" does not despair of you and will tell you where you can learn an art or trade that will help fill the cookie jar, and how to go about it.

Government agencies, private agencies, and associations are listed. Services that mother and housewife have contributed gratis to the family for years can be made to pay off when properly marketed and channeled. Of the many books on the subject this one is worth its weight in needles.

When you've accumulated enough cash from your spare-time occupation "How to Lay a Nest Egg" will tell you what to do with it. A girl's best friend are her negotiables. Edgar Scott has done a helpful job and a thoroughly delightful one, carefully explaining everything from the proper way to show pennies left over from the super-market how to roll safely into the stock market, to the very important yet always mystifying (to a female) function of buying and selling that which you haven't got. The Securities and Exchange Commission (what it is, and how it will protect you) is nicely summed up in the chapter entitled When Should a Girl Call a Policeman. "There are cops on the beat all right, ladies," Mr. Scott says. "Wall Street is just as well patrolled today as the corner of Main and Elm in your own home town."

There is an excellent chapter on will and estate planning, as well as how and where you should go to become an investress and why some stocks are called preferred and others common. Richard Decker's cartoons enliven the financial matters.

I see a great future for Mr. Scott's book, not only because it will make you understand the best ways of making money work for you, but because it offers innumerable ways to make small talk big at cocktail parties. Imagine being able to open a conversation with "Did you know that women are beneficaries to 80 per cent of the $147,000,000,000 of life insurance in force, and that they really control 47 per cent of all the stock of our railroads?" (Instead of "Have you read any good books lately?") Lots of other enlightening facts and figures on the earning power of women are given by Mr. Scott. As Mary Roebling says, "To be a capitalist is a great privilege." I too am all for it, and for nice, warm, cozy, ever-growing nest eggs that yield bigger and firmer eggs.



Isabelle Stevenson is editor of "Golden Treasury of Needlecraft" and co-editor of "The Complete Book of Interior Decorating."

—From the jacket of "How to Lay a Nest Egg."

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Calculus Versus Catastrophe

—*Justus in* The Minneapolis Star.

"The Race."

THE ECONOMICS OF FREEDOM: The Progress and Future of Aid to Europe. By Howard S. Ellis. New York: Harper & Bros. 549 *pp.* $5.

By VIRGIL JORDAN

THIS admirable cooperative product of Dr. Ellis and the staff of the Council of Foreign Relations's Aid to Europe group serves a much more useful and important purpose than as a careful, competent analysis and exposition of the problems, progress, and prospects of the European Recovery Program. Whoever may have the time, detachment, and adequate A-bomb shelter to ponder its implications in whatever time may be left before General Eisenhower undertakes his second liberation of Europe will find this book an indispensable and overdue aid to understanding the sources of the disaster into which this country and the world were blindly driven or stupidly seduced by American foreign and domestic policy during the past two decades.

Before the book was off the press the Red God had brushed from the academic and business abacus most of its meticulous calculus of the accomplishments and hopes of the ERP by abruptly converting the Marshall Plan into the martial plan for which only three years ago it was marketed as the much less expensive alternative. But Dr. Ellis and his associates have here set forth with clarity and fine craftsmanship a comprehensive though unconscious conspectus of the academic and bureaucratic ideology, formulae, phraseology, fantasies, falsehoods, thought-patterns, propaganda aspirations, ideals, delusions, errors and illusions that underlay the history of this dismal decade of domestic and international catastrophe which has ended in World War III, and which may mean the imminent economic exhaustion and ultimate political extinction of the United States, with the last best hope of civil liberty and individual freedom anywhere.

In these plainly written, well-organized pages are exhibited most of the gallery of ideas, dogmas, doctrines, and intellectual devices of prevarication and self-deception through which during this decade and the one before freedom has been progressively garroted and destroyed at home and abroad for the purpose and in the process of extending or exporting it to Europe and the world.

Among the more familiar figures from the political folklore, economic mythology, and social semantics of these two decades which move comfortably through the ordered argument and arithmetic of the chapters are these: the old dogma of Marxian dialectical materialism which makes European, like American, political freedom a product of economic prosperity and "social security"; the superstition of efficient and omniscient government operation by mystical statistical abstractions and imaginary arithmetical models, such as "gross national product" and "national income"; the fantasy of state capacity and responsibility for "full employment," universal and perpetual prosperity, and "social security" by continuous manufacture and distribution of "purchasing power" without inflation (or only a very little one); and the legend of the "dollar gap" as the great original sin or crime of the American economy toward the world, rather than as an alibi for busted Socialist governments abroad.

This exposition has to do principally with the economic aspects of the paradoxical process of fostering freedom abroad by asphyxiating it at home with the laughing gas of unlimited inflation, though their inseparability from the political and military aspects is recognized. The ERP is considered candidly as a mechanism of compulsory capitalist collectivism for the containment of Communist collectivism, and few of the embarrassing issues involved in this military, economic, and political competition among the trademarked brands of absolute statism or total governmentalism are fudged in this book. In that respect the Marshall Plan was a wholly impartial plan from the first, even as regards Soviet Russia; and the authors do not even

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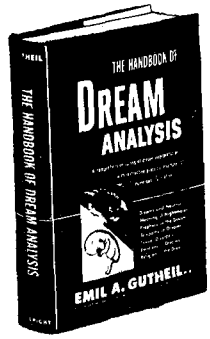


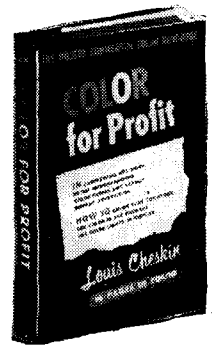
THE HANDBOOK OF DREAM ANALYSIS

By EMIL A. GUTHEIL, M.D.
Editor of
The American Journal of Psychotherapy
Director of Education,
Institute for Research in Psychotherapy

Discusses thoroughly the meaning of nightmares, dreams and neurosis, prophecy in dreams, sexual disorders, telepathy, and emotions and religion in the dream, and shows, by means of numerous case histories, how the dream can be used to tell us about the human mind and its problems.

Another feature of The Handbook is the many graphic illustrations depicting the tools of dream interpretation. Summaries at end of chapters, glossary and extensive bibliography are invaluable.

710 pages. 85 Illus. $5.95



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By LOUIS CHESKIN
Technical Director
Color Research Institute of America

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appear to suspect at any point that Russia opposed it so vocally because that was the best way of insuring its adoption—and because as a means of inducing an endless hemorrhage of American economic power, promoting unappeasable European and Asiatic hostility toward the United States, and providing an abundant depot of supplies, armament, and industrial equipment f.o.b. on the Continent for future Soviet use, it could not have been better made to order in Moscow.

"The Economics of Freedom" is the most impressive and persuasive exegesis of the Marshall Plan chapter of the Marxian-Keynes theology that has so far appeared. To anyone who already believes in the gospel of salvation, security, and liberty by government spending through compulsory collective philanthropy or investment at home or abroad this book will be a kind of concordance to the scriptures from which Mr. Truman draws his inspiration and guidance.

For the skeptic—and even the authors doubt that the American taxpayer and bond-buyer, or his political mentors, will be standing for more Marshallism after November 1952 and hope that the lines and scenery of the play will by then be shifted to "Point Four"—there is little nourishment in this book. It throws no light on the deep mystery of that unprecedented phenomenon of social psychopathology which has emerged during this decade —the profound national masochism of America, the irrepressible and unparalleled neurosis compulsion of an entire nation, the most powerful in the world, toward self-immolation, sacrifice, and suffering, even to the prospective point of exhaustion and suicide, of which the Marshall Plan is one manifestation.

Nor does this impeccable treatise touch remotely anywhere with its infinitely long pole of sweetly reasonable logic and its unanswerable arithmetic the grim human realities beneath this immense international manifestation of "organized charity, strained and well-iced, in the name of a cautious, statistical Christ." For these—and much more about the outcome of a generation of American crusade to bring freedom and welfare to Europe and the world that is not to be read even between the lines of this book—some such searing insight as you find in Gheorghiu's "Twenty-fifth Hour" would provide a good appendix.

Virgil Jordan, who has been president and chancellor of the National Industrial Conference Board, is author of "Manifesto for the Atomic Age" and "The Agricultural Problem in the United States."

When Executives Get Together

INDIVIDUAL INITIATIVE IN BUSINESS. Edited by George Howard Allen. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 255 *pp.* $3.50.

By Henry C. Link

WHAT Edna St. Vincent Millay's "Conversations at Midnight" is to literature generally "Individual Initiative" may well prove to be to the literature of business. One reflects the spiritual bankruptcy and confusion of a civilization, the other that of the business segment of this civilization. However, whereas Miss Millay's "Conversations" are the perfect picture of darkness and despair, these talks contain at least flashes of light and fighting spirit. This is the first time that the subject of individual initiative in business has received such comprehensive treatment.

In this book thirty-seven well-known executives from various fields of industry, business, labor, education, and government speak their minds. Nine deliver major texts, and twenty-eight participate in give-and-take discussions of five major areas of initiative. The occasion was the twentieth in the series of all-day business conferences conducted each year by the Harvard Business School Association. The material is edited by George Howard Allen, who says:

> Most of us these days are searching for a clear statement or restatement of the elements that have created our way of life. Introspection of this kind has been particularly prevalent in business the past few years, impelled, I am sure, by the threat of strange ideologies from the outside and by the popular nostrum of universal security misleading us from within. There can be no security, of course, without initiative and without productivity.

In probably the most scholarly address in the book Secretary of Commerce Charles Sawyer says: "We have the most effective economic system the world has ever seen. The system cannot be basically wrong. . . . I am certain that it is timely for us to reappraise the great economic values we have and make sure that we are doing those things which will encourage and protect those great values." He proceeds to make an appraisal in the area of competition, since free competition is the climate essential to initiative. Who is the culprit in this situation? "Can it be taxes? Can it be equity capital problems? Can it be inadequate skill of management?" Specifically, he proposes a complete review of the present laws concerning competition.

This address alone would make the book worthwhile, and there are many other able contributions. It is when one considers the talks and discussions in their entirety that their spiritual lack becomes apparent. Like the characters in the Millay poem each speaker seems to make sense, but taken together they present a picture of confusion.

All agreed that individual initiative was important. Some claimed that it was the mainspring of the industrial system. Some described it in terms of the Henry Ford story, others in terms of leadership in creating cooperation. Some claimed that the growth of large organizations tended to stifle initiative. A union speaker maintained that the unions now gave workers the opportunities for initiative which companies denied them. As a result workers became "teachers, preachers, ambassadors of good and bad will, organizers, and all kinds of things." Much of the discussion was devoted to devices by which management could stimulate the initiative of their workers. Suggestion systems, "instrument panels," information plans, lectures in economics were recommended. Charles R. Hook talked about the spiritual and ethical aspects of management. J. S. Tomajan recommended "putting righteousness first."

Strange as it may seem, the fundamental contradiction between the efforts of business to provide security for their workers and their efforts to encourage initiative was almost completely ignored.

It is to be expected that a group of speakers will differ in their views and emphasis, even though they are basically in agreement. Here no such basic agreement was apparent — at least not in regard to the foundations of individual initiative. In part this may have been due to the failure to define more adequately the subject of the conference. In larger measure, however, it seemed to stem from thinking of the participants them-

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selves. As Willard F. Rockwell of Standard Steel Springs expressed it: "Many of our businessmen apparently have felt that they are not qualified to enter into political discussions and that the denial of economic falsehoods is beneath their dignity."

Certainly, this could not be said of Mr. Rockwell who made probably the most eloquent and profound statement of the session. He went right to the sources of American liberty and the basic doctrines on which individual initiative rests. His logic was: free enterprise is the foundation of individual initiative; the Constitution is the foundation of free enterprise; the Christian-Hebraic system of ethics or morals is the foundation of our Constitution. He concludes:

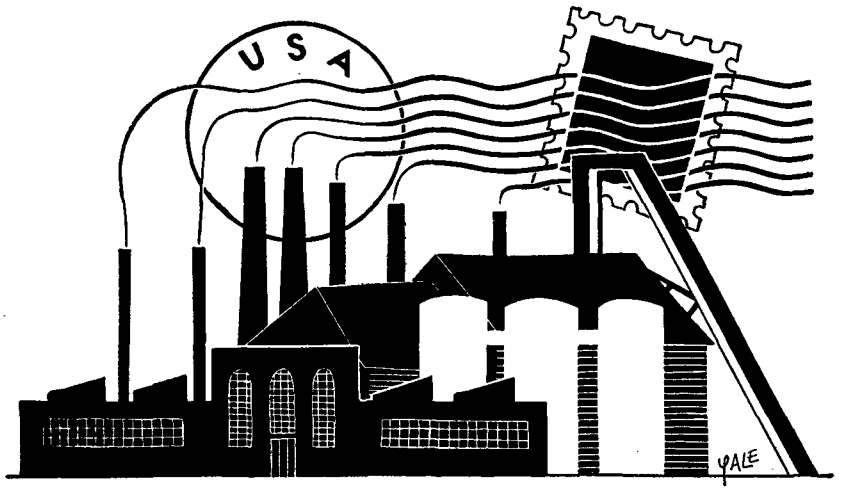
> If our religious teachers will concentrate on instilling the proper moral atmosphere, and if our educators will point out the lessons of history, we may expect a return to the great statesmanship which originally established our Constitution and our Bill of Rights.

The panel conducted by L. R. Boulware and participated in by Mr. Rockwell, Deane W. Mallott, W. Lee Smith, and T. H. Carroll came closest to dealing with the moral and political foundations of initiative.

It may be some comfort to note that the American business system is infinitely superior to the current attempts to explain its success. Business is anything but bankrupt. The inadequacies reside in the minds of its apologists and in the minds of the millions who, in the absence of the truth, have acquired false notions about business and initiative. Business, like the nation at large, is still thriving on the moral momentum of its past. But if the conditions of this momentum are not isolated and if the moral principles on which it runs are not cleared failure is inevitable.

This symposium may be a fumbling but nevertheless an encouraging attempt to dig out and to expose the foundations of individual initiative. What is really needed, however, is a scholar who will do for business what Professor Ralph Barton Perry did for Puritanism in his great book "Puritanism and Democracy"—or, better still, several men of such intellectual attainment. If ever America needed first-rate philosophers it needs them now—and above all in the area of the foundations of freedom and initiative.

Henry C. Link is president of the Psychological Corporation, which has been conducting nationwide polls since 1932. His books include "The Rediscovery of Man" and "The Return to Religion."



Bending the Business Twig

THE GROWTH AND DEVELOPMENT OF EXECUTIVES. By Miles L. Mace. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Graduate School of Business Administration. 200 *pp.* $3.25.

By James F. Bender

THIS BOOK, by an associate professor of business administration at Harvard who has served as a consultant on executive training for several manufacturing and utility firms, is an able report on a year's investigation into what American business is and is not doing to promote executive development.

Young men fresh out of college, who weep because they think there are no new worlds to conquer, can take heart, according to Professor Mace. The old saw, "There's always room at the top" is just as true today as it was in their grandfather's time. He begins his book by pointing to the urgent need for executives and to the even greater need for planned executive development. Boards of directors, he believes, should take the responsibility for setting up programs of executive development.

Professor Mace admits there's a lot of executive training going on; but much of it, he says, is worthless. Too often those who buy a program of executive training from consultants buy merely a package. He says quite rightly that the same package can't serve all needs. He holds that the executive is a leader; that leadership can't be defined simply by listing a series of personality traits. Rather, you've got to study the job the leader must do and the many intricate relationships growing out of the job. Only then can you set up a worthwhile training program for the leader to succeed in his specific job. That is why bona fide executive trainers usually will not take on an assignment until they have studied specific needs. Job requirements must be known and personnel inventories made. Psychological test results may be of help. Personnel files must be studied.

Once facts are gathered and digested, then it is time to lay out a course. Perhaps it will be planned progression: "The purpose of planned progression is to assure that able men are given opportunities to gain sequential job knowledge." The assumption is that you will be a better top executive if you reach your final high position by logically planned steps rather than erratic jumps. To get an appreciation of your colleagues' responsibilities and to make you a more valuable leader you may be rotated from one executive position to another. The result is an over-all understanding and efficiency you could not otherwise have.

Throughout the book Professor Mace gives valuable case histories—most of them disguised for obvious reasons. He also quotes many executives. Thus the book is close to problems of executives as they see them.

Perhaps Professor Mace can be persuaded to write a popular version of his work. His sentences are long and often involved, and his vocabulary is not easy. Because it has so many valuable ideas in it the book should be read by all executives, but they are likely to be frightened away by the style in which it is written.

James F. Bender, director of the National Institute for Human Relations, is author of "The Technique of Executive Leadership" and other books.

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Toward Utopia

INDUSTRY'S UNFINISHED BUSINESS. By Sara E. Southall. New York: Harper & Bros. 173 pp. $2.50.

By PALMER HARMAN

THE MOST important question that can be asked about our economic system is not economic, but moral. Is the system making reasonable progress toward goals of justice and satisfactory living?

Sara E. Southall's absorbing little book is a record of progress in industrial relations, one of the most difficult, dangerous, and bitterly controversial problems of big-scale industrial enterprise. She writes not as an armchair reformer but out of her years of experience as chief personnel executive of the International Harvester Company. Her viewpoint therefore is that of management. Fowler McCormick, head of that concern, in a foreword pays warm tribute to her as one of the country's leading experts on race relations in industry.

It is with race relations, or the industrial employment of racial minorities (especially Negroes), that Miss Southall's book is mainly concerned. That she managed to make the right kind of enemies as a judicious friend of the underdog is indicated by an anonymous, vituperative letter which she received on retiring from the Harvester Company in 1948. It began:

> I read in Chicago papers of the farewell party given you by the niggers on South Parkway. It takes a nut from the South [Miss Southall is a Southerner] to make the biggest fool jackass of them all.

Why are company managers often reluctant to employ members of minority groups? Sometimes it is because of their own prejudices but more often because of the hatreds and fears of workers already employed. You can't overcome these primitive feelings by merely preaching interracial brotherhood.

There is one almost certain remedy for race prejudice among workers, Miss Southall learned: merely to set the white and Negro worker down at the same desk or bench and let them get acquainted. One white girl who had been violently antagonistic was surprised when she was reminded of her earlier attitude toward the dark girl. "Why," she exclaimed, "she's Mabel!"

As one reads this record of expanding racial tolerance the hints of what makes it tick become provocative. The springs of motive are not always of angelic purity. Some employers have

—*Moffett.*

Sara E. Southall—"the right kind of enemies."

taken on minority-group workers merely because they were pinched by a labor shortage. Some politicians have worked for Fair Labor Practices laws to corral minority-group votes. Unions have accepted minority-group members because they feared that unorganized competition would break the union wage-scale and take away union jobs.

Perhaps we have here a new instance of the "invisible hand" of selfish interest working for the common good. The process would make an interesting study for the sociologists and moral theorists, who should add some quantitative appraisals of what progress so motivated holds for the future. In a word, one would like to know whether improvement in racial relations is going far and fast enough to compensate for slow progress, or none at all, elsewhere. Better still, one would like to know whether the meliorative principle applies to those other great sore spots of our system, such as unequal incomes, insecure employment, and unstable prices. Perhaps—who knows?—we have here the basis for a whole, badly-needed new economics to oust stale "liberalism" and staler reaction.

Miss Southall's book is delightful for the simplicity and sincerity which she casts around the dry and difficult technicalities of her art. She gives management a cool, merciless pasting for its stupidities, not all of them in the distant past. She is impatient of compromise, holding that labor problems should be settled—not glossed over. Her book concludes with a sane, restrained vision of the future, in which the present conflict between worker and employer will be resolved in a real instead of a phony common interest. And she is not talking through her hat, for she got results at the Harvester Company.

Oil and Geologists

WORLD GEOGRAPHY OF PETROLEUM. Edited by Wallace E. Pratt and Dorothy Good. Princeton, N. J.: Princeton University Press. 464 pp. $7.50.

By E. DEGOLYER

THIS long-awaited volume consists of a series of essays intended to describe the geological occurrence of petroleum, the functional organization of the industry, the chief petroleum bearing regions, and various aspects of utilization. The appendix includes statistics of production and exports in 1938 and 1947 by regions, a select bibliography, a note on glossaries, and a table of conversion factors.

The heart of the book is part three —The World's Petroleum Regions— which consists of thirteen descriptive papers on specific regions and three more or less speculative papers regarding the prospects of broader areas. Outstanding among the descriptive papers are these: Venezuela, by Guillermo Zuloaga; The Middle East as a Whole, by George M. Lees; Saudi Arabia and Bahrein, by Max Steineke and M. P. Yakel; Europe West of the USSR, by Lyman C. Reed; Indonesia, British Borneo, and Burma, by I. Swemle; and, though of necessity somewhat a matter of surmise, one on the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, by Eugene Stebinger. The United States is treated descriptively in a paper entitled North America, by A. I. Levorsen.

The speculative papers consist of Petroleum in the Polar Areas and Petroleum on the Continental Shelves, both by the distinguished senior editor, Wallace E. Pratt; and The Major Areas of Discovered and Prospective Oil, by Mr. Stebinger. These papers, that on Petroleum in the Ground, by Mr. Stebinger, and a large part of Professor Levorsen's North America, added editorially from his presidential address before the Geological Society of America in 1947, express the dominant theme of the book. Generally the argument repeats the one set forth in Mr. Pratt's notable "Oil in the Earth," to the effect that by averages on a broad scale minable deposits of oil exist in volume proportional to areas of unmetamorphosed sedimentary rocks of marine origin throughout the earth.

This hypothesis was formulated some ten years ago by the geological staff of Standard Oil Company (New Jersey) and particularly by Messrs. Weeks, Stebinger, and Pratt. Presumably it is the basis for the propaganda of plenty which has marked the state-

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ments of company officers since that time. The estimates, originally stated in hundreds of millions of barrels, were cheerfully received by our grateful industry. No need to bother with problems of end-use, national security reserves, or any other factor that might limit expansion.

In my opinion this hypothesis is not tenable. Minable petroleum deposits seem to occur about as irregularly as do minable deposits of other minerals. Mr. Pratt notes in "Oil in the Earth" that "estimates place the oil-equivalent of the Athabaska Tar Sands at 100 to 250 billion barrels." This mammoth deposit of "literally oil-saturated sands" could therefore, under the accident of different geological conditions, represent as much as or more than his estimated ultimate production for all the fields of the United States. More to the point, however, for a hypothesis dependent for validity upon averaging the end results of the complex of processes involved in the origin of oil and its accumulation into minable deposits are figures recently reported by Weeks. He states that to January 1, 1950 there had been discovered an average of 32,000 barrels of oil per cubic mile of effective basin sediments in the United States. "Similar figures for various states or basin areas run from as little as 6,000 to 8,000 (Kentucky and Indiana) to as much as 200,000 (California)." For me these examples fit but illy with the hypothesis stated by Stebinger—"assuming, as we have, uniform and continuous operation of the petroleum-forming processes throughout the ages, the results as applied to two given areas of great size and varied type should be proportional to the square miles of area involved."

The chief disciple of this attractive speculation is Professor Levorsen of Stanford University. He has outorigined its proposers and, accepting it, has estimated elsewhere the potential petroleum reserves of the continental shelves of the earth at one thousand billion barrels. No estimates are given in the book under review. With the ingenuity of a metaphysician, however, he concludes that "any undiscovered oil or gas field at best exists only as an idea in the mind of the geologist." Impressed by the weight of the responsibility which this conclusion puts upon us he observes, "It is rather sobering to remember that the future of this great natural resource, upon which many national and continental policies are based . . . should rest in the mind and in the imagination of the geologist." Indeed it is!

E. DeGolyer, geologist and oil producer, is associate editor of the Journal of Economic Geology.

From Bacon to Birdseye

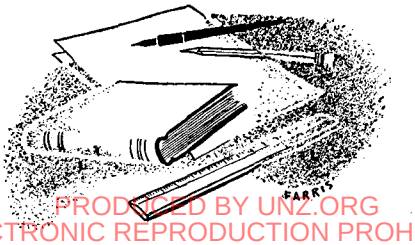
MAN THE MAKER: A History of Technology and Engineering. By R. J. Forbes. New York: Henry Schuman. 355 pp. $4.

By Paul H. Oehser

IN MANY ways the reading of this latest addition to Schuman's Life of Science Library is a sobering experience, mainly for the reason that none of us today can read a book quite as we did before Hiroshima. Not that we read more clearly, but I think we read more questioningly, so that a perfectly innocent account such as Dr. Forbes's "Man the Maker," a chronicle of man's material achievements in discovery and invention from the very dawn of history, becomes bespattered with ironic implications.

Set down here in well-ordered fashion and with skilful compression are the steps by which man has reached his present high position as a fabricator of *things*. It is, without any joking, a truly impressive position. Impressive indeed, I say, as I look out my office window and see traffic snarled for blocks and the streets exhaling blue exhaust. Things are in the saddle and ride mankind, said Emerson. If he could see the filling-station civilization that he missed by a hundred years! Impressive, too, the miraculous gadgetry of electricity involving discoveries that have altered every nook and crack of modern living. Ah, but if the Marquis Guglielmo Marconi, almost any evening between seven and nine o'clock, might observe me trying to get a decent program from my wireless!

Of course there is the plus side. There was Mr. Edison, for example. I believe he meant well, and he certainly fabricated some delightful apparatus. My parents got their first gramophone around 1909 by cashing trade coupons at the drygoods store at Cherry Creek, New York. (Is there anyone else, I wonder, who remembers that wonderful record "If You Can't Say Something Good, Don't Say Nothin' at All"?) And today our own record-player, when it can be kept in running order, occasionally contributes to our pleasurable experience. There are also two other fabrications that cannot, in any book, be dismissed lightly—the hard road, which goes back at least to the Romans, and mechanical refrigeration. I believe these two of technology's children may have actually added to human happiness, and anyone who grew up in rural America before about 1920 will know what I mean. Transporting oneself to town, by whatever vehicle, through a sea of Illinois, Missouri, Virginia (or what state have you?) mud was not conducive to the justification of the ways of God to man; and those brave attempts by our ancestors to preserve meats, keep milk and cream sweet, and make foods generally edible are pretty funny now—they weren't then. Dr. Forbes says that "the freezing of foods was well known to the ancients and had been advocated by Francis Bacon." It was a long time from Bacon to Birdseye.



Dr. Forbes writes well (he is a scholar and a professor of the history of science and technology at the Amsterdam Municipal University), but like anyone tackling such a huge subject he has had to sacrifice many interesting bypaths in order to keep within the lanes he prescribed for himself. His emphasis is definitely occidental, perhaps because the technical contributions of the Orient are difficult to enlarge upon. He has restricted himself "to the story of such essential topics as power resources, transportation and communication, metallurgy, textiles, glass, chemical technology, and some aspects of civil engineering." As he reaches modern times the rate of discovery and invention increases so rapidly that some of the conquests of modern engineering and industry receive but scant space. In a final chapter Dr. Forbes suggests that "we seem to have only awakened to the danger of allowing our scientific and technological advances to outstrip our social and spiritual progress."

One sometimes wishes that more of our histories might be written by the Will Cuppies instead of the Robert Forbeses. This would mean that students looking for theme material would be more interested in what they were reading than in copying down sentences and switching them around to fool the teachers. Even so, "Man the Maker" ought to save much wear and tear on the Encyclopaedia Britannica, and I hope a lot of teachers, librarians, and parents will buy it. I hope they will buy Will Cuppy's "The Decline and Fall of Practically Everybody" too, but, dang it, *SRL* didn't ask me to review that.

Paul H. Oehser is on the staff of the Smithsonian Institution and author of "Sons of Science."

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The Patient Will Live

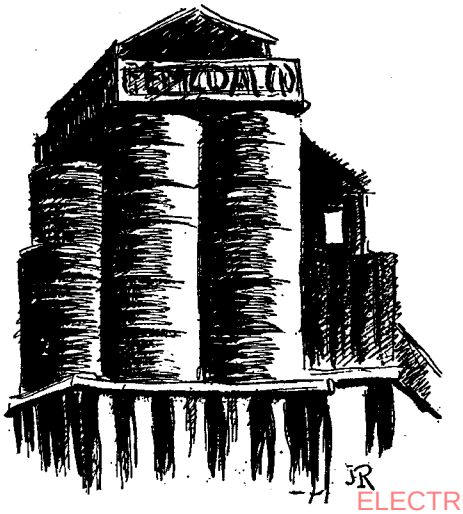
MAKING CAPITALISM WORK. By Dexter Merriam Keezer. New York: McGraw Hill Book Co. 316 pp. $3.50.

By CLARENCE A. PETERS

SOMETIMES a title is trite because it is pertinent to the subject matter —because it means what it says. "Making Capitalism Work" is such a title. It aptly describes ten chapters of skilful diagnoses of capitalism, generously interspersed with prognostic suggestions.

Dexter Keezer and his associates in the department of economics of the McGraw-Hill Book Company have performed an invaluable service for the American people; they have not hesitated to confront issues squarely. They have been courageous and at times ingenious in their proposed reforms. At a period of history when the champions of capitalism are unusually sensitive to criticism and when public thinking generally resists reform such a book deserves and will receive wide attention. Fortunately it is written in an easy, fast-flowing style and, unlike most well documented studies, the supporting evidence is blended into the text and subordinated sufficiently to insure easy reading.

In discussing the dwindling sources of venture capital the authors very quickly come to grips with the inequities of the tax structure. They suggest, in one of the most provocative and rewarding sections of the book, that to "cope with the effects of the tax revolution" the four following tax changes are necessary: eliminate double taxation of corporate dividends; permit companies to average their income fully over the years for tax purposes; reduce the rate of the corporate tax; liberalize the treatment of depreciation for tax purposes.



Labor leaders and "welfare state" spokesmen will not be happy with the chapter on wage incentives. They will however have difficulty in refuting the evidence assembled to substantiate the following conclusion.

If capitalism "is to survive and to satisfy the extraordinary demands that will be made on it in the years ahead capitalism must look well to the incentives of all kinds it offers its workers and leaders." Most of the critics will insist that the authors didn't go far enough—that their proposals are inadequate and unrealistic. It is true that the authors refer only casually to the need for "psychological security" of workers and the reservoirs of productive power available through the elimination of discrimination in employment because of race and religion. Since discrimination costs billions of dollars annually, is the biggest bottleneck to production, and is the most vulnerable feature of capitalism it deserves more generous treatment.

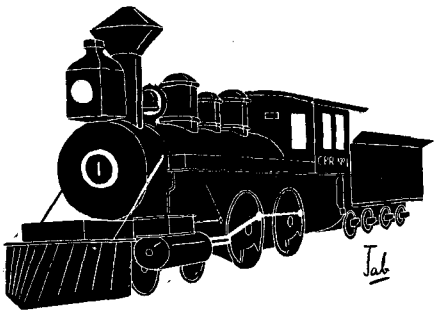
In their discussion of social security and social welfare the authors are victims of the present national emergency. They could not know that not only would our national defense budget not be reduced but would be expanded. While the reasoning and conclusions in this section make much sense they need restatement in view of pending long-range expenditures for national defense.

In the material relating to the international environment for capitalism and American ideals and capitalism there are sound thinking and several appropriate conclusions. The chapter on competition and its place in capitalism will be widely discussed, widely approved, and widely condemned.

The chapter on conservation is interestingly prepared. It is heartening to read these materials in a book defending capitalism. One has the feeling that all is not lost—that in the name of self-preservation sanity will be brought to the exploitation of our natural resources.

Can we make capitalism work? Dr. Keezer and his associates say "yes" in calm, dispassionate chapters; but they stipulate conditions which challenge all Americans. However, as they conclude: "It is capitalism's unique companionship with freedom and dignity that makes safeguarding its future the most important business in the world today."

Clarence A. Peters is director of the Commission on Labor-Management Organizations of the National Conference of Christians and Jews. He is the author of "International Trade: Cooperative or Competitive."



Old Faithfuls

THE PRUDENTIAL. By Earl Chapin May and Will Oursler. New York: Doubleday & Co. 372 pp. $5.

AMERICAN EXPRESS. By Alden Hatch. New York: Doubleday & Co. 287 pp. $3.50.

By JOHN B. THURSTON

THE UNITED STATES was a young, rapidly expanding country of 25,000,000 people in 1850, the year American Express was founded; twenty-five years later the Prudential was established. These two widely known companies grew to their present size and prestige along with the nation, during fateful years.

These books tell the stories of the founding and growth of the American Express Company and the Prudential Insurance Company of America and the various problems met and solved by the men who brought these companies down through the years to their present healthy status of financial well-being and success. Many of the events are interesting, some even exciting.

Both books are "company" books and reveal the weaknesses of such endeavors. There must be a school for training authors to write "company" books similar to the one which exists for the training of department store Santa Clauses. Both authors follow the same format and in many cases use identical words and phrases to describe the same or similar subjects.

For example: the companies are interested only in service, not in profit —according to the writers. Both companies have made outstanding contributions to the American way of life without which, the authors imply, the United States would not be where it is today. The founders and early executives are all described as paragons of virtue. Those who are now top officers are men of "peerless quality." They are "great leaders." They "love people." They all without exception have a great sense of humor. The top men of both companies think of their employees as a team and themselves as the quarterbacks. And so on and on.

The authors of "The Prudential"

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do a competent job within the narrow confines of the "company" book formula. Earl Chapin May is an old hand at such books, while this is the first one for his collaborator, Will Oursler. The author of "American Express" is Alden Hatch for whom this appears to be a first.

Mr. Hatch's initial attempt in this field leaves much to be desired. The writing is almost incredibly bad—full of bromides, clichés, forced similes, and excess verbiage. "But Wells turned his big Roman nose to the West and sniffed business." "Eventually theirs became one of that great series of twin names known to all civilized men—Castor and Pollux, Damon and Pythias, Willcox and Gibbs, Wells and Fargo." "The brilliant success . . . was the result of increasing activity and acute acumen . . . absolute integrity . . . eternal vigilance, plus unyielding determination . . ." "The men who held the reins of the iron horse . . . the new lords of the high iron . . ." That's just a sample.

The least appealing part of this book, as of most "company" books, is the sycophantic description of current executives. Almost amusing is the way the author trips over his own feet in his attempt to paint the executives as unusually talented or brilliant businessmen. The president of American Express is described as "a fine executive," "a leader," "hardest working man in the company," "friends numbered by the thousands," "extraordinary brain."

The authors of "The Prudential" follow the same format. The chairman of the board is described with these words: "dynamic character," "humor," "unusual traits," "more than a new executive . . . he was a new spirit of organization," etc., etc.

Both books contain bits of interesting information. For example it was due to American Express that the three-cent postage rate was originally established by the Federal Government. Prudential pioneered industrial insurance for the factory worker. But the reader of business books can glean little of practical value from these two volumes. Management mistakes and other subjects which might reflect unfavorably on the company but nevertheless provide valuable lessons for the student of business are not discussed at all or touched on only lightly. The basic fact remains that both of these books were written primarily for the officers and employees of the respective companies and not for the general reading public.

John B. Thurston is assistant to the president of Bridgeport Fabrics, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

To Learn More, He Earned Less

LIFE OF AN AMERICAN WORKMAN. By Walter P. Chrysler. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 219 pp. $3.

By Reginald M. Cleveland

THIS informal, highly readable autobiography, done in collaboration with Boyden Sparkes, brings alive one of the fabulous yet typical giants of American industry who were able to see the horseless carriage as something far beyond the plaything of the wealthy and who with courage, imagination, and prodigious labor set a nation awheel.

Walter Chrysler was an archetype of the men—and they were legion—at the turn of the century, whose very breath was individual freedom. They could not think in terms except those of the inborn right of the individual to work at what he pleased, where he pleased, and as much as he pleased; to earn less in order to learn more; to fail if need be in the devotion to an idea, but always to try again.

To the boy born of hard-working German stock in the little railroad town of Ellis, Kansas, the railroad, then reaching westward to open a continent, was the very center of existence. At first the Kansas Pacific Railway, it was to become the Union Pacific. To young Walt his father, a passenger engineer on that road, was a hero of the first water. Sometimes he got to ride with him in the cab of the snorting engine, which on occasion was delayed by great herds of bison.

The boy knew both the rough exterior and the solid core of fundamental kindness which comprised the life of such a railroad town. He fought his school battles and did his long chores at home—or risked a beating from an elder brother if he didn't—but he also played the drum and later the tuba in the band, grew strong on the huge, well-cooked meals which were the rule in Hank Chrysler's home, and finally by persistence and refusal to be denied became an apprentice in the U. P. shop, earning at first five cents an hour for a ten-hour day.

He was not the kind to stand still. By almost every mail he bombarded the *Scientific American* with all sorts of mechanical and semi-scientific questions to which he received answers. He made his own tools. They were fine precision tools, with his initials etched in acid.

For a time an itinerant railroad mechanic working in shops all over the West, he constantly bettered himself. Finally, when he had become

Walter P. Chrysler — "fascinating saga."

works manager of the American Locomotive Company in Pittsburgh with a salary of $12,000 a year, he married his boyhood sweetheart.

It was at this point that Walter Chrysler took a step characteristic of his whole philosophy. Fascinated with a Locomobile which he had seen in Chicago, he had put himself deeply in hock some years before in order to buy it. Now he had an introduction to Charles W. Nash, then running the Buick Motor Company, the most important unit of General Motors. Nash asked him to come to Flint where he was turned loose to explore what were then to him the mysteries of an automobile plant. His trained mechanic's eye saw dozens of opportunities for improvement in efficient production, and he realized the potential of this new means of transportation.

He told Nash he wanted to come to work with him. They talked salary. Mr. Nash said he could not afford to pay more than $6,000, and was probably the most astonished man in Flint when Chrysler said, "I accept it." Not many years later he was to receive $500,000 a year as head of booming Buick.

Revealed, although less fully, is the man's warm, human character—which made him not merely a devoted husband and father but the captain of an industrial team whose loyalties and heart-deep friendships were perhaps the greatest assets and the greatest tributes to this "American Workman." His fascinating saga should be salutary reading today in a land where the freedoms he epitomized are threatened.

Reginald M. Cleveland is the author of "Air Transport at War" and edited the "Aviation Annual."

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Publishers' Corner

A MANUSCRIPT CLEARING HOUSE

EVERY publisher maintains a sizable staff for the handling of unsolicited manuscripts — a staff which receives the bulky packages, enters the manuscripts on one or more forms, reads the manuscripts in detail, reports on them to editorial chiefs, writes letters of rejection, packs up the manuscripts and mails them back to authors, answers the authors' second letters asking why their manuscripts were not accepted and could they come and talk to the editor and find out just how to make them acceptable for publication, and so forth and so on.

What does all this cost the publisher? I've done a lot of checking of internal figures. Take a house that gets year in and year out about 2,500 manuscripts submitted to its trade-book editors. To handle this an editorial staff of twenty-five persons is necessary. Average cost per manuscript is from forty to sixty dollars—which is a very considerable investment.

The job and the cost is enormous in the light of the small profit available in trade-book publishing. Yet authors certainly deserve full, complete study of what they have to offer.

Is this time-consuming, energy-wasting, money-spending method of real value to authors individually or to the preservation of a full and free exposure of new ideas and new writers?

Let's look at the facts. First, the human angle. Adam Smith has written the history of the Navajo Indians between 1812 and 1814 or the great American novel. He has slaved over it for years. Finally he wraps the child of his brain tenderly in blankets of paper and mails it to Publisher A. It passes through the routine explained above; it may well be many weeks before Mr. Smith receives that rejection letter.

In the meantime Mr. Smith has been waiting hopefully but impatiently for the news; the weeks have seemed like years. Like all people who suffer from rejection he tries to find an outlet for his frustration. The line of least resistance is to assume that Publisher A is not at all competent to judge the true merits of the work; perhaps some shiftless clerk didn't even bother to bring it to the attention of the editor-in-chief. In fact the manuscript on its return to the author doesn't even look as if it had been read.

So off it goes to Publisher B. It might be interesting to note that the author in this case lives in Pasadena and that Publisher B happens to be across the street from Publisher A. After 6,000 miles of transcontinental passage of space and time the same routine occurs at Publisher B's. With an average of only three to five weeks for the complete back and forth and only a dozen publishers covered it may well take Mr. Smith a year or more and a rather sizable sum of money, to say nothing of the wear and tear on his nervous system, before he decides to give up and start another book—and to start this merry-go-round all over again.

Certainly the existing system wastes time and money and serves authors, publishers, and the public inefficiently.

What can we do about it? A lot of us have been talking about the need for the trade-book industry to create a central clearing house for unsolicited manuscripts. Through proper promotion on the book pages of newspapers and other media throughout the country it would become publicized; Mr. Smith would then send his history of the Navajo Indian directly to this clearing house, where it would be serviced. Here a well-trained staff would examine it sufficiently to be able to describe the book fairly. (The staff would, of course, be under the direction of people who would be respected by the whole publishing community.) A routine report bulletin detailing expert, impartial information about the book would be mailed to publishers. Those interested in seeing Smith's manuscript would register their interest. The principle of first come first served would be followed. The manuscript would then go to those who requested it, in the order of their requests.

All of us seek decent treatment with our manuscripts. We probably can't get it fully now. We might—if the publisher's staff had an expert brief, formal, standardized presentation of the book. That would give publishers considerably more money to spend in the intelligent review of what really interested them. And it might help authors to eliminate the heartaches that come with the present system.

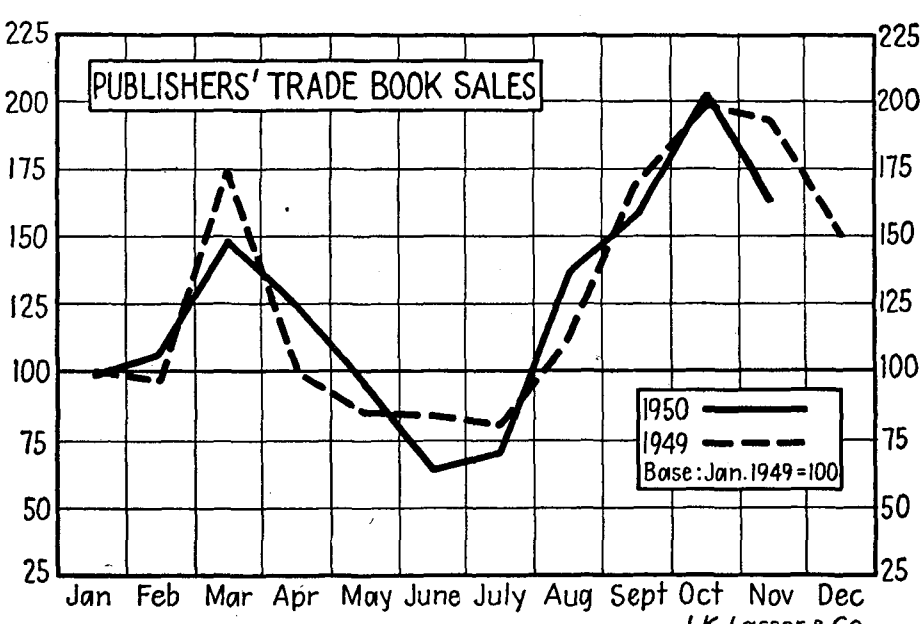
* * *

A revealing footnote to *SRL*'s special issue on "America and the Mind of Europe" [*SRL* Jan. 13]: U. S. book sales abroad run today well over $20,000,000. That exceeds the exports of farm machinery other than tractors; it exceeds, too, the receipts from such other exports as shotguns, phonographs, and laxatives. These figures—as Curtis McGraw, president of McGraw-Hill Book Company, noted—evidence considerably more interest abroad in our intellectual offerings than in many other more tangible exports.

* * *

In November tradebook sales were 85 per cent of those in the preceding November. The sales for the eleven months were 98 per cent of the same period in 1949. Our index covers the sales to all sorts of distributors. Incidentally, it now covers sales of nearly all large publishers.

—J. K. LASSER.



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AMERICANA

(Continued from page 19)

and so on. His main concern is with antiques before they become antiques and with their makers and first users. The beginner will learn much from Mr. Mitchell's erudition, and the connoisseur should be able to find material not offered in more elaborate treatises on the subject.

—JOHN T. WINTERICH.

CRACKER PARTIES. By Horace Montgomery. Louisiana State University Press. $4. An uncommonly interesting excursion through the labyrinth of Georgia politics between 1845 and 1860, a period when the state's then existing two-party system splintered, regrouped temporarily, and finally disintegrated. Writing with clarity in the midst of much historical confusion, Mr. Montgomery spins a monographic tale that enjoys a strangely contemporary quality. Like a true historian, he declines to point out several obvious parallels to our own partisan battles. Take, for example, the following and change only a few strategic words:

> Georgia's Democratic leaders [in the late 1840's] insisted on the wisdom of an *entente cordiale* between planters and Northern workers. Such a union would make the Democratic Party a truly liberal party. . . . The endemic conservatism of the planters . . would hold in abeyance radical labor tendencies, while labor ideology would in turn preclude a conservative party outlook. To discourage the planters from joining the Democratic Party the Whig press focused its editorial spotlight on the "Red Republicanism" . . . in the Democratic household. The Democracy, insisted the Brahmins of Whiggery, was giving aid and comfort to subversive social doctrines. "True Patriots" were urged to don the raiment of Whiggery in defense of the "American Way." (Quotes from newspaper editorials.)

As every moderately informed schoolboy knows, nothing worked out according to plan. The Democrats were "calhounized" from Jacksonian liberalism to Southern-rights conservatism, and the Whigs disappeared from this earth. And then came war between the states. By centering the political causes and effects of all this on Howell Cobb, "Little Alex" Stephens, and Robert Toombs, three of the ablest politicians who ever trod Georgia's red clay, Mr. Montgomery gives his story personality and indirectly reads a terrible moral lesson on the results of blind, narrow partisanship.

—PETER R. LEVIN.

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PUBLISHER SEEKS ARTICLES for projected magazine. Must have originality, personal, intimate approach. Sophisticated audience. Articles of musical personalities, organizations, trends, records, recording developments, high fidelity equipment. Anything musical and human. WILL PAY TO $200 IF PUBLISHED. About 2,000 words. For future staff openings, send resume with articles. No returns without sufficient postage. Box 483-E.

WRITE! STUDY! RELAX! Excellent food. Modest rates. KNIGHTSHELME, Meredith, N.H.

SOONER OR LATER everybody goes to the nation's capital, WASHINGTON, D.C. When you go, stop at one of the 3 fine, conveniently located Manger owned and operated hotels. The Annapolis, the Hay-Adams, the Hamilton offer special all-expense tour rates to Review readers, from $10.95 up, which includes air-conditioned rooms, breakfast, sightseeing tour, broadcast, etc. Write: Harry Weissinger, General Manager, at Hotel Annapolis, Washington, D.C. (Mention this ad for special Review booklets and detailed information).

SHANTY BOAT CRUISES for the adventurous of heart who seek the remote places—a tropical holiday afloat cruising into the little-known Everglade country of Florida. $72 weekly. Capt. Frank Swift, Box 882-L, Ft. Myers, Fla.

(Continued on page 58)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 57)

1951 ROSE PARADE MOVIES. Kodachrome. Colorful floats: Beautiful girls. 16mm, 200 feet, $29.95. 8mm, 100 feet, $15.95. C.O.D.'s accepted. California add tax. AVALEN DAGGETT, 441 Orange Drive, Los Angeles 36, Calif.

"HOW CAN I FIND OUT?" You can! Information discreetly developed. Any matter, person, problem, anywhere. Worldwide. Officially licensed, bonded service. Established 1922. Reasonable. Confidential. WILLIAM HERMAN, 170 Broadway, NYC.

GOING TO NYC? Live at one of NYC's truly great hotels. Live in luxury at budget prices . . . your choice of 7, 3-day all expense week-ends from $10.43 per person, includes large twin-bedded room with private bath, breakfast in bed or in famed Palm Garden, also night club and other entertainment or sightseeing tours. Write for booklet AE, HOTEL VANDERBILT, Park Ave. at 34 St., NYC.

PLAYWRITING AWARDS . . . drama comedy, one-acts; dead-line March 25. DRAMATISTS' ALLIANCE, Stanford University, Calif.

Have you read that "OUR SPOONS COME FROM WOOLWORTH'S"? February 14, Henry Holt.

WHY FRACTURE YOUR FRENCH? Join our stimulating conversation-mending parties. They are fun, they work. Dulac, NYC, MUrray Hill 5-4160.

WRITER, national magazines wants trustworthy companion-housekeeper for his 4-year-old daughter. Good home, creative atmosphere in beautiful rural community, 55 miles from NYC. About $100 monthly, light work, leisure time for own projects and enjoyment, literary help (if qualified). Box 566-E.

LADY, cultured, mature, seeks correspondence with sincere gentleman, interested travel, arts, and finer things in life. Box 567-E.

COUPLE OR 2 MEN, free living for part-time work, farm, arboretum, New York state. Box 568-E.

FEMALE LINGUIST invites correspondence with Continental flair, in language of your choice. Box 569-E.

WILL MATURE INTELLIGENT MALE, interests serious and light, write similar female, allergic to stuffed shirts. Box 571-E.

YOUNG AMERICAN MAN AND WOMAN, teaching, journalism, law backgrounds, will be your business associates or companions in England. Box 572-E.

EXCELLENT CHARACTER ACTRESS, interested joining promising NYC theatre group. Available evenings, week-ends. Box 573-E.

SCHOOLMARM, liberal, vivacious, welcomes correspondence from older uncomplicated business or professional gentleman. Box 575-E.

GENTLEMAN would correspond with female, sense of humor. Box 576-E.

YOUNG FRENCH LADY wishes to correspond with young gentleman interested in France. Box 577-E.

YOUNG GAG WRITER invites correspondence from hens or cooks. Box 578-E.

UNA JOVEN INTELIGENTE, amable, sincera, desires correspondence with gentleman of similar qualities. Box 580-E.

YOUNG WOMAN, college-trained stenographer, tea-room assistant, household aid, seeks position going south for winter. Box 581-E.

GENTLEMAN *who loves books, music, arts, cuisine,* traveling, invites intelligent correspondence from middle-aged ladies. Box 582-E.

COLLEGE GIRL, extensive traveling experience, seeks summer position as traveling companion. Box 585-E.

MALE, past, future, presently welcomes meaningful feminine correspondence. Box 586-E.

GENTLEMAN, mature with esthetic, cultural interests, would correspond with others of like interests. Box 587-E.

IF FRIENDSHIPNESS could be the present, loneliness would be the past and happiness would be the future. Box 588-E.

RESEARCH RACE RELATIONS and patriotic fields. Wanted: NYC, mature woman, part-time, well paid. Please give qualifications. Box 589-E.

EUROPEAN TRAVEL? Parisienne, capable, cultivated, 4 languages, will guide you—art, literature, cuisine, local customs. Day, week, month. Inexpensive. Box 590-E.

ENGINEER, shy, not rich, dares to dream about corresponding with some lonely, little lady. Box 583-E.

PERSONALS

INTELLIGENT "RIGHT HAND" executive secretary wants to help top executive. 6 years advertising background as junior executive. Knowledge of management, department coordination, creative phases, all agency functions. Competent technician in shorthand and typing. Likes and gets along with people, good judgment. College education. Can be a great help—relieve busy top executive of myriad details. Due to company merger seeking new interesting position. Highest qualifications. Box 592-E.

HOME AND JOB combined for young woman, reside with Brooklyn couple and 14-year-old daughter. Family interests are: music, ballet, sailing, photography. If voice or violin student can use music library, grand piano and accompanist services. Must do housework and cooking. Good salary. Box 594-E.

REFINED, EDUCATED NEGRO MISS, interests music, literature, photography, sports, seeks correspondence *either similar interests or different hobbies.* Box 596-E.

ENJOY WRITING LETTERS? I do. Feminine, mature, sincere. Box 597-E.

WOULD COUNTRY GENTLEMAN correspond with city woman who loves country. Box 599-E.

NEED GIRL FRIDAY on Saturday? I can write, dictation. Box 600-E.

LADY with cultured background would accept position as companion to travel. Box 601-E.

QUESTING SINCERE LADY seeks correspondence with cultured, mature persons anywhere. Box 602-E.

SCHOONERING AROUND THE WORLD in Nova Scotia tops! Fisherman needs someone to supply the wherewithal. Box 603-E.

SYMPHONY, SOLITUDE, FIREPLACES, reading, walking: a-a-a-h! Cities: b-a-a-ah! Agree, miss? Please tell Box 605-E.

SHY GUY, getting late start in life, would share ideals with spiritually minded younger miss. Box 606-E.

YOUNG FEMALE COLLEGIAN in mental rut. Get her out with your correspondence. Box 607-E.

PROFESSIONAL FAMILY wants 3-4 bedroom, furnished dwelling in or near NYC, to rent for 6 months beginning February. Box 608-E.

MAN, often bright, desires correspondence with young woman. Box 609-E.

LULL'S BROOK INN is again open under pre-war management. H. G. Ogden, R.F.D. #1, Windsor, Vt.

SINCERE YOUNG MAN, slightly physically handicapped, desires correspondence with slightly physically handicapped girl. Box 612-E.

LIBRARIAN FOR RENTAL LIBRARY. Experience necessary. BROWN & DELHI, 70 Fifth Ave., NYC.

WANTED: mature companions share expenses station wagon to Mexico. Box 614-E.

YOUNG, GAY, amiable college graduate desires position NYC. Trade services as tutor, companion, secretary, or almost anything for board, room, small salary and much free time. Further information, references on request. Box 615-E.

YOUNG COLLEGE MAN desires intellectual feminine correspondence. Box 616-E.

YOUNG CAREER WOMAN wishes to add some spice to her life through male correspondence. Box 617-E.

SIGMUND FREUD'S confidential letter in Winter issue COMPLEX, 1 year, $2. 2 years, $3.50. 232(f) West 29 St., NYC 1.

Read "DOORWAY IN ANTIGUA" (Sloane, $2.95) then find peace here, renting modernized house. Airmail: Albert Idell, Antigua, Guatemala.

BROKER, young, affable, would correspond with bright, young female. Box 620-E.

MATURE ARTIST will exchange painting lessons for non-fiction writing lessons. Box 621-E.

VILLAGE FOLK-GUITAR CLUB, beginners classes forming. NYC, MOnument 2-9588.

SEEKING a creative, literary, journalistic female to help launch new periodical on baking. Box 623-E.

FINANCING ARANGED: establishing enterprises, meritorious ideas. Fee basis. Box 624-E.

WILL MATURE, intelligent man write European, who considers herself intellectual but feminine? Box 629-E.

"UNFAILING FOUNTAINS" 10 poems that have restored courage, serenity, faith to many people. Postpaid for 18¢ stamps. Winthrop Steele, 38 East 76 St., NYC.

PERSONALS

MASCULINE CORRESPONDENCE indicating integrity, maturity welcomed by feminine equivalent. Box 625-E.

EX-EUROPEAN GENTLEMAN, journalist, and linguist fairly intelligent and quite trustworthy, wants part-time work. Box 626-E.

YOUNG GUY, will some interesting young lady correspond. Box 627-E.

HAVE YOU BEEN HAUNTED by an unfindable book Let us be your book sleuths. Out-of-print books and magazines supplied, all subjects, all languages. Box 141-N.

WRITING LETTERS IS OLD-FASHIONED—Do it the easy and modern way. WIRESPOND. Write: Dept. SR-1, WEBSTER-CHICAGO CORP., 5610 Bloomingdale, Chicago 39, Ill.

YOUNG WORKING MOTHER, employed at Columbia University, would like congenial gal to share spacious five room apartment in Riverdale, or will consider renting one room. KIngsbridge 9-8528 evenings

VACATIONS

SUDBURY INN at Lake Hortonia, Sudbury, Vt. provides best in country vacations.

GREEN SHADOWS, Lyme, Conn., quiet informa country life, good food, comfortable beds.

MERRIEBROOK, POUGHQUAG, NEW YORK. Peaceful homestead. Adults only. Tempting meals. North Clove 2421.

BERKSHIRES—FRENCH FOOD at its best. Restful Skiing nearby. SUN-INSIDE, Monterey, Mass.

BOOKS, MUSIC, creative atmosphere, riding. SUN CIRCLE RANCH, Tucson, Ariz.

WINTER IN VERMONT. A quiet, relaxing home in Vermont's beautiful snow country, for week-ends or longer. Library, classical record collection, open fires, hearty meals, single or family accommodations January 5 to February 25. $35 weekly. Reserve in advance. Martin Manor, Plainfield, Vt.

UNIQUE GUEST HOUSE, Tepotzlan, Mexico. Mountains. Restful. Ideal climate. Food tops. $30 weekly includes drinks, riding, laundry. Folder. Apt. 152 Cuernavaca, Mexico.

SHORE DRIVE MANOR, Magnolia, Mass. Sea, country charm. "Tradition of graciousness". Brochure.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 878

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. County in England noted for white swine and a hard cheese.	77 52 28 184 62 150 90 189
B. Designating a museum at Oxford Univ., named for the founder, 1683	164 8 171 102 64 93 178 167 190
C. A dramatization 1899, of "A Tale of Two Cities."	151 27 97 84 154 46 141 86 10 122
D. Snobbish (slang comp.).	48 83 21 132 136 34 16 63 163 98
E. A body of igneous rock intruded into stratified rock in the process of folding (geog.).	76 162 180 188 101 168 41 54 2
F. A woolen fabric, similar to, but thinner than frieze.	100 161 170 131 49 165 115 25
G. A medial sound of a word or syllable (phon.).	153 11 169 87 145 103
H. Study of sacred edifices.	38 142 26 182 175 12 152
I. That part of the plant life of a region used by the aborigines.	74 128 104 35 120 99 177 91 14 181
J. Present president of Princeton Univ.	69 148 137 44 32
K. Stains or blemishes (fig.).	19 57 112 51 119 30 135 127
L. Optical activity or rotatory power (physics and chem.).	15 176 160 157 92 123 146 71
M. Considering that.	13 40 5 9 110 81 114
N. A member of the "Congregation of Jesus and Mary" (R.C. Ch.).	3 56 166 37 158 66
O. Composed of successive short curves supposed to resemble a cloud (her.).	85 105 33 113 183 68
P. "The father of all such as handle the harp or organ" (Bib.).	55 31 116 43 6
Q. Those of a class whom the Pirates never captured ("The Pirates of Penzance").	126 80 47 111 94 59 179
R. Backwoodsman or mountaineer of southern U.S. (colloq.).	147 95 7 78 125 23 42 118 186
S. A son of Jacob (Bib.).	121 50 89 67 72 108 143 20
T. Great Britain's representative who with Daniel Webster, Aug. 1842, settled the Maine-Canada boundary.	53 88 73 4 133 29 109 140 124
U. Marked by arrant cowardice.	75 144 159 155 187 139 36 24 58
V. Name of a well-known sonata by Beethoven.	18 173 39 79 106 134 60 129 136 117 1 70
W. Family name of heroine, "A Tale of Two Cities."	96 22 130 45 82 107 174
X. State, quality, or fact of being a serf.	138 172 149 65 185 61 17

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

■	■	■	■	■	■	1 V	2 E	3 N	■	4 T	5 M	6 P	7 R	8 B	■	9 M	10 C	11 G
12 H	■	13 M	14 I	15 L	16 D	17 X	■	18 V	19 K	20 S	21 D	22 W	23 R	24 U	■	25 F
26 H	■	27 C	28 A	29 T	■	30 K	31 P	32 J	33 O	34 D	35 I	36 U	■	37 N	38 H	■
39 V	40 M	41 E	42 R	43 P	44 J	45 W	46 C	47 Q	48 D	49 F	50 S	■	51 K	52 A	53 T	54 E
■	55 P	56 N	57 K	58 U	■	59 Q	60 V	61 X	62 A	63 D	■	64 B	65 X	■	66 N	67 S
68 O	■	69 J	70 V	71 L	■	72 S	73 T	74 I	■	75 U	76 E	77 A	78 R	79 V	80 Q	81 M
82 W	83 D	84 C	85 O	■	86 C	87 G	88 T	■	89 S	90 A	91 I	92 L	93 B	94 Q	95 R	96 W
97 C	98 D	■	99 I	100 F	101 E	102 B	■	103 G	104 I	105 O	■	106 V	107 W	108 S	109 T	110 M
■	111 Q	112 K	113 O	114 M	115 F	■	116 P	117 V	118 R	119 K	120 I	121 S	122 C	■	123 L	124 T
■	125 R	126 Q	127 K	128 I	129 V	130 W	■	131 F	132 D	133 T	134 V	■	135 K	136 V	137 J	138 X
■	139 U	140 T	141 C	142 H	143 S	■	144 U	145 G	146 L	147 R	148 J	149 X	150 A	151 C	152 H	■
153 G	154 C	■	155 U	156 D	157 L	158 N	■	159 U	160 L	161 F	162 E	163 D	■	164 B	165 F	166 N
■	167 B	168 E	169 G	■	170 F	171 B	172 X	■	173 V	174 W	175 H	176 L	177 I	178 B	■	179 Q
180 E	181 I	182 H	183 O	■	184 A	185 X	186 R	■	187 U	188 E	189 A	190 B	■	■	■	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 18 of this issue.

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What's your score on these questions about WILLIAM FAULKNER

and the works for which he was recently awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature

Question 1. Why was Faulkner awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature?

Question 2. Which of his novels reverses Freud by using sexual nightmares that are in reality symbols of Southern social problems?

Question 3. What is the uniquely satisfying connecting link in nine of Faulkner's best known books?

Question 4. How does Faulkner's private life bear out his love for his mythical "Yoknapatawpha" County?

Question 5. What is the best way to begin reading (or re-reading) the works of William Faulkner?

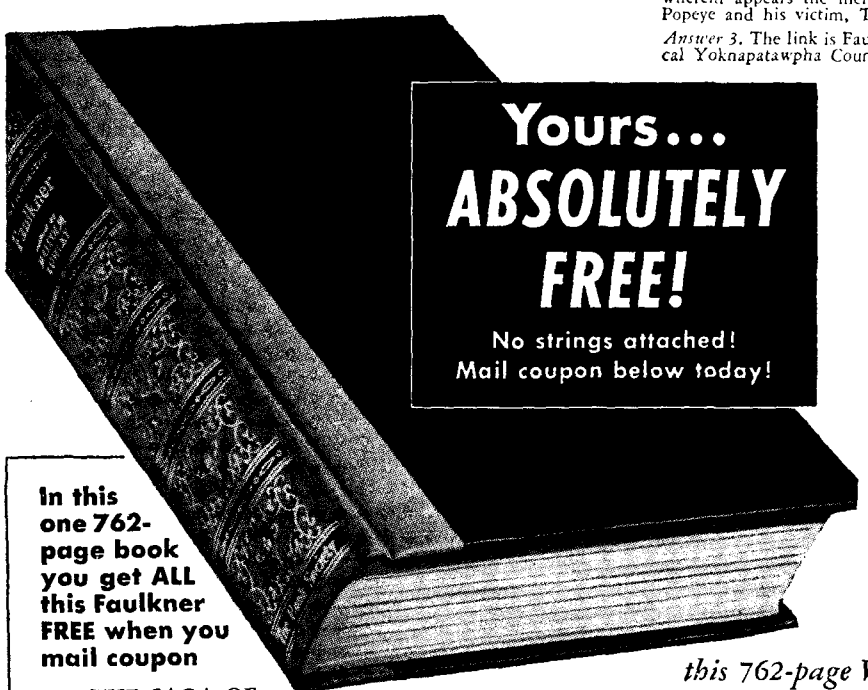
Answer 1. "For his powerful and artistically independent contribution to the new American novel." Faulkner was also recently awarded the famed Howell's medal in recognition of the "most distinguished work of American fiction during the past 5 years."

Answer 2. "Sanctuary"—the best known and most violent of all his novels wherein appears the incredibly wicked Popeye and his victim, Temple Drake.

Answer 3. The link is Faulkner's mythical Yoknapatawpha County, in Mississippi, whose mythical population of 15,611 persons include all those amazing Faulkner characters who live, love, hate, rape, pray, decay and die in these nine novels... the townsmen and backwoods farmers, the housewives and "madams," the planters and poor whites... some heroic, some diabolical —all unforgettable.

Answer 4. Except for a few visits to Hollywood (which for Faulkner have been eminently unsatisfactory) he has *spent the last 25 years in Oxford, Mississippi*, the town where he grew up and less than 40 miles from New Albany, where he was born September 25, 1897. He has always been happiest in the Mississippi country about which he has written so eloquently.

Answer 5. With this superb Book Society edition of William Faulkner edited by Malcolm Cowley, containing eighteen stories (listed at left) which form THE SAGA OF YOKNAPATAWPHA COUNTY, 1820-1945. This is, in effect, a complete new work selected from Faulkner's best published novels and stories with his own account of one of his famous fictional families written especially for this volume. And this big 762-page book is yours *absolutely free* when you mail coupon below.



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3. **The Last Wilderness**—1883—The Bear
4. **The Peasants**—1900—Spotted Horses (From The Hamlet)
5. **The End of an Order**—from 1902-1928—That Evening Sun, Ad Astra, A Rose For Emily, Dilsey (From The Sound and The Fury)
6. **Mississippi Flood**—1927—Old Man (From The Wild Palms)
7. **Modern Times**—from 1928-1940—Death Drag, Uncle Bud and the Three Madams (From Sanctuary), Percy Grimm, Delta Autumn

APPENDIX—1699-1945—The Compsons

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IF YOU answered the first four questions correctly, you're a Faulkner "expert." If you answered but three, you're still pretty good. But regardless of how many or how few you knew, there's a *unique new way* for you to get to know all the answers about the outstanding writers of all time.

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